BERKELEY HALL:

OR, THE

PUPIL OF EXPERIENCE.

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

——Of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth ſcapes—My travel's hiſtory;
Wherein of antres vaſt, and deſerts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whoſe heads touch heav'n,
It was my bent to ſpeak. SHAKSPEAR.

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BERKELEY HALL;

OR,

THE PUPIL OF EXPERIENCE.

CHAP. I.

PRINCE PANGOLEEN'S DEPARTURE FROM MONONGAHELA.

"THE African prince returned the marine monarch many thanks for his condeſcenſion and entertaining narrative; after which they retired to repoſe. Many months glided away in this tranquil receſs, in which Pangoleen partook, as much as poſſible, of all the entertainments of the bay; ſometimes viſiting, when the tide would permit, the reſplendent temple; at other times amuſing the

young princes by ſailing or rowing in his boat, or ſhooting the various birds which fearleſsly viſited this peaceful retreat. He alſo at his leiſure made a ſeine, with which he ſupplied himſelf with abundance of fiſh; while his decoy gave much ſport to the natives, and great plenty of ducks and geeſe for his table. As his clothes were in a decaying ſtate, he made up for himſelf a very commodious ſuit of ſeal and otter ſkins.

" Notwithſtanding theſe numerous advantages, and the civility of all around him, the prince ſighed for his native home, and the ſociety of his old companions and friends. In a diſcourſe with the generous monarch, he reluctantly diſcloſed his wiſhes; who, ſo far from diſpleaſure, teſtified a warm approbation of his inclinations. 'It is among your fellow-men,' ſaid he, 'that you will be in your natural ſphere of *uſefulneſs*, without which you cannot, as you ought not to, be happy. Go, then, with my bleſſings on your head.

Whatever

Whatever we can contribute to facilitate your ſafe return and favourable reception among mankind, we will cheerfully do.'

" Orders were given for the boat to be drawn up, and, with what aſſiſtance the inhabitants could afford, her bottom was repaired and ſtrengthened by being ſheathed with ſkins; with which alſo they formed a convenient little cabin for Pangoleen to retire to, and keep his proviſions more ſecurely. He dried a large ſtock of fiſh, and collected a number of bananas, plantains, and yams, and a good quantity of freſh water in calabaſhes. Thus provided, he took leave, with tears, of the benevolent prince and his people, and proceeded to the entrance of the bay, eſcorted by a number of the ableſt mermen who were beſt acquainted with the coaſt. Gongunza alſo preſented him with ſome rich diamonds and pearls, which he ſaid, if diſcreetly uſed and concealed, might procure him friendſhip and hoſpitality among the moſt civilized people; but if imprudently diſplayed,

would make him a more deſirable victim to the baſe and avaricious. He went with anxious heart to the awful chaſm, drawn rapidly on by four of the natives, who conducted the boat under the arch and into the main ſea, with but little inconvenience to him. They coaſted along California in a ſouthern courſe, without any accident, to the mouth of the harbour of St. Miguel, when his pilots, ſeeing him out of danger within a mile of the ſhore, took an affectionate leave. He rowed in towards land, and ſoon diſcovered ſome canoes and feluccas belonging to a ſmall ſettlement of Spaniards and Indians. They approached, and taking him on board one of the veſſels, inquired whence he came, to what nation he belonged, and by what fortune he was on their coaſt alone in an open boat? He informed them that he belonged to a Spaniſh whaler, from which he and ſome others had been ſeparated; and that his companions being loſt, he had ſuffered many hardſhips on an uninhabited part of the coaſt, whence

whence he had fortunately made his way to their ſettlement: hoping they would treat him with humanity, and give him a paſſage to Acapulco, Vera Cruz, or ſome other place, from which he might proceed to the Weſt Indies or Europe. They heard this plain tale with marks of impatience and incredulity; made a thorough ſearch in the boat, and conducted the prince bound, aſhore, before the corregidor. This magiſtrate gave him a ſummary examination in bad French, ſaid he was certainly a ſpy, and belonged to ſome buccaneers on the coaſt. Notwithſtanding all Pangoleen's proteſtations, they inſiſted that he ſhould confeſs where his comrades were, and ordered him to be put on a rack to extort the truth."

Here Sancho blubbered ſo much, that his young maſter undertook to read the ſequel for him; and Dr. Homily coughed and blew his noſe, to conceal a tear.

"As the prince lay ſtretched out in extreme agony, a Spaniſh prieſt entered and told him, 'he much pitied his fate; for if

he did not confeſs, repent, and turn to the true faith, he would not only die on the rack, but be roaſted for ever in infernal flames.'

" The prince anſwered with great fortitude, ' that he had nothing to confeſs or accuſe himſelf of; and that he never could believe that the *Great Spirit* would reward injuſtice and puniſh innocence.'

" ' You are a black *heretic*,' ſaid the prieſt, ' and deſerve no mercy.'

" ' I was made *black* by the Being,' ſaid the prince, ' who made you *white*; but my *ſoul* is as *pure* and *white* in his eyes as yours; unſtained with the bloody dye of oppreſſion, cruelty, and hypocriſy. Death, to me, will be a bleſſing. It will reſcue me from the tortures of men, and conſign me to the protecting boſom of the merciful Father of his creatures!'

" ' Then your ſavage moroſity ſhall not be gratified,' ſaid the prieſt, ' with the death you wiſh; but you ſhall be ſent in chains to the mines, to dig gold and ſilver all

all your life, for the white maſters you ſeem ſo much to deſpiſe.'

" ' I ſhall bear my fate with fortitude, I hope,' ſaid the prince, ' like any other man.'

" Accordingly, for fear of leſſening their profits by maiming his limbs, his tortures were ſuſpended, and he was ſent ſome days after, under the eſcort of a trading party, to the mines of Cahuita."

" Will you give me leave here," ſaid Sancho, " Maſſa, to aſk you one queſtion? Are ſuch kind of *white Chriſtians favourites of heaven?*"

" Why do you aſk that, Sancho?"

" Becauſe if they are, Maſſa, you and I can have poor chance! They ſo much reſemble Old Nick, the debil, whom we are all taught to *hate*, and who *hates us*."

" We are undoubtedly taught," ſaid Dr. Homily, " to expect no mercy ourſelves, if we ſhew none to others. And it is a monſtrous impiety to propagate the religion of humanity by tortures—the *doctrines of heaven* by the *weapons of hell!*"

CHAP. II.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL; OR PANGOLEEN'S ADVENTURE WITH THE PRINCESS ZALISCA.

"THE prince was almoſt frantic, when he ſaw himſelf let down with ſome other miſerable captives into thoſe infernal dungeons, where the light of the firmament is excluded, and even *hope* itſelf, the laſt comfort of the moſt forlorn. Such as were obſtinate ſuffered ſevere chaſtiſement from their brutal overſeers, or dragged a load of chains at their feet. They were employed in ſubterranean chambers and vaults, which extended almoſt a mile from the inlet, or well, where they entered, in digging maſſes of ore, with ſpades and iron crows, and conveying them in barrows, or baſkets on their ſhoulders, or in ſmelting-houſes at the furnaces, ſeparating the metal from the ſtone,

ſtone, ſand, and droſs. Their food was dried fiſh and Indian corn. They were ſeldom admitted to viſit the genial air, after they were once impriſoned in theſe infernal abodes; but lingered out a wretched life of toil, to tear from the bowels of the earth the peſtiferous gold and ſilver, with which they never could ſatisfy the avarice of their cruel taſk-maſters. At night they had no amuſements to enliven the only dreary interval from labour allowed them, but ſought their relief and ſolace in ſleep, which made them forget for a few hours their wretched exiſtence.

"Among other priſoners with whom the prince ſometimes converſed, was a Dutchman, who had been detected trading with the Indians in a veſſel from Curaçoa. He appeared, like Pangoleen, ready for any deſperate enterpriſe. This led to an intimacy between them, and he often ſaid, if they could only eſcape from the mine, he was ſo well acquainted with the eaſtern coaſt and the bay of Mexico, that

he would not fear an eaſy paſſage to ſome of the neighbouring iſlands. This accorded with the prince's views, who ſuggeſted, that as the mines were ſupplied by copious rivulets which paſſed off through large ſubterranean drains and outlets, a bold adventurer might poſſibly trace his paſſage by them into the open plains; and for his part he would readily riſk his life on ſuch a proſpect for liberty. Van Hawk (for ſuch was the Dutchman's name), after much deliberation, agreed in the enterpriſe. Accordingly, having tied up a little dried fiſh and corn in their frocks, they crawled one night into the ſtream, and ſuffered themſelves to be floated down with as little noiſe as poſſible, under the rocky paſſage of the current. They were carried very rapidly along, ſometimes down caſcades of a great height, at other times through very deep reſervoirs of water, till Van Hawk, almoſt exhauſted, ſaid he could proceed no farther without reſt. Indeed, after many efforts

efforts to reach a bank, he would have been ſwept away with the torrent, and infallibly have periſhed, had not the prince ſeized him by the arm, and dragged him to a rocky ledge, where they could ſupport themſelves. Here they ſcrambled out of the water, and lay many minutes to recover and take ſome refreſhment, after their extraordinary exertions. Van Hawk now lamented that he had made ſo raſh an attempt, and ſaid they had little chance of eſcaping a miſerable death, either by being ſwallowed up in ſome whirlpool, drawn under ſome ſubterranean nook where the water was on a level with the roof, or impriſoned in pitchy darkneſs in ſome unfathomable chaſm. The prince encouraged him to go on with ſpirit, as retreat was impoſſible, and no time to be loſt. They therefore renewed their courſe, and were at one time ſwept along through a channel ſo low and narrow, that they were under water for ſome moments, and al-

moſt wedged in among the rocks. It then dilated and expanded itſelf, ſo as to be very ſhallow, and admit them to ſit on the dry rocks, and renew their ſtrength: they could alſo perceive ſome glimmering of light through the chinks aud fiſſures of the mountains. This gave them freſh courage, and they again plunged in, and ſometimes ſwimming or fording, crawling or floating, arrived at laſt, after many hours of ſevere toil, at the vent or exit, where the drain diſcharged itſelf into a ſpacious valley. It was not yet day, when they iſſued into the open air. The prince fell down on the graſs, and kiſſed it in the fervency of his exultation, while Van Hawk offered his oraiſons at ſome length for his deliverance. He then informed the prince, that, from the beſt of his obſervation, they were not far diſtant from the Rio de los Nadodores, or *Swimmers' River*, and that it would be moſt prudent to conceal themſelves in the rocks and woods in the day, and travel at night,

night, till they found ſome canoe on the banks of the river, with which they could proceed down to the coaſt, where they might meet ſome friendly buccaneer, or he might obtain for them a paſſage from the iſland of St. Joſeph to Jamaica, St. Euſtatia, or Curaçoa.

"They travelled with great diligence that and ſome ſucceeding nights, hiding themſelves in the day. They at laſt found an Indian canoe, with which they deſcended without any remarkable adventures to the mouth of the river. Here they ſtopped, and, abandoning the boat, took to the neighbouring foreſts. It was, after conſultation, agreed that Van Hawk ſhould venture into an adjoining ſettlement, and procure a paſſage for them, if any foreign veſſel was there. The prince, relying on his friendſhip, informed him that he had ſome diamonds and pearls of great value, which he might, if neceſſary, ſell, to purchaſe a boat large enough to carry them to ſome of the Leeward Iſlands. Pangoleen

leen accompanied him as near the ſettlement as he could with ſafety, and a place of rendezvous was agreed on. Sad and weariſome were the two days which the prince paſſed in a ſwamp, covered with reeds and thick jungle, until night permitted him to wander at large to procure a ſupply of berries or nuts. The third day he was ſo tired with confinement, that he ſallied out in the evening, reſolved to look about him, and enjoy at any riſk the remains of day. He drew near a rude encloſure, in which ſome cattle were penned, and ſaw a black girl about nineteen, milking. She had a white handkerchief on her head as a turban, around which her jetty locks twined themſelves in wanton curls. Her ſkin was ſhining as ebony, her teeth like alabaſter, her limbs beautifully rounded, and her eyes glowed with all the fire of Africa. The prince felt his boſom ſtrangely agitated at the view; but how much more ſo, when, throwing herſelf gracefully on a bank, and leaning

leaning her head penſively on her hand, ſhe ſung the following ſtrain in the language of the Gold Coaſt:

I.

THOUGH now woe-worn I wander
Far from my *native ſhore*,
Or ſit, and ſigh and ponder
Of friends I ſee no more;
Cho. Palala ſuma nootka gunza.

II.

King *Juba* was my father:
On Congo's burning *ſhore*
I went one eve to gather
The gold and ſilver ore.
Palala, &c.

III.

Some whites in ambuſh lying,
From off my *native ſhore*
Convey'd me, wailing, ſighing,
To ſee thoſe ſands no more.
Palala, &c.

IV.

My father fought long after
O'er all my *native ſhore*;
But he will ſee his daughter,
Alas! alas! no more.
Palala, &c.

V.

This neck, which beads adorned
Upon my *native ſhore*,
Oppreſs'd, degraded, ſcorned,
An iron collar wore.

Palala, &c.

VI.

Theſe hands, which play'd the tabor
Upon my *native ſhore*,
Were chain'd---and now with labour
Are roughen'd, bruis'd, and tore.

Palala, &c.

VII.

But though with ſorrow laden,
Far from my *native ſhore*,
I'm ſtill a *princely maiden*,
And noble as before.

Palala, &c.

VIII.

Though helpleſs, melancholy,
My *limbs* their chains may bind,
No power on earth can ſully,
Or chain the free-born *mind*.

Palala, &c.

IX.

Sure life has *little* in it,
For *ſlaves* to wiſh it more;
And in a *little* minute
The tyrant's dream is o'er.

Palala, &c.

X.

And death ſhall ſhortly ſend me
Back to my *native ſhore*,
Where I ſhall each dear friend ſee,
And be a *ſlave no more*.

Palala, &c.

" This plaintive ditty was ſung in ſo moving and ſimple a manner, and by a perſon whoſe figure, beauty, and character were ſo congenial to the prince's wiſhes and prediſpoſition, that he was immediately intereſted in her fate, and impelled by an irreſiſtible deſire to be acquainted with the lovely unknown. He was uncertain how to diſcover himſelf without alarming her; but, as no time was to be loſt, he approached her with his hand on his breaſt, and in a ſubmiſſive poſture exclaimed gently, ' Be not afraid, ſweet princeſs!

princeſs! of a countryman, who ſympathizes in your misfortunes, which are ſimilar to his own.'

"She at firſt ſtarted, but finding herſelf addreſſed in her own language, and by one of her own colour, ſhe reſumed her courage, and entered into a free converſation with the prince; in which he learned that ſhe was *Zaliſca*, daughter of the king of Congo, and a ſlave to a Spaniſh planter, ſome of whoſe cows ſhe milked in the mornings and evenings.

"The prince did not fail to inform her of his birth, adventures, and plan of eſcape; which made a ſtrong impreſſion on the mind of the tender Zaliſca. She gave the prince ſome milk, and promiſed to bring him next morning bread and dried meat. How delicious and affecting were their daily meetings! A reſemblance of fortune and birth diſpoſed them to mutual ſympathy and love, and their reſpective virtues and merits juſtified their affection for each other. The prince, by his entreaties

treaties and aſſurances of eternal faith, at laſt prevailed upon her to accompany his flight, and to cement her fate with his.

" After a week had elapſed, Van Hawk returned, and acquainted Pangoleen that he had bought a bark, and engaged two Indians to accompany them to Jamaica. He requeſted the prince to let him have ſome more pearls for the purchaſe of proviſions. This was readily complied with; and it was agreed that next night, at a certain hour, the prince and his dear Zaliſca ſhould come down to the beach, when they ſhould be conveyed and ſecreted aboard. The prince waited impatiently for the important hour, and heard with a throbbing heart the approaching footſteps of his loved Zaliſca. They were ſoon at the appointed place, and carried ſafely on board; when they immediately ſet ſail, and arrived, after a proſperous voyage of ſome days, at the iſland of Jamaica. Here Van Hawk, as was agreed, diſcharged the ſeamen, and paſſed off the prince

prince and his wife, for his ſervants. In frequent converſations he propoſed to negotiate a paſſage for them to Africa for a certain ſum; and the prince, on that condition, put all his diamonds and pearls into his hands, except two of the moſt valuable, which he thought it prudent to conceal. He had a thorough confidence in Van Hawk, who congratulated him with aſſurances that he had ſettled for their voyage in a few days, and had laid in a ſufficiency of proviſions. He invited Pangoleen to accompany him aboard to examine the veſſel. The prince went the next morning, and was exploring the different parts of her, when he ſaw that his Dutch friend was on his return aſhore; he aſked anxiouſly the meaning, when the mate informed him that he was ſold to the captain for fifty pounds, and his wife for thirty pounds, to a planter. The prince, thunderſtruck, fell flat on his face on the deck, beat his head on the planks with violence, and would have jumped into the ſea,

ſea, if he had not been bound, and confined under the hatches by the ſailors.

" He ſpent the night in a frenzy of deſpair, and in the morning was in a violent fever. The captain humanely gave him every medical aid, and told him he might aſk any thing reaſonable of him to mitigate the rigour of his fate. The prince, ſoothed by his humanity, replied, that it was not a dread of ſlavery nor an averſion to labour, that thus unmanned him; but that his faith, his happineſs, were locked up in the felicity of his dear Zaliſca, without whom he could not ſurvive. The captain pitied the ſeverity of his caſe; but conceived that no redreſs could be had from the perfidious Van Hawk, who had by this time quitted the iſland; and, for himſelf, he was, though willing, unable to afford the expence of purchaſing the female ſlave. The prince, ſtruck with his apparent candour, reſolved to make a deſperate venture: he informed him, that he would not only engage to ſerve him faithfully

faithfully for life with Zaliſca, but to find the purchaſe-money for her, and a very handſome preſent for him beſides. The captain aſſured him of his honour, and the prince gave him one of the remaining diamonds, which he ſold to good advantage, and not only redeemed Zaliſca, but purchaſed many clothes and conveniences for them both.

"As war at that time raged in Europe, the prince determined not to venture acroſs the ocean; but accompanied the honeſt captain to his home, on the pleaſant and heathful iſland of Bermudas. In his family, more like friends than ſlaves, lived the prince and his faithful Zaliſca; who became the mother of many children. As the captain followed the ſeafaring life, the prince, who was by this time well ſkilled in navigation, often accompanied him, and educated his eldeſt ſon Sancho to the ſame profeſſion. He was unfortunate enough to loſe the *magic poniard* that was given him by the ſea nymph,

nymph, but he found by experience, that any weapon was equally uſeful and propitious to him, if directed by a hand under the influence of a heart on which was engraven the motto of the poniard: Palala, ſuma-nootka gunza—Be juſt, and fear not."

CHAP. III.

WONDERFUL ANECDOTE OF A BLACK WIG.

"YOUR father's hiſtory conveys," ſaid Dr. Homily, "a proper moral, but is deficient in its *cataſtrophe*, reſpecting the Dutchman, Van Hawk. That villain ſhould have met the puniſhment he merited."

"Ay, ay," ſaid Sancho; "that was what I meant firſt to tell you, maſter, as a wonderful inſtance of the effects of the paſſions, as Dr. Bellamy told you, on the *hannibal hoghomony*. For my father related, that, ſome years after, *Van Hawk* was hanged

hanged for piracy; and the very day, nay the very hour of his death, my father, and all the ſailors aboard his maſter's ſloop, ſaw the Dutchman carried howling through the air over the maſt, by Old Nick himſelf, in the ſhape of a *flying dragon:* that he threw the body into the ſea, and then glided down the ſhrouds in a *ball of fire*, and was immediately after ſeen tearing him to pieces in the ſhape of a huge *ſhark*. The ſailors all put it in their log-books, and ſwore to it before a magiſtrate; but it had ſuch an effect on the boatſwain's nerves, that it changed—what do you think—not his *body*, as the Doctor ſaid, into a *ſtatue*—nor his *hair*—but, Lord have mercy on us!—before morning, it turned his *black wig white!*"

"That, indeed," ſaid Tim, "was a more marvellous effect of the paſſions on the animal œconomy, that any recorded by Boerhaave or Van Swieten."

CHAP. IV.

DR. HOMILY'S PLEASANT SALLY ON HIS HOBBY.

"FAVOUR me, if you pleaſe, Tim," ſaid Dr. Homily, "with a look at that ſingular manuſcript. The compiler has, I ſee, made many notes and obſervations."

"You will find," obſerved Tim, "many curious diſſertations in it. Here is one for inſtance, by way of appendix to the fanciful Voyage to the Central Nations, 'on the *Perfectibility* of the Human Race'."

"If he means by that term," ſaid Dr. Bellamy, "that mankind may ariſe to a much higher ſtate of improvement in knowledge, virtue, health, happineſs, and longevity, than they have ever yet done; and become equal, if not ſuperior, to the inhabitants of thoſe regions; we cannot reject his doctrine. With reſpect to the healing

art, its improvements have within this century been exceedingly rapid; ſince plauſible theory has been abandoned for the ſubſtantial baſis of experience. Many diſeaſes that were generally deſtructive are now prevented, or rendered leſs ſevere and dangerous. In every other branch of natural philoſophy extraordinary advances have been made, by ſteadily purſuing the ſame mode of philoſophizing, and taking nothing for truth unleſs warranted by adequate experiments."

"We have alſo," ſaid Tim, "a proſpect as favourable from the enlargement of our knowledge of religion and civil government. Superſtition and enthuſiaſm have rapidly declined, and piety and virtue will attract by their native charms, when ſtripped of the meretricious and falſe ornaments with which they have been loaded by ignorance or impoſture. The doctrine of toleration, which had been ſo long hid from the world, has already done much for the diffuſion of truth, and her offspring,

offspring, virtue and happineſs. It is almoſt to give her the victory to allow her a fair and candid hearing; which the moſt conſcientious men could not do, when they believed it their duty to puniſh and extirpate errors of faith. I need not remark alſo, the clear and preciſe notions of the nature and origin of government, which have been generally diffuſed and embraced within the preſent century. Theſe improvements in civil and religious knowledge are accelerated, maintained, and communicated over the globe by the preſs; and reading has become an amuſement, if not a neceſſary of life, in all civilized parts of the world."

"I think," ſaid Mr. Lumeire, "that you ſhould confeſs your obligations a little to commerce, to which mankind have been, and will be, moſt indebted for the improvement of their condition. Wherever it has moſt prevailed, we find the body of the people riſing to a conſequence and dignity never experienced in

other ſtates, and the population more increaſed, the lands more cultivated, and the uſeful arts more improved than elſewhere. Commerce, inſtead of *violently annihilating eſtabliſhed diſtinctions and ranks, raiſes* the induſtrious merchant to a *level with barons*, and the yeomanry to the opulence and power of the nobleſſe. It tends gradually to remove deſtructive monopolies, privileges, or abuſes of power. The wealth it diſtributes multiplies the enemies of oppreſſion and deſpotiſm, becauſe it increaſes the number of thoſe who feel the ſtrongeſt intereſt in order, ſecurity, and the protection of rights. By introducing a free intercourſe between men of different parties, religions, and nations, it diffuſes humanity, by convincing them that much of their mutual dread and averſion aroſe from ignorance and prejudice, and that there are worthy characters in every ſect, party, and country. It is the channel that conveys and diffuſes the intellectual productions of various parts of the

the globe to each other; and will, I hope, as it tends to do, make all mankind at laſt neighbours and friends. For there is no more real ground or excuſe for jealouſy and violence among nations, as rivals in trade, or rivals in power, than among the landed intereſt or manufacturing towns in the ſame kingdoms."

"I agree with you all," ſaid Dr. Homily eagerly, "in the fair proſpect of the improved condition of mankind. The diffuſion of knowledge civil and religious, by means of the preſs, and the general admiſſion of free diſcuſſion, have greatly tended to this advancement; and, from the more eaſy and extenſive communication, which commerce is conſtantly opening to the remoteſt parts of the globe, we may expect every year the progreſs will be more and more rapid; every advance increaſing its celerity, augmenting its force, and rendering its progreſs more and more irreſiſtible. We are authoriſed by the promiſes of our religion, to expect that

the knowledge of it will be ſpread over the globe *as the waters cover the ſea*; and that the kingdom of righteouſneſs and peace ſhall be univerſally eſtabliſhed on earth. This will be the reign of *true freedom* and *happineſs*; the reign of *righteouſneſs and knowledge* muſt neceſſarily precede it, as the cauſe the effect. For I maintain that the corruption, vices, and ignorance of men, render reſtraints neceſſary to defend them from the violence of each other: the advancement of freedom requires therefore the previous advancement of knowledge and virtue; without which it would be like putting a ſword in the hand of a maniac, or truſting an unwary youth to his own management before he had reached the years of diſcretion. Demoſthenes attributes the decline of the liberty and greatneſs of his country to the decay of *morals* and *religion*. 'Ariſtides, Miltiades, and other patriots of antiquity,' ſays he in his ſecond Olynthian, 'meddled not in government to enrich

enrich themſelves, but the public. They had no ſchemes or ambition, but for the public. It was by a cloſe and ſteady application to the general good of their country, by an *exemplary piety* towards the immortal gods, by a ſtrict *faith and religious honeſty 'twixt man and man*, and a *moderation* always uniform, they eſtabliſhed that reputation which remains to this day, and will laſt to utmoſt poſterity.' Diſintereſtedneſs, moderation, temperance, public ſpirit, and general knowledge, are indiſpenſably neceſſary in free governments, to prevent men from deſtroying the commonwealth by their ambition, or the people from deſtroying themſelves by impatience and faction. When the ruling powers of the commonwealth at Rome were moſt feeble, the people were moſt impatient of reſtraint, and thought themſelves moſt in danger of ſlavery. Cataline attempted to take advantage of this licentious ſpirit, and fell in the attempt; but Cæſar, by artfully op-

poſing the ſenate and ariſtocracy, and extending the elective franchiſe to perſons of all deſcriptions, overturned the republic, and made himſelf dictator: after which they became ſubject to the moſt degrading deſpotiſm, and their hiſtorians agree that they were then fit for no other government. The ſceptical doctrines of the Greek philoſophy (which was ſtudied *cauſa diſputandi, non ita vivendi)* had expelled the old religion of the ſtate from among the higher orders: witneſs Cæſar, on the queſtion of Cataline's puniſhment, ridiculing in the ſenate the received notions of immortality, or the eſtabliſhed religion; and the manners of the body of the people were extremely groſs and licentious. No wonder then the ſpirit of liberty departed from them. I therefore maintain, that, to eſtabliſh the kingdom of liberty and happineſs among men, we muſt firſt introduce the reign of wiſdom and virtue, or the Chriſtian faith and practice."

"I agree

"I agree moſt cordially with you, Sir," ſaid Tim, "that, to be capable of freedom and happineſs, men muſt be wiſe and virtuous; otherwiſe freedom will degenerate into licentiouſneſs, and only enable men more effectually to worry and deſtroy one another. If ſlavery is being ſubject to *unjuſt violence and reſtraint*; then, whether theſe are exerciſed and impoſed by the multitude, or the few, comes to the ſame thing. They who are expoſed to them, are ſlaves, and generally the moſt miſerable ones in popular governments. But where the ſpirit of freedom, accompanied by that of wiſdom and virtue, prevails, the people will rapidly riſe to the higheſt degree of human felicity. It ſhould, therefore, be the buſineſs of thoſe who wiſh for this deſirable regeneration of the human race, to encourage the progreſs of uſeful knowledge and pure morals among men."

"And therefore," urged Mr. Lumeire, "to promote inſtitutions for training up the riſing generation in ſcience

and habits of induſtry; which are the ſureſt foundation and beſt preſervatives of the morals of a nation. Uſe is ſecond nature. He who is accuſtomed from youth to induſtry, feels unhappy if idle. He who is long uſed to idleneſs, ſhudders at the leaſt toil or reſtraint. Now the one ſecures a man from temptation to vice, and employs him virtuouſly, while the other not only makes him uſeleſs, but expoſes him to the incurſion of every vice. The regular education and employment of the riſing generation ſhould be a great object of the moraliſt and politician. Thus no man would be a dead weight to the ſtate; but the laws might encourage, if not compel, each member of the community to purſue ſome beneficial occupation. This is in ſome meaſure the caſe in New England, where every man who leads a life of idleneſs and debauchery, without any viſible means of ſubſiſtence, is bound to give bail that he will not be burdenſome, or elſe quit the pariſh. Public works might

might be inſtituted to give employment to the poor, and a capital advanced them under proper regulations, according to their wants, induſtry, and character. By theſe means the expence of maintaining them idly would be ſaved, and the lower orders would be gradually raiſed to greater plenty, opulence, improvement, and felicity. There are alſo in Great Britain large tracts of unincloſed lands, which would furniſh bread and employment for three millions more of inhabitants, if properly divided and improved; and in this country alone, there is ſoil enough to engage and reward the utmoſt labour and cultivation of all the emigrants that Europe can pour forth for centuries; provided the influx be gradual, and the ſettlements made with deliberation and caution. The immenſe and fertile lands of Africa invite cultivation, population, and good government. Should theſe extenſive parts of the globe become civilized, and inhabited, by Engliſhmen, or deſcendants

of Engliſhmen, and their commerce extend over India, the weſtern part of America, and the iſlands in the South Seas, ſuch an event will not only tend to the almoſt incredible augmentation of the wealth and power of Great Britain, but will introduce the *Engliſh language* through a great part of the world; by which means the Britiſh religion, laws, and liberty, may become almoſt univerſally prevalent; or, perhaps, the ground-work of better laws, religion, and policy."

"Amen! amen!" cried Dr. Homily, in an ecſtacy: "I perfectly agree with you; only as to 'a better religion,' I think, the church of England needs little alteration, except, perhaps, the reſtoration of a more primitive diſcipline. In other reſpects my heart beats in uniſon with yours. My native country bids fair to propagate civilization, religion, and liberty round the globe. Theſe colonies riſing ſo rapidly in population, improvement, and power, are firſt-fruits of the harveſt.

harveſt. They will improve, perhaps, on their parent, and ſpread the ſame language, ſpirit of liberty, and induſtry, over this continent! over *one half the world!* This is the only conqueſt we ſhould aim at—not to ſpread the terrors of our arms, but the bleſſings we enjoy over the reſt of the globe."

"But we are not, my friend," ſaid Mr. Lumeire, "to carry the pacific ſcheme ſo far as to neglect the maintenance of ſufficient power for ſelf-defence, or to preſerve the rights of ſmaller ſtates, our allies, from being violated or ſwallowed up."

"By no means," replied Dr. Homily: "I only mean, that, as our religion forbids, we ſhould not attempt to propagate *our civil* or *religious principles*, or even our commerce, by the ſword; but by the force of argument, perſuaſion, and example. Thus, only, can the ſoil be prepared, and the tree take deep root and flouriſh. The mild beams of reaſon will gently diſſolve

diſſolve thoſe prejudices, which the ſtorms of faction, or perſecution, render more rigid and obdurate. The traveller, who obſtinately retained his cloak under the blaſts of Boreas, gradually reſigned it when Phœbus ſhed his genial radiance. I deprecate, therefore, all attempts to propagate the cauſe of liberty or religion by violence and uſurpation. To deſtroy deſpotiſm, you create a deſpotiſm generally more blind and ferocious than the former. You make the people engines, firſt to deſtroy their governors, next their firſt leaders, and to become the tools of a ſucceſſion of knaves, to level their rivals, and annoy public happineſs, till, ſickened with change and anarchy, they throw themſelves under the protection, and into the arms of a deſpotiſm, more terrible than the former; and thus their laſt ſtate is worſe than the firſt. I deprecate it on account both of the miſeries it produces, and its uncertainty. Such violent remedies endanger the

the exiſtence of the patient. Millions generally fall: and the cauſe of the original conteſt is ſoon forgotten. The ſchemes of wiſe and moderate men, who may have projected the reform, are rejected, to give place to plans of a more violent nature, which are made the ſcaling-ladders for new chiefs to mount into power. And by examples of this nature, the cauſe of liberty is ſuſpected by ſome, calumniated by others, hated by many, and dreaded by the generality of the peaceful, induſtrious, and moderate. Whereas the progreſs of truth, though ſlower, is benign and certain. It loves calmneſs. Its voice, like that of virtue and religion, cannot be heard amid the din of arms, amid the tumult, rage, and carnage, of civil or public war."

"It cannot be denied," ſaid Tim, "that the natural ſoil, and eſſential nutriment of freedom, are *religion and knowledge*; and whoever ſhould attempt to place a large, licentious, immoral, and

and unenlightened nation in a ſtate of freedom, by demoliſhing all the reſtraints of their former laws, and the influence of their religion, would let looſe a gang of tigers to deſtroy their keepers and deliverers; to prey on the harmleſs and defenceleſs; and *to devour one another.*"

"There is one circumſtance," ſaid Dr. Bellamy, "which will promote the progreſs of *morals and knowledge*, and their offspring, *liberty*, more in the preſent and future times, than in former ages; which is, that by the ready, extenſive, and free circulation of books, men can diſcern error, and advance in knowledge more certainly and readily than they could from *oral communication*, or from *diſcuſſions* at *public aſſemblies*. The truths acquired by reading, will have a calmer and fuller inveſtigation, and will conſequently ſtrike deeper roots. The public mind, in free ſtates, will not be ſo liable to the ſudden deciſions, and violent extremes,

extremes, to which it was ſubject in the free ſtates of antiquity; where information was chiefly derived from popular aſſemblies, and books were few, and difficult to be obtained. In the preſent century, we have made higher improvements in the arts and ſciences, in the knowledge of the human mind, and the true foundations of morality: the reign of ſuperſtition, bigotry, and intolerance, has more declined, and the nature and end of government been better underſtood, than in any other period. From this advanced and elevated ground, I ſhould expect mankind will ſoar to greater heights of proſperity, and with ſtronger and ſwifter wing in the next century, than in any preceding it; and a benevolent Providence may conduct our ſpecies from one degree of improvement to another—

"From ſeeming evil ſtill educing good;
And *better* thence again, and *better* ſtill,
In infinite progreſſion."

"We

"We are taught by our religion to expect this univerſal reign," obſerved Dr. Homily with exultation, "of righteouſneſs, truth, and peace: and we every day pray for it; or are commanded ſo to do. Now we ſhould never have been directed conſtantly to implore of heaven a condition for the human race, which is unattainable, and not intended for them. We are taught, I mean, to pray, 'that the kingdom of heaven may come; and the divine will may be done on earth, as it is in heaven.' And by this kingdom is ever to be underſtood, the prevalence of wiſdom and virtue on earth: in conſequence of which, the freedom, and happineſs, and perfection of our ſpecies, will be higher exalted than we at preſent can conceive. This golden age, and dignified ſtate of man, is repreſented to our ideas under the allegories of new heavens and a new earth; of a new Jeruſalem, and a reſtoration of Paradiſe. The Jews veiled this promiſed glory and felicity of the

the human race, by images of ſuch bleſſings as they conceived moſt deſirable—a conquering prince, univerſal dominion, and their return to the promiſed land: the philoſophers and poets, under the notion of the Saturnian reign, or reſtoration of the golden age, in which juſtice, piety, and peace ſhould prevail; the earth bring forth ſpontaneouſly all its moſt nutritive and grateful productions in every clime; the moſt fierce beaſts be tamed, the moſt noxious poiſons become innocent; and men, free from diſeaſes, attain the greateſt longevity. By all which, when freed from figure, we are to underſtand, that they looked for that perfection and happineſs of man, from the diffuſion of *knowledge and true religion*, which we have the moſt certain ground to expect from the oracles of truth. Their philoſophers underſtood, even by their *poetical elyſium*, only ſuch a regeneration and improvement of the human race, as we

we have anticipated. Plato interprets the region of elyſium, to mean the territory or abode of truth; obſerving, that, from obedience to it, all poſſible happineſs will be derived. And Empedocles the Pythagorean announces,

> " Folly and vice drove man's celeſtial race,
> From joys divine, to ruin and diſgrace:
> But truth and virtue ſhall his rank reſtore;
> And make him great, and happy, as before."

" It is remarkable," ſaid Dr. Bellamy, " that men of all countries, ages, and religions, ſhould agree in this expectation of the improvement of the condition of mankind. It ſhews that it is exceedingly conſonant to the natural notions of men; or, that it is derived from ſome ancient tradition or prediction. The reſemblance between the language of Virgil and Iſaiah, is very ſtriking: and the lines of our Engliſh bard, in his imitation of that celebrated eclogue, are happily deſcriptive of your ideas on this ſubject:

" All

" All crimes ſhall ceaſe, and ancient fraud ſhall fail,
Returning *Juſtice* lift aloft her ſcale,
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd *Innocence* from heaven deſcend."

" If it would not ſhew too ſanguine a propenſity for a favourite hypotheſis," ſaid Dr. Homily, " it might be ſuggeſted, that the ancients had ſome tradition, or prophetic glimpſe, of the greatneſs and glory of the *Britiſh iſles*, and this weſtern world; and that they ſhould be the principal inſtruments and diſpenſers of theſe promiſed bleſſings of knowledge, juſtice, and liberty, to the reſt of the world. *Seneca*, for inſtance, ſeems to have had the *diſcovery of America* impreſſed on his imagination, in theſe lines:

——Venient annis
Secula ſeris, quibus *Oceanus*
Vincula rerum laxet, et *ingens*
Pateat tellus, Tiphyſque novos
Detegat orbes, nec ſit terris
Ultima Thule.

The years will come, when *ſhips* ſhall ſafely ſteer
Beyond the vaſt *Atlantic*'s broad barrier;

Pleas'd,

Pleas'd, o'er the wat'ry waſte, *new worlds* explore,
And *Thule* be the earth's extreme no more.

" Geographers and commentators have been much puzzled to determine, from the fabulous and contradictory accounts of the ancients, what iſland was meant by Thule. Some have thought it to be Ireland, and others, Iceland or Schetland. But the truth is, that the ancients intended by it a poetical region, like Plato's famous iſland in the Atlantic. Having ſome traditional intimation or proſpect of the future greatneſs of *Britain*, they clothed the tradition or prophecy in the dreſs of poetry and fable, and repreſented it to the people under the deſcription of an Atlantic iſland, ſometimes by a picture of the elyſian fields, or the happy iſles, and at other times as Thule: '*Terris ultima Thule.*'

" We know an opinion anciently prevailed, that, as the light of knowledge roſe in the Eaſt, it ſhould be returned with double advantage from the Weſt. The

The Greeks were led by the tradition, or prediction, above alluded to, probably to ſpeak of the *happy iſles* lying in the *weſtern ocean.* Joſephus remarks, that the Eſſenes agreed with the Greeks, that there were ſeats beyond, or far in, the ocean, prepared for the good; *viz.* a region neither expoſed to the extremes of heat or cold, but *refreſhed with breezes* from the *ſea*; which is agreeable to Homer's deſcription of the elyſian fields:

'Where no extreme of heat or cold prevails,
But ocean fans them with his ſoft'ring gales.'

This happy region was repreſented by the Greeks, as well as Jews, and other nations, to be inacceſſible: and it is obſervable, that they deemed the countries beyond the pillars of Hercules inacceſſible; and had a received opinion, that the happy iſles lay ſomewhere diſtant from thence in the ocean. Horace deſignates them by the name of the '*divites inſulæ*,' the rich iſlands, in oracular alluſion to the preſent wealth of the Britiſh iſles.

"A ce-

" A celebrated writer, in confirmation of my opinion, conjectures, that the very word *elyſium* was derived by Homer from the Phœnicians, who firſt traded with the Britiſh iſles. The poet, as the old geographer ſtates, learning from the Phœnicians the wealth and virtues of thoſe iſlanders, placed there the habitation of the bleſt and the elyſian fields. Pindar alſo chuſes the circumſtance of ' the ſea-breezes cheriſhing the iſland of the happy,' as peculiarly deſcriptive of it. The inhabitants of theſe bleſt abodes are repreſented as performing all the functions of men, but raiſed to a high degree of wiſdom, *virtue*, perfection, and happineſs: they are free from turbulent paſſions, diſeaſe, and pain; and the earth is bleſt with extraordinary abundance and peace. What does all this mean when ſtripped of allegory? but, as Plato ſays, that Πεδιον Ηλυσιον, *elyſium*, is πεδιον αληθειας, the *land of truth*: that righteouſneſs, wiſdom, and liberty, and conſequently true greatneſs, opulence, and felicity, ſhould abound in thoſe iſles

iſles in an extraordinary manner, and that they ſhould become a bleſſing to all mankind. This is a very natural conſtruction of the allegory; and whether it was founded on conjecture, on prediction, or ſome early expectation of mankind handed traditionally down, it is ſufficient to me, that the fact is ſuch, and that the Britiſh nation ſeems deſtined to diffuſe the bleſſings of religion, law, and liberty, around the globe."

"My dear friend," ſaid Dr. Sourby, "I never knew you drive ſo furiouſly on your *nag* before. No hedge or ditch has been able to ſtop you! I wanted to ſuggeſt to you, in corroboration of your ſyſtem of the *happy iſles* (for you ought to have the honour of the diſcovery), that as the inhabitants drank *nectar*, and were free from diſeaſe, your friend *Dean Berkeley* has at hand his celebrated *tar-water*, which he ſolemnly declares he believes to be the true *nectar*, and a catholicon for every diſeaſe; though I fancy he would think *Bermudas* was meant by the

happy iſle, inſtead of your iſland of fogs."

Tim roſe with ſome warmth at this ſarcaſm on his grandfather's friend; but the argument was ſuſpended, by loud knocks at the door, and violent alarms in the road.

CHAP. V.

AN INTERESTING SCENE AT THE TOMB OF MATILDA.

ABOUT this time, ſome events took place, which we ſhall record, though trifling in themſelves, becauſe they had a great influence on the future views and fate of our hero. But we muſt firſt introduce to the readers' acquaintance a young lady, with whom they ought long before this to have been intimate. This was no other than the ſiſter of ſquire Aaron, the accompliſhed Miſs Letitia Foreſter; for never could there be a greater contraſt in perſonal charms, in goodneſs of heart, and gentleneſs of demeanour, than ſhe was to her

her haughty brother. She was diſtinguiſhed for theſe qualities from infancy; and having been ſent, when very young, to a boarding-ſchool at Elizabeth Town, had often viſited Berkeley Hall with her ſchool-mates, and attracted old Dr. Homily's attention by her ſweetneſs of aſpect and behaviour; ſo that he would often take her on his knee, and call her his little favourite, his ſecond Matilda. Young Tim alſo ſeemed to have a predilection for her, and on theſe occaſions would preſent Letitia with the prettieſt noſegay and rareſt fruits he could collect. Theſe attentions did not loſe their effect on her gentle mind; and a very early friendſhip commenced between them. She was removed, to finiſh her education at New York; where ſhe remained without returning into the country, till ſhe was about ſixteen; at which time ſhe paid a viſit to her friend, Miſs Julia Moody, at Elizabeth Town. Our hero happened to be at an aſſembly there, when he ſaw a young lady unexpectedly enter, whoſe

face, ſhape, and air, appeared more beautiful and attractive than any he had yet contemplated. He felt conſiderably intereſted at the firſt view, but was very ſtrongly and agreeably affected when he found it to be his *former little friend*, now grown to the full prime and ripeneſs of perſonal charms, ſet off to the greateſt advantage by the graces of education and dreſs. The improved appearance of our hero ſeemed to impreſs Letitia with ſimilar ſurpriſe; which was obſervable from the earneſtneſs and confuſion diſcovered by both, on their firſt approach and interview. Though ſhe was engaged by a Colonel Beekman, as a partner, Tim took every opportunity of converſing with her during the evening; and his particular attention would not have eſcaped the reprobation of many of the hypercritical tabbies, had not their former intimacy in childhood been ſo well known. Miſs Moody, however, on their return home, chid her for permitting Maſter Tickle to be ſo intimate and particular. "You muſt

muſt conſider, my dear," ſaid ſhe, " that you are emancipated from a boarding-ſchool, and now making your entrée on the theatre of life; you cannot, therefore, be too cautious in your connexions."

" I thank you," ſaid Letitia, " for your advice; but really cannot perceive any thing more than mere politeneſs and due decorum, in treating a young gentleman with civility, who was among the early acquaintance of my childhood, and whom I have not ſeen for many years."

" But you don't conſider, my dear," rejoined Miſs Moody, " the difference between the conduct juſtifiable then, and now. Your fortune and family place you ſo far ſuperior to his, that there can be no prudent connexion; and admitting him to dangle about you, may offend unexceptionable ſuitors."

" My good, ſweet friend," ſaid Letitia, ſmiling, " you are rather over-cautious; it will be really time enough, ſome years hence, for me to be afraid of ſpoil-

ing matches, and to be nice in the choice of my admirers, after I ſhall be certain of having any."

Here the converſation ended; and our hero was conſtant in his viſits at Miſs Moody's, in which he maintained his uſual gaiety, and paid equal attention to both ladies, ſo that Letitia's friend, in the good-humour and entertainment of his converſation, ſeemed to forget the very ſcrupulous leſſons ſhe had given her. Miſs Moody's civilities to him were more marked than ever; and ſhe made a point of having him on all their parties. This Letitia generouſly attributed to her polite wiſh to obliterate all remembrance of an interference which might have been thought harſh and premature. Things were in this train, when they were one day with a large company of ladies and gentlemen, on a tea viſit at Dr. Homily's, who welcomed the return of his little favourite, as he was wont to call her, with his uſual warmth and frankneſs; which ſhe received

received with particular pleaſure and acknowledgments. In the courſe of the afternoon, our hero conducted the fair train around the walks, and recalled to the pleaſed recollection of Letitia a thouſand little ſcenes of innocent amuſement which had there delighted their earlieſt days. They artleſſly gave a looſe to this ſuffuſion of paſt and preſent happineſs; and read, without diſguiſe or apprehenſion, the complacency and joy ſparkling in each other's eyes. Miſs Moody frequently interpoſed, in vain, to return to the houſe; Letitia preſſed to ſee the favourite arbour, where ſhe had ſo often liſtened to the chorus of the unimpriſoned ſongſters. It was fit to inſpire contemplation, and to nurſe the moſt tender feelings. This receſs had been decorated with every thing plaintively attractive, by the penſive Matilda; whoſe remains were here interred, with the following inſcription on a marble entablature:

S. M.

OF MATILDA TICKLE.

Like ſome fair flower full blown in vernal pride,
Smote by the blaſt, ſhe droop'd her head, and died.
Ah! art thou fall'n by treach'ry's pois'nous dart!
Thou! whoſe beſt bliſs was comfort to impart!

Whoſe meekneſs the gaunt tiger might have charm'd,
And the fell murderer's lifted hand diſarm'd:
Who ſpak'ſt compaſſion with thy lateſt breath,
And ne'er gave pain, but by thy grief and death.

Deareſt Matilda! beſt of friends, farewell!
May this plain ſtone thy father's ſorrows tell.
Our ſocial joys and hopes, alas! are o'er;
Thy filial virtues cheer my heart no more!

I ſeem, at this moment, to ſee the gentle Letitia leaning over the tomb. Her lively features are changed to an air of thoughtful dignity. She ſupports her head on her hand, as ſhe inclines over the inſcription; her auburn locks wave in ringlets over her ſnowy neck; the tears of ſenſibility bedew the ſtone, and our hero plentifully mixes his with hers. "Beſt of women," ſhe ſaid, "peace ever hover over thy aſhes! May we reſemble thee in virtues, and

and eſcape thy misfortunes! But who will aſpire to equal thee?"

Tim, borne away by his feelings, fell on one knee, and preſſing her hand to his lips, exclaimed, "*There is one who may!*"

A ſubtle flame, like the electrical ſhock, at that moment vibrated through their hands, from heart to heart, diſſolving them in pleaſing tenderneſs. Letitia glowed and trembled with confuſion; and our hero was even more diſconcerted: but Miſs Moody recalled them from their reverie, by interpoſing in an affected tone—"This is vaſtly tragical indeed, Mr. Tickle. Pray which of Nat Lee's extravagancies have you been lately ſpouting? Upon my word, you both want nothing but the toſs of the handkerchief to make you complete. You looked vaſtly like Pyramus and Thiſbe on the top of an old ballad."

They were too much internally occupied to anſwer her, except Letitia, by a commanding look of reproach. The

view of the aviary immediately furniſhed a topic luckily for diſcourſe; and the ſkin, jaws, and ſkeleton, of the enormous ſhark, ſuſpended not far off, gave occaſion to ſome of the gentlemen, who joined them, to deſcant on our hero's proweſs. Letitia's heart palpitated with a delightful thrill at every inſtance of his magnanimity, as if with ſelf-applauſe; fluttered with apprehenſions at his danger; and ſeemed confuſed at the praiſes beſtowed on him, as if in ſome meaſure on herſelf. Her eyes then accidentally meeting his, beamed ſo much eſteem and triumph, that he, at that moment, enjoyed a ſufficient reward for his heroiſm. A bluſh overſpread their countenances; and they felt afraid of encountering each other's looks, as if they might reveal ſentiments they wiſhed to conceal: in ſhort, they loſt, for the remainder of the day, much of that eaſe and naïveté which before diſtinguiſhed them; and their cheerfulneſs was ſucceeded by a pleaſing languor and

and abſtraction. The company, after this, departed without any material occurrence.

CHAP. VI.

A DISH OF SNIP-SNAPS.

ON their return home, Miſs Moody ſhewed her diſpleaſure at Letitia, by ſome ſignificant ſneers at "the affected ſenſibility of ſome folks;" "ſurpriſing ignorance of the world," and "readineſs to liſten to the prattle of any raw country adventurer." Letitia retorted very ſeverely on the indecorum of Miſs Moody's conduct, in ſporting with the grief of a ſon at the tomb of a mother. "So far from being aſhamed of my tears," ſaid ſhe, "I glory in feeling a due reſpect for the virtues, and ſorrow for the misfortunes of a lady, who was the ornament of our ſex. And if her ſon was pleaſed with the tribute I involuntarily

luntarily paid to her memory, he is not to be condemned for his gratitude, nor I, for the mere compliment it might extort from him."

"Well, my dear, do not be angry; I only meant the hint for your good. If you have an appetite for ſuch groſs flattery, you may meet enough of it everywhere. For my own part, I only wiſh you not to make yourſelf *ridiculous*, by—"

"I hope I ſhall," ſaid Letty, briſkly, "avoid being *ridiculous*, by—not imitating your example, Miſs." Saying this, ſhe walked to her room, leaving Miſs Moody not in the beſt poſſible humour. She thought proper, the next morning, to make an apology to Letty, and thus the little ſtorm was diſſipated. Tim continued his viſits as uſual, but appeared more timid and grave in his manners and addreſs to Miſs Foreſter; who was alſo more reſerved and cautious in her demeanour. This entirely reſtored Miſs Moody's good-humour; but ſhe, either by deſign

deſign or accident, never gave her two friends an opportunity of being alone, which perhaps, indeed, might not be deſired by either party; as our hero felt the higheſt reſpect and awe for Letitia, and neither of them could indulge a hope of a union for life, with the conſent of her family, not more diſtinguiſhed by their wealth, than their overbearing pride and love of diſtinction. Miſs Moody, alſo, frequently inſinuated to our hero, whenever ſhe heard him laviſh in the praiſes of her friend, that her parents intended her for the rich Colonel Beekman, and that it would, without doubt, be a match.

Soon after this, Letitia returned home, and Tim to his ſtudies and amuſements at the college. Though he always thought of her with the higheſt eſteem and preference, yet the impreſſion of the tender paſſion on his mind was not ſo deep as to affect his gaiety or amuſements. The baſe conduct of her brother, and the rencontres which happened after this, gave alſo

alſo a check to his affection, and entirely eſtranged him from all connexion with her family and friends. Notwithſtanding the high reſentment of ſquire Aaron, and the miſrepreſentations of our hero's conduct, Letitia could not be brought to condemn him, and heard with much ſatisfaction, the favourable repreſentations given of him by ſtrangers in general. Some years had now paſſed without any interview between them, and all acquaintance and friendſhip ſeemed totally diſſolved. Our hero had finiſhed his education, as we have ſaid, and was preparing for his travels through the country, previous to his intended voyage to England, and viſit to the univerſity of Oxford, when the adventure occurred, which is related in the next Chapter.

CHAP. VII.

GALLANT ATCHIEVEMENT OF OUR HERO.

DR. Homily and his gueſts were, as we before related, in deep diſcuſſion, when a ſervant entered, crying, "A moſt ſad misfortune; poor creatures! they muſt all periſh! what a bitter night it is!" On inquiry, they found that a boat with paſſengers from Staten Iſland had been blocked up in the ice, and that they had been obliged to land on a ſmall moraſs, or ſwampy iſlet, on which there was no houſe, or ſhelter, except one ſmall ſtunted tree. It was a dark and diſmal night in the month of February; and rendered more dreadful by a violent ſnow-ſtorm which had raged for ſome hours. The cries of the people could be heard very diſtinctly, and our hero could ſcarcely be reſtrained by the company from venturing immediately over to their relief. In leſs than

than an hour the ſtorm abated, and the ſky became clear. Tim then, with Sancho and another black, launched a ſmall canoe, with two oars, and a boathook, on the ice, over which they puſhed her towards the marſh, directed by the cries, and the light of the moon. They had many difficulties to encounter from fiſſures in the floating cakes of ice, and from one part of the river, where the ſwift current was not cloſed, but full of ſmall detached maſſes.

They at laſt reached the miſerable ſpot, where they found two women and three men, excluſive of the boatman, under the tree, ſtriving to preſerve life by dancing, leaping, and other exerciſe. The unhappy females were quite exhauſted, and, notwithſtanding every perſuaſion, had yielded to the languor which the cold produced. They were juſt ſeated under the tree, and falling into a lethargy, when our hero happily arrived. His firſt care was to convey them to the boat, almoſt ſenſeleſs,

leſs, and, by great exertions, to land them ſafely on the main land; where Dr. Homily and his friends waited to receive, and conduct them to the refreſhments of his houſe. Tim delivered the almoſt expiring females into their hands, and then proceeded with Sancho only, to the aſſiſtance of the remaining paſſengers.

By dint of perſeverance and fortitude they were all taken ſafe to Berkeley Hall, and ſupplied with every thing for their relief and comfort. Our hero inquired after the female paſſengers, and learned that they were out of danger, and had recovered their ſpeech, though not yet the uſe of their limbs. On his entering the room, where they were placed in elbow-chairs by the fire, what were his feelings on perceiving that it was no other than the charming Letitia herſelf, who, with her maid, had been in ſo much danger! He flew towards her with mingled anxiety and pleaſure, and with

one

one breath thanked heaven that he had been inſtrumental in her deliverance, and with the next offered fervent vows for her recovery. She ſeemed ſenſible of his zeal and ſervices, but unable, through weakneſs, and the warmth of her feelings, to give utterance to her gratitude. She viſibly laboured for a few moments, in vain, till the tear guſhed from her eye: ſhe preſſed her hand on her breaſt, and looking expreſſively on him, ſaid, with much emphaſis, "I thank you." This effort appeared to be too much for her debility; ſhe ſunk again into a lethargy, and they found it neceſſary to put her immediately into a warm bed, and ſend off to Elizabeth Town for a phyſician, and her friend Miſs Moody.

Colonel Dongan, whoſe family ſhe had been viſiting, continued till next day at Dr. Homily's; but the boatman, and other paſſengers, were able to go to an inn in the neighbourhood. Our hero, attended by Sancho, went himſelf for the doctor

doctor and Miſs Moody, not being willing to truſt any other with ſo important a buſineſs.

CHAP. VIII.

DR. HOMILY'S INDIGESTION OF A MUSHROOM.

IT was ſome days before Miſs Foreſter could be removed without danger. Our hero, by his ſtrong ſolicitude, and a thouſand nameleſs attentions, diſcovered more forcibly than language could expreſs, how much he was intereſted in her ſafety. During the little interval before her departure, he found reaſon to be more and more confirmed in the tender prepoſſeſſions which he had entertained for her; and Dr. Homily teſtified, on all occaſions, the moſt marked eſteem for his former favourite. Indeed her mental accompliſhments had kept pace with the rapid progreſs of her perſonal charms, and

and her habitual ſweetneſs of diſpoſition gave an irreſiſtible attraction to both. Yet our hero, though frequently alone with her, and eagerly inventing a thouſand ſchemes to amuſe her, behaved in ſo reſpectful a manner, ſo diſtant from any declaration of affection, that nothing could be more grateful to the dignified mind of Letitia than this ſilent homage, this ſtudious effort to avoid any ſolicitation or addreſs that might ſeem to derive liberty from obligation conferred. Though the old paſſion of our hero had now recurred with double energy, and he never could expect a more favourable opportunity of diſcovering it, he was determined rather to periſh with the ſecret, than to owe the power to her misfortune, and his embrace of it, to an apparent ſenſe of the ſervices he had rendered her. This noble conflict of love and honour did not eſcape the penetration, or paſs without a due reward from the growing eſteem, of the gentle Letitia; but her prudence and gene-

generoſity made her lament an adventure which promiſed to interrupt her own peace and that of a young gentleman, who, though in birth and merit equal to her, would almoſt certainly be inſulted by her friends, not only from the arrogance of ſuperior wealth, but from the unhappy miſunderſtanding which her brother's conduct to our hero had produced in the family.

Theſe conſiderations determined her, in ſpite of the delight ſhe received from his and Dr. Homily's converſation, to run every riſk rather than remain any longer under their hoſpitable roof. The preſſing ſolicitations alſo of Miſs Moody for her early departure, contributed to it, and ſhe took leave of Dr. Homily with all the tender emotions of a daughter, being as gratefully laviſh in her acknowledgments and expreſſions of attachment to him, as ſhe was cautious in thoſe beſtowed on our hero, for whom ſhe felt them moſt. But his whole ſoul was too much engroſſed

groſſed by anxiety for her, and in ſearching out methods for the convenience of her journey, to have any room to meditate on her returns to his paſſion. He could perceive that his attempts to ſerve were more ſucceſsful than thoſe of any other, which was a ſufficient recompence to his enamoured heart. She was wrapped up in a blanket, and warm bear-ſkin, and ſo conveyed to a large winter carriage, in which ſhe, Miſs Moody, and her maid, Colonel Dongan, and our hero, ſoon arrived, over a well-beaten track in the ſnow, at her friend's houſe in Elizabeth Town; where it was thought prudent that ſhe ſhould remain until the better re-eſtabliſhment of her health.

Some days after this Dr. Homily received the following letter from Miſs Foreſter's father.

" Sir, Cranberry Hall.

" Hearing that my daughter has been compelled to take refuge at your houſe, in a violent ſnow-ſtorm, and that ſhe

ſhe muſt have been ſome trouble and expence to you, am willing to repay the ſame, and any reaſonable charges you may have been at on her account, or her ſervant. My wife has ſent by the bearer hereof, a ſaddle of veniſon, which you will pleaſe to accept. It was killed in my own park, and muſt be a rarity to you, as there are no deer to be had in your neighbourhood for love or money.

" I am, Sir,

" Your humble Servant,

" ANTONY FORESTER."

To which Dr. Homily returned the following anſwer:

" SIR,

" I ALWAYS conſider it my duty to give ſhelter to any human being in diſtreſs, and am fortunate in being any way inſtrumental in relieving a young lady of your daughter's merits. In the ſame mind is my grandſon, who, by his intrepidity, reſcued all the paſſengers from inevitable

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evitable death, and to whom all the honour is due. I beg therefore, Sir, that you will not offend my feelings by any idea of an account of expences on the occaſion. *Homo ſum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.* We all thank you and your lady for your veniſon, which proved remarkably good. I am glad to find your daughter is out of danger, and able to proceed on her journey; though ſhe would have been welcome here as many weeks or years as ſhe continued days.

" I am, with much reſpect,

" SIR,

" Your humble Servant,

" THEODOSIUS HOMILY."

Col. Antony Foreſter, at
Cranberry Hall.

As ſoon as this was diſpatched, he obſerved to Mr. Lumeire, " I do not half like this letter from the Colonel. He treats me more like an innkeeper, or huckſter, than a gentleman or a doctor of divinity.

' *To*

'*To ſend him an account of the expence!*' It was an idea unworthy of any perſon moving in his ſphere; one of the council, a juſtice of the peace, and a colonel in the militia! fie upon it!"

"It is no more than is to be expected from the public arrangements here," ſaid Mr. M'Gregor; "where wealth is often acquired by men without education, or of the groſſeſt manners, and puſhes them forward into baſhaws and ephemeral lordlings, more ſupercilious and tyrannical than the great Turk himſelf."

"It is eaſily accounted for," replied Dr. Homily. "In their rapid exaltation from a ſtate of ignorance and meanneſs to place and power, they have no time to defecate and purge away their baſe-born grovelling principles and humours, which render power and eminence odious, oppreſſive, and ridiculous. It is well ſaid by the poet, of learning, that '*emollit mores, nec ſinit eſſe feros*:' that it tames the ſavage, and poliſhes his manners. In

the old eſtabliſhed governments of Europe, where the nobles can trace their deſcent from a long chain of legiſlators, orators, and heroes, there is an innate ſpirit of honour, which diſpoſes them to great and glorious deeds; and an education which ſecures them from low and narrow views, and enables them to be of the moſt benefit to mankind."

"You are perfectly right," continued Mr. Lumeire: "thoſe who have been longeſt acquainted with power certainly uſe it with moſt moderation. It is obſervable that the *negro-drivers* are infinitely more oppreſſive to their fellows than any others; and a muſhroom planter, or *mandamus* counſellor, has more pride and inſolence than the firſt peer in Britain. This is a ſtrong argument with me in favour of an *hereditary nobility* to ſupport the crown, adorn the ſtate, poliſh and ſoften the manners, and to temper and reſtrain the heat and faction of the popular branch."

"You

"You may obſerve all this in the very occurrence before us," added Dr. Homily. "This grand patroon, whoſe grandfather was a French or Engliſh cook, who roſe to wealth by ſmuggling, and luckily purchaſed a piece of land in which a mine, perhaps, has ſince been diſcovered, deems us below a right to his good manners; and will prefer, I'll warrant it, for his ſon-in-law, the heir of a Scotch pedlar, or Dutch tallow-chandler, who happens to have acquired large ſums by privateering, or rather pirating, to my grandſon Tim, though poſſeſſed of a little independence, and of the beſt heart, liberal education and manners, and as honourable blood, at leaſt on his mother's ſide, as any on this continent. He has not, you ſee, condeſcended even to mention Tim's name in his letter."

"The young lady, I think," ſaid Mr. Lumeire, "will do him more juſtice. Her virtues and accompliſhments may

ſerve, almoſt like charity, to cover the manifold faults of her family."

"And Tim, poor fellow," ſaid the Doctor, "ſeems, I fear, but too ſenſible of them; but he ſhall not want."

The appearance of a ſtranger interrupted this tête-à-tête."

CHAP. IX.

A PLENARY CONFESSION, AND ABSOLUTION.

EVERY thing was prepared for Miſs Foreſter's journey home, and Miſs Moody, who was to accompany her, had juſt left her for a few moments to arrange ſome of her own affairs, when our hero entered to bid her adieu. Thus accidentally alone, Tim approached her with a diſconcerted air:—"Are we then ſo ſoon to loſe you? How unfortunate am I only to have had opportunities of knowing you to deplore your loſs!"

"I ſhould

"I ſhould be ſorry, indeed," ſaid Letitia, bluſhing, "if I ſhould be ever a cauſe of regret to a perſon who has ſo great a title to my gratitude."

"You owe me none, amiable Letitia; for I ſhould only beſt conſult my own happineſs, by devoting my life, if it were permitted, to your ſervice; but I have to lament the diſparity of our merits more, perhaps, than that of our expectations."

"You can have no reaſon to doubt, Mr. Tickle, of my warmeſt eſteem and eternal gratitude. I can ſay *no more*. It would be imprudent in me, and injuſtice to you, to admit a further expectation."

"To *aſk more* would be the higheſt preſumption. I ſhall be ſufficiently happy in being allowed, as in our brighter days, to call *you friend*; but I ſhall never be able at the ſame time to eraſe the moſt pure and ardent *paſſion*, which has long, though *hopeleſs*, been engraven on my heart."

"Well then, my *friend*," ſaid ſhe, "let me prove myſelf moſt truly your's by re-

queſting you to abandon any prepoſſeſſion for one, who has it not in her power to ſhew you that attention which, perhaps, her heart might dictate."

"Adorable Letitia!" ſaid Tim, perceiving her eyes ſuffuſed with tears, and falling down on one knee, and ſeizing her hand to his lips: "It is enough, I ſee, that you pity the agony and ſtruggles of my mind to ſubdue and conceal its emotions. I am now amply rewarded by knowing that you do not condemn me."

"Alas!" ſaid ſhe, "Heaven knows my heart, that I pity you; and that I would cheerfully give you every mark of my gratitude, which my duty to my family, to you, and myſelf, would permit."

"I am but too well apprized of my misfortune," ſaid our hero, "that your *hand and your heart* are already *engaged* by one, who, though ſuperior in fortune, is not ſo in love."

"Neither are ſo engaged, I aſſure you. Col. Beekman, indeed, has been marked out

out by my family, but is never likely to receive encouragement from me—"

"Then—O unlooked-for joy!—I may yet cheriſh the hope that my earneſt——"

"Mr. Tickle," ſaid ſhe, firmly, "though I will never ſubmit to be ſacrificed for life to a perſon whom I cannot approve of; yet I am equally determined not to violate my duty to my parents, by conſulting my own wiſhes, at the expence of their affection and peace. I fear, therefore, much, that we ſhall raſhly plunge ourſelves into an inſurmountable ſea of difficulties, and that we may ever have cauſe to lament the day when we weakly indulged a hope againſt all probability of ſucceſs."

"You ſhall never have cauſe, amiable Letitia, to repent of this hour, if it depend on the zeal, fidelity, and unwearied efforts of my life, to abate the hatred of your family, and become not unworthy of your preference."

"Warned as you are of the difficulties of the undertaking, you ſhall have my wiſhes for your ſucceſs. Be cautious, be prudent; eſtabliſh and maintain the character you have already ſo honourably acquired, and leave it to time to operate a change in your favour. I believe I have ſaid too much, and muſt now bid you adieu." So ſaying, ſhe extended her hand, which Tim eagerly preſſed to his lips, in a tumult of gratitude and grief. The agitation of her delicate ſpirits was too violent for her frame, and her lovely face ſunk for a moment on the arm of our hero, who recalled her to life and animation, by the moſt affecting expreſſions of ſympathy and love. They had ſcarcely recovered from this intoxicating effuſion of mutual tenderneſs, when Letitia's maid fortunately entered, and announced that the carriages were at the door, and the gentlemen would wait on her in a few moments. She reſumed as much gaiety

gaiety as poſſible; and bidding our hero adieu, and with the moſt ineffable ſweetneſs repeating "Remember," was conducted by her ſervant up ſtairs to the family, who aſſembled to pay her their parting reſpects. She ſoon after, with her companions, ſet off for Cranberry Hall.

CHAP. X.

DRAWING LOTS SOMETIMES NOT FORTUITOUS.

A FEW days after Miſs Foreſter's departure, Sancho came one evening running, out of breath, to our hero, exclaiming, "I have found a prize, a prize! Sure heaven above has had a hand in it, and ſend maſſa the *bloſſom* as forerunner of the *fruit*: the *paper plan*, to examine well, before he be owner of the *houſe itſelf*. 'Tis as like as two cherries on a ſtalk, or one of my hands to the other."

"What have you there, Sancho, that puts you into ſuch good humour?"

"Something that will put maſſa into much better, or I'm miſtaken." So ſaying, he gave a picture into our hero's hands. He immediately recognized it to be the *portrait* of Letitia, and eagerly kiſſed, and preſſed it to his boſom, then inquired, "Whence, my dear fellow, had you this? 'Tis ſhe herſelf! ſee, Sancho, the waving luxuriance of her auburn hair playing enviouſly over her ſnowy neck, which rivals the ſwan's in ſhape and ſoftneſs; what majeſty in that forehead, commanding awe and eſteem! yet what ſweetneſs, what melting ſenſibility in thoſe eyes; what a luxury of love and joy in thoſe ripe bluſhing lips!"

"Ay," ſaid Sancho, "and the teeth as *white* as *mine*; but obſerve, maſſa, how the picture looks at you, as I have ſeen her, ſweet lady, often do herſelf; as if her eyes and face ſaid to you, *Love me truly as I do you:* and I would ſtake my life for it

it ſhe does. Indeed I know it long ago; I ſee it in her angel countenance; for you know a cat may look upon a king."

"But how did you, Sancho, meet with this? tell me the whole without circumlocution."

"You muſt know then, Sir, that I found it in the *great Bible* in the ſtudy. This makes me believe there's ſomething *good* in it. For I was one day rubbing the mahogany bookcaſe, and Miſs Letitia's maid Barbara was reading a novel, her miſtreſs being aſleep. And ſays ſhe, 'Sancho, you have very good-natured *old* maſter.'—'Yes, and *young one* too,' ſays I, 'for he's *chip* of the *old block*; he's never angry when I pleaſe him.'—'Then I ſuppoſe,' ſays ſhe, 'he's a great favourite of the ladies.'—'Yes,' ſays I, 'many ſet their caps at him; but he looks higher, and indeed he loves his books and conſputation, and argufying, too well to mind the ladies much; except your miſtreſs, bleſs her heart; he often toaſts her till he's as merry as a grig in company; and, poor gentleman! I believe

he would break his heart if any thing ſhould now happen to her.'

" ' I think,' ſaid Barbara, ' they would be a *pretty pair*, and ſhould certainly go together. Now compare,' ſaid ſhe, ' fetching this little picture out of the bed-room; ' there hangs your maſter's picture, and this is her's. Did you ever ſee a handſomer couple?'

" ' Ay but,' ſaid I, ' Mr. Foreſter-family! their eye be too lofty! though maſſa have more gold and diamond in his heart and head, than all old Foreſter's lands and mines be worth.'

" ' Well, if ſome folks,' ſays Barbara, ' knew as much as me, they would not deſpair. Faint heart never won a fair lady; but I ſay nothing. Servants, you know, ought not to give an opinion in theſe matters.'

" ' Nor I neither,' ſaid I; ' only I can't help thinking it would be right for both, for my maſſa is as good a man as walk upon two legs, and, as old maſſa ſay, ſprung from brave *Engliſh blood*, where

where they are all lords, dukes, ſquires, biſhops, and aldermen, greater than the mayor of any city in America.'

" ' And my Miſs,' ſays ſhe, ' is as tender-hearted as a *dove*, without a *ſpeck* of pride; and as generous as a dutcheſs: ſhe means to give you ſomething handſome for your bravery with your maſter—three or four dollars, I warrant.'

" ' I muſt beg to be excuſed thereabouts,' ſaid I; ' for young maſſa would break my bones if I take any thing from your young lady; but adzooks, a comical thought ſtrikes me. If I could but have this *pretty little picture*; I know ſomebody that would not be angry with ſomebody, but keep it in his *boſom* all his life. Don't you think, miſtreſs Bab, you could beg it? ſay 'tis for me.'

" ' I can't promiſe. No! no! my young lady would not do ſuch a thing for the world. I would be afraid to aſk her; beſides, her brother means it as a preſent to

to Colonel Beekman, after it is well ſet. But perhaps——.'

"Her miſtreſs ſoon after rung the bell, and Barbara left me for that time; but the day before they quitted the houſe, ſhe came into the ſtudy and looked at the pictures in the great Bible, and ſhewed me how to cut fortunes, or turn over leaves to draw lots in it. 'Now I ſhall be glad,' ſaid ſhe, 'if early the next morning after we are gone for home, you will draw our fortunes in the great Bible, and ſee what they will be, whether we ſhall get ſafe to Cranberry Hall.' I promiſed her I would, and ſhe offered me ſome gold from her miſtreſs, which I refuſed, and ſo we parted. While you were gone to town I went to conſult the Bible, and found this *lucky prize* in it, which ſome good angel has ſent you."

"Good angel, indeed," ſaid Tim; "for ſure there never was a more angelic face or mind than hers! I will wear it always as

as a taliſman near my heart, to ſhield it from *vice* and *diſhonour*, and to inſpire it with ſentiments and emotions worthy of the bright original! Sancho, you are a very worthy fellow. Here is a dollar to drink her health, and you ſhall not want a reward for your fidelity; but remember this muſt *not be mentioned*."

"I'll clap," ſaid Sancho, "a ſeal upon my very thoughts, and be as mute as a fiſh about it. But I think Barbara muſt deal with *Davy Jones* or *Old Nick*, to conjure ſo well."

"Davy Jones and Old Nick had no hand, I warrant it, in this conjuration. It is all the work of an *angel of light*, whoſe generoſity is the more valuable for being diſpenſed unſeen and unſolicited."

CHAP. XI.

LOW LIFE ABOVE STAIRS.

LETITIA returned with a heavy heart to Cranberry Hall, a place of reſidence where ſhe could expect little peace, and where the employments, converſation, and amuſements, were no-way congenial to her own. Though ſhe was the moſt dutiful of daughters, her parents ſeemed formed and educated to be the perfect contraſt of what ſhe moſt valued and admired, in their tempers and opinions, in their objects and purſuits, in their principles and manners. Their *ſummum bonum* was wealth, in the acquiſition of which they had employed their paſt, and were determined to devote their remaining days. This was their only ſtandard of excellence, and the principal, if not ſole theme of their ſtudy and converſation. Their language, ſentiments,

timents, and manners, were groſs, as their birth, education, and employments. Letitia, on the contrary, to a mild and generous diſpoſition, had added all thoſe graceful accompliſhments, refined ſentiments, and liberal purſuits, which the beſt ſchools in their cities could teach and cultivate. Dr. Homily had, indeed, himſelf given a happy direction to her taſte and talents, and ſupplied her with the moſt improving books his library could afford. Colonel Beekman, her propoſed conſort, was a gentleman about forty years of age, five feet two inches in height, and ten feet, or upwards, in circumference. He was of a ſwarthy complexion, and having ſpent moſt of his life among the natives of Curaçoa and St. Euſtatius, where he had amaſſed a conſiderable fortune by ſmuggling, was a perfect Creole in his manners and dialect. He troubled Letitia very little with his company, having no reliſh for her converſation, and thinking it moſt convenient and ſafe to court her conſent

conſent through her parents. Indeed he was ſo ſelf-important from his immenſe wealth, and held in ſuch high veneration for it by his aſſociates, that he had no conception that the honour of his hand could be refuſed in an American colony. Old Foreſter and his wife were of the ſame opinion, and thought Letitia's conſent would be a matter of courſe; they had, therefore, never troubled themſelves, or her, by dwelling much on the ſubject.

When the company had retired, after her arrival, "Well, Letty," ſaid her father, "you have made a fine kettle of fiſh with your jaunt to Colonel Dongan's! What with doctor's expences, and a handſome compliment which Parſon Homily will expect, your ſix weeks cruize will coſt me as much as the whole winter's keep of you and your maid would have amounted to."

"I am very ſorry for any extraordinary expence on this occaſion; but it was an ine-

inevitable misfortune," ſaid Letty; "and I ſhall, as much as poſſible, avoid any future riſk of the kind."

"Your father," ſaid Mrs. Foreſter, "does not mean to blame you, child, and I don't reckon much of the expence of the journey; but it is a ſin and a ſhame, and I can't think with patience of the damage done to your rich brocades and lace: you have ſpoiled more by that unlucky job, than I have worn out for many years. But there's no economy in theſe days. They teach young ladies every thing but being *uſeful*."

"Fie upon it, Mrs. Foreſter, you are too witty on her; you know ſhe is too petted to take a joke; but ſhe will ſoon learn to love and obey. Ha, chuck! won't you? Don't be ſheepiſh to the Colonel, he will like you the better for being a little of a romp, and not ſhilly ſhally. Such a prize, let me tell you, don't offer every day. Make hay girls, ſays the proverb, while the ſun ſhines."

"I won-

"I wonder Toney," ſaid Mrs. Foreſter, "how you can plague the girl ſo much by your fooleries. You will always have that awkward way with you. How often have I told you to leave the management of theſe matters to me? Our ſex require, eſpecially ladies like us of birth and grandeur, to be treated with great delicacy and politeneſs. Beſides, conſider, my dear, as ſhe will be ſo ſoon of no expence or burden to us, you ought not, Toney, to mind a little extra caſh to rig her off, and do honour to her family."

"And ſo ſhe ſhall, beyond any thing in this county. Courage, Letty. When you make your firſt appearance at church, as my Lady Beekman, they ſhall all cry, 'Yonder ſhe is, did you ever ſee any thing more coſtly: that dreſs muſt have fetched a ſwinging ſum from Colonel Foreſter's purſe: but it's no matter, it's as deep as a well, and he's as rich as a Jew.' Eh! girl, what do you ſay to it?"

"I ſhall

"I ſhall always readily contribute what I can to your felicity; but ſome other *qualities* beſides wealth, are neceſſary to mine;" ſaid Letty, gently.

"What *quality?*" ſaid the Colonel, angrily. "Suppoſe his father was a tallow-chandler or barber, what's that to the caſe? I warrant you there's none of the *quality* in the land, but would be glad to call him couſin-german. I ſuppoſe your head, Miſs, runs upon a captain of a man of war, a colonel in the regulars, or a Nova Scotia baronet, at leaſt."

"Come, come, Mr. Foreſter, I like her to have ſome pride too, and not contaminate herſelf with vulgar connexions. But, my dear Letty, you muſt recollect that your *intended* has a large landed eſtate in this province, that he has much ready money too, a fine portly appearance, is a militia colonel, and will ſoon be a juſtice of the peace, and by his intereſt undoubtedly an aſſembly-man, or an honourable counſellor. Theſe are in all conſcience

ſcience good *qualities* enough to ſatisfy any woman."

"She is right as you ſay, Mrs. Foreſter, very right in looking high, as the daughter of Antony Foreſter, Eſq. of Cranberry Hall, one of the quorum, and of his Majeſty's council for the province of New Jerſey."

"And daughter of Jemima Van Gelder, of Hackinſack, whoſe father had fifty blacks on his eſtate, and drove a curricle."

"As you were," ſaid Letitia, "ſo reſpectable in your origin, and have the firſt claims in the country, why, my dear parents, will you be ſo *rapid in your choice*, and debar me ſo ſoon of the comfort of *living with you*, and devoting my life to your *ſervice*?"

"As to your *ſervice*, my dear," ſaid Mrs. Foreſter, "my dear Letty, you know you can be none to us. You are the moſt *helpleſs* body about the houſe, and, inſtead of being of *uſe* to us, require two or three maids

maids to waſh and mend for you. As to your muſic, it is all fiddle-faddle, only fit for children or player-folks. Beſides, we may any day, for a ſhilling, have blind Sambo the fidler, who will play much merrier tunes than your Italian flirtos, diſconcertos, or twangdilloes."

"No, wife; you're wrong there. Letty's muſic, though I don't care a fig for it myſelf, is a great ſaving in a family. Many of our fine acquaintance would think themſelves unfaſhionable if they were not raviſhed with muſic; and I had rather hear them call upon Letty for Bunny Filly Howly, Handle's Water-diſh, the Purge in Saul, or any other outlandiſh rigmaroles; than call for another bottle of claret, or madeira, or any other foreign wine. That would be playing on a much worſe ſtring, ſo that ſhe ſaves us many a penny by her ſtrum-ſtrum, to give the devil his due."

"Take the expence of the inſtrument, which you know will ſoon be loſt to us, and

and of her muſic-maſter," ſaid Mrs. Foreſter, "and I think, if you ſum up, we ſhall be no great gainers."

"What do you mean by the ſpinnet being ſoon loſt to us, Mimy? Do you ſuppoſe I ſhall let Colonel Beekman have it? No, no, let him buy one of his own; and if Letty wiſhes to play on this, let her come here and uſe it and welcome. It coſts nothing keeping, you know."

"You may e'en let her have it, Colonel; for it draws only a deal of unneceſſary company, which on the long run is very expenſive. For my own part, I had rather hear the muſic of a few ſhining clinkers, than all the tin-tivy ſemi-demy quivers in the world. You'll be of my opinion too, Letty, when you know more of life; but come, child, let us go into your room and examine your trunks. We ſhall find ſad work among your fineries, I doubt." So ſaying, the parties adjourned the debate.

CHAP. XII.

A BLACK FACE AND A BLACK HEART CONTRASTED.

TIM at this time was on an excurſion to New York with Mr. Lumeire, in order to prepare for his travels through America, previouſly to his intended viſit to Oxford. We ſhall, therefore, detain the reader's attention a little longer to what was paſſing at Cranberry Hall, eſpecially as no perſon of ſenſibility, who knew her well, could be indifferent to Miſs Foreſter's fate. We left her mother rummaging over the travelling trunks, and the old Colonel calculating in his mind what the fees of the doctor might be for Letty's late illneſs. While he was rolling over this bitter pill, he heard his wife ſcreaming on the ſtairs, "Colonel Foreſter, come up if you pleaſe! Lord have mercy on me! who would have

thought of it! See here is a fine ſhow indeed! all ſpoiled with the ſnow and ſalt water; but this is not all—What do you think? the careleſs girl has loſt the *picture* ſhe ſate for at New York, which coſt three guineas at leaſt."

"Donder and blexum, thunder and lightning!" ſaid the Colonel: "how could it be loſt, and how came it to be loſt? Where, when was it loſt? It ſhall not be loſt. What an idiot was I to admit of ſuch a ſilly nicknack, and be d—d to it."

"Don't be in ſuch a paſſion about it, Lovey; we ſhall find it, I promiſe you, or Barbara's hide ſhall pay for it. Call the wench up, and examine the careleſs devil about it."

"It is an infernal thing, to be ſure," ſaid the Colonel; "for Beekman would have been flattered with the preſent, and made her, or us, one of double the value."

"I beg

"I beg you will not," ſaid Letty, "be ſo diſcompoſed about a ſilly picture, which will either ſoon be found, or I can obtain its fellow from my friend, Miſs Frances Lumeire, who had a copy taken for herſelf. As to the expence, I will readily pay it out of the pocket-money which my aunt Duncomb gave me at New York."

While they were thus debating, ſquire Aaron rode, whooping and hollowing, up the avenue to the houſe, and cutting the windows with his whip, cried out, "Huzza, I have got the raſcal in lob's-pound! I have the dog, the black thief, ſnug in limbo, never doubt me! read this." So ſaying, he diſmounted, and ruſhed into the room, crying, "Victoria! victoria! I have him at laſt. Revenge is ſweet, and I'll have my fill of it; let his ſcurvy upſtart maſter ſay what he pleaſes."

If the reader has ſeen a cat purring and pawing a poor mouſe, deſtined for his voracious maw, or a ſhark purſuing and

ſporting round the helpleſs victim of its rapine: he may then conceive the diabolical grin of exultation which the revengeful ſquire diſplayed on this pitiful occaſion.

"Read, read," ſaid he, "and then let madam there ever wag a lip again in favour of *fuſty old Orthodox*, or his graceleſs chance-medley of Berkeley Hall. But I'll puniſh home!—This letter is from my good friend, Juſtice Horſemandown, informing me, 'that a black fellow had called upon him yeſterday, and offered to give evidence that Sancho Homily, of Berkeley Hall, had ſhewn him a *picture of Miſs Foreſter*'s, and begged him to ſay nothing of it; alleging he had found it. That afterwards he ſhewed the deponent a dollar, and entertained him, and ſome other blacks, with rumbo and cider, till they were drunk; and that the ſaid Sancho drank often a glaſs of rum himſelf to Miſs Letitia's health. On this, out of reſpect (he concludes) to your family,

mily, and your *known wiſhes*, I have arreſted the ſaid Sancho, and wait to know of you whether *ſuch a picture* has been loſt.

'Your's to ſerve,

'JABEZ HORSEMANDOWN'."

"Dear Aaron," ſaid Mrs. Foreſter, "you have hit it to a tee. That identical picture we have been juſt in ſearch of."

"I'll back then directly," ſaid the ſquire, "and ſee juſtice done on the raſcal. I think it will amount to *capital felony*, and the dog may ſwing or burn for it. Many a ſcore has the Juſtice's nameſake condemned to the flames for much leſs ground."

"My dear brother," ſaid Letty, in great agitation, "let me beg of you to drop the matter. He *ſaved my life*, and would you *ſacrifice his* for a trifle? He may have found it; he might have intended to reſtore it."

" A very pretty ſtory indeed, to let ſuch roguery paſs. If he, or his maſter, did any thing for our family, it muſt have been for a good reward. I *hate* the very name of them, and will not let ſuch a flagrant offender eſcape."

" Let me beg you to grant me this one favour. Spare the poor fellow for my ſake; the *picture* ſhall be forthcoming, I'll engage."

" On that very account he ſhall be more ſeverely puniſhed. I tell you what, Letty; you ſeem to have an ugly preference for that *exotic family*; but if I thought Tickle had the impudence to ſecrete your *picture*, I'd bring him into court as a receiver of ſtolen goods."

" Say no more, Letty, in favour of the black rogue. His maſter's Jagobiteical principles," ſaid Mrs. Foreſter, " as my huſband calls them, are enough to condemn the ſervant without proof."

" Whatever may be the conſequence," ſaid Letitia, " as the picture was not ſtolen,

ſtolen, *Sancho* ſhall not ſuffer for it. I will go and declare to the court the whole of the affair; my deliverance from imminent death by the priſoner at the bar; my hoſpitable reception at Dr. Homily's houſe; and the manner in which the picture was found: and in ſhort, that there was no intrinſic value in it, being naked and unſet." So ſaying, our heroine, with a determined air, quitted the room, to the great amazement and diſcomfiture of the ſquire.

Old Foreſter, and his wife, on revolving the caſe, ſaid, "that the picture, through accident, might very naturally have fallen into the hands of Sancho, who had probably given it to his maſter, and that the bauble would be a lucky *compromiſe* and *ſet-off* for any obligation incurred by Letitia." But ſquire Aaron, breathing nothing but revenge, hurried off to the juſtice, determined to launch his bolts on the head of poor Sancho, before mercy could interpoſe in his favour.

On his arrival at juſtice Horſeman-down's, a conſultation took place, in which it was agreed, to *prevent* the uncertain deciſion of a jury, to give the matter a ſummary hearing, and diſpenſe puniſhment without heſitation. Accordingly poor Sancho was brought into the room, and the depoſitions of two blacks were read to him. On which the juſtice addreſſed him: "Well, ſirrah, you are an old offender, and juſtice has overtaken you at laſt. You hear what has been ſworn againſt you"

"I am poor *black*," ſaid Sancho, "and have few words to ſay. My maſſa Tickle is abſent, or elſe I might ſay more. 'Tis true I *found* Miſſy *Foreſter-picture*, ſweet woman! I ventured, and maſſa venture his life to ſave her's, and ſo I could not wiſh to rob or hurt her, to be ſure. She offer me money, which I refuſe! did that look as if poor Sancho want to make money by robbing her? But I ſay no more: if maſſa Aaron thirſt for de black blood, which

which Sancho would have jumped to ſhed for he ſiſter life, let him take it. *My fooliſh tongue has ſaid too much already*, and ſo let my *back pay for it.*"

"So, ſo, you brave the court, fellow," ſaid ſquire Foreſter; "you are too ſturdy a villain to beg for mercy from us."

"I never look, maſſa Aaron, for grapes from thorns, or figs from thiſtles, as our great Bible ſays; but wonders never ceaſe, and Sancho never complain."

"Anſwer directly ſirrah," ſaid the juſtice, "what have you done with the article, the ſtolen goods? To whom did you ſell it?"

"I neither ſtole it, nor ſold it," ſaid Sancho.

"What, obſtinate to the laſt?" ſaid Horſemandown: "'tis but waſting time with him. I therefore order you, incorrigible ſcoundrel, to the work-houſe of Elizabeth Town, there to receive fifty laſhes for your felony and contumacy, and the *Lord have mercy on you.*"

"Tank you, maſſa," ſad Sancho: "you very right to *pray God to have mercy on poor blacks*, as you have *none yourſelves* to ſpare for them." So ſaying, he went out with firm ſtep; leſs ſorry for the ſtripes he was to ſuffer, than the miſchief he feared he might have done by his *blabbing!*

Sancho had hardly quitted the room, before his old maſter, Dr. Homily, entered. It was not till ſome time after his ſervant's arreſt that he learned any thing of the matter; and, Tim being abſent, he was fain, though the weather was ſevere, to mount his horſe and trudge through the ſnow to the juſtice's. He was dreſſed in his beſt velvet ſuit, a venerable white wig, a handſome cravat about his neck, and roſe in his hat. He ſupported himſelf on his ivory-headed cane; and without preface, thus addreſſed the juſtice: "I believe I need not inform you that I am the maſter of the unfortunate black you have arreſted."

"More

"More *rogue* than *unfortunate*," ſaid the juſtice.

"Whatever you," ſaid Dr. Homily, "may think him, he has been many years in my ſervice, and I have found him ever *honeſt* and generous."

"Character, you know," ſaid Horſemandown, "never can weigh down poſitive proof."

"What poſitive proof of theft or any other crime has been brought againſt him? I only require that the poor fellow ſhould have a fair hearing."

"Sir, you ſeem to doubt the juſtice," ſaid ſquire Foreſter, "of the magiſtrate; if you had not winked too much at the black's crimes, he never would have required public puniſhment."

"I never treated him," ſaid Dr. Homily, "with more lenity than I would have expected myſelf. But as they are *children of the ſame common Parent*; have the *ſame feelings, virtues, and weakneſſes with us*; I think the *ſame ſcale of juſtice and mercy*

ſhould be applied to them. Indeed we ought much to *pity and forgive them*, as our conduct towards them will require very much *mercy and forgiveneſs* from heaven."

"What," ſaid the juſtice, "do you come here to unſettle the *laws of property?* Are you not content with being a *non-juror* to the Proteſtant cauſe, and an enemy to the Revolution in England; but you muſt try to kick up a duſt here? I'll repreſent you to the magiſtracy. You ought to be ſhipped back again to the *iſland of fogs.*"

Dr. Homily ejaculated, "God grant I may have ſo fortunate a *tranſportation!* For my own country, Old England, is no diſgrace to me, and you are no honour to yours." He was ſallying forth, *pugnis et fuſtibus*, might and main; *forgetting Sancho*, on his *favourite theme*; when the *juſtice's wife* ruſhed in *ſans ceremonie*.

CHAP. XIII.

LETITIA'S EMBARRASSMENT.

AS we left our heroine in a very critical ſituation, our readers will be naturally deſirous of knowing how ſhe conducted herſelf. Finding it in vain to attempt an interference with her brother in Sancho's favour, ſhe was greatly diſtreſſed at the idea of being even the *innocent cauſe* of his puniſhment. At the ſame time, the introduction of her name, and all the circumſtances of the caſe, *into a public court*, alarmed her delicacy, and might create an irreparable breach with her family. But ſhe was reſolved to have recourſe even to this moſt diſagreeable extremity, rather than Sancho's life ſhould be endangered. She had much hope, from the known ſpirit and attachment of Dr. Homily and Mr. Tickle to this faithful domeſtic, that he would have their protection; and yet, even from this, ſhe had

had to dread ſome freſh diſaſter and rencontre between our hero and her turbulent brother. Thus perplexed, ſhe thought it would at leaſt be ſome comfort to unboſom her mind to her faithful friend Frances. She accordingly wrote to Miſs Lumeire for her advice, requeſting her to ſend her the *copy of the picture* which ſhe had loſt, as ſhe could readily ſupply her with another. This was a fortunate meaſure; for our hero being at this time at Mr. Lumeire's houſe, became immediately acquainted with Sancho's danger, and the awkward ſituation of Letitia. He conſulted with her friend, and the reſult was the following letter to Miſs Foreſter:

"DEAR LETTY,

"MR. Tickle, who is here, deſires me to apologize to you for his great neglect and forgetfulneſs, in not informing you before, that, during your hurry, after the recovery of your health, to quit Berkeley Hall,

Hall, your ſervant left accidentally in your room, a miniature *picture* of you; which he has now diſpatched to Dr. Homily, who has his direction to deliver it ſafely to you, or any of your family, on the firſt opportunity. He truſts this little delay will prove no detriment, and be ſubject to no miſinterpretation."

The remainder of the letter was on ſubjects no way intereſting to us. On its arrival, ſhe found all her difficulties vaniſh, and could not help admiring the generoſity and prudence of our hero. Miſs Lumeire's letter was immediately communicated to Colonel Foreſter and his lady, and the joy of the family was general, on this eclairciſſement. Bab, in particular, ſo much intereſted herſelf in the fate of poor Sancho, that ſhe gave the ſervant, who was diſpatched with the meſſage to ſquire Aaron, a dollar to accelerate his motion. Our hero was equally diligent in writing and ſending a meſ-

ſenger

ſenger to his grandfather; but the old gentleman had left home for the juſtice's before it reached him.

The reader may be ſurpriſed at Tim's readineſs to part with Letitia's picture: no violence indeed on earth could have extorted it from him; but he diſcreetly reflected on the delicacy of Miſs Foreſter's ſituation, and would cheerfully have foregone any perſonal advantage, rather than that her name ſhould be brought forward on ſuch an occaſion; or any ground given to ſuſpect her partiality for him. If this does not give full ſatisfaction, and any readers of high ſpirit and nice honour ſhould think him deficient in gallantry, by parting with what a true knight errant would have deluged kingdoms with blood to preſerve and maintain, I muſt even entruſt them with a ſecret; that Miſs Frances Lumeire engaged to get a copy drawn from her own portrait of Letitia, ſimilar to that he ſurrendered.

rendered. Matters, therefore, being thus adjuſted between our hero and heroine, we may return more tranquilly to Dr. Homily, and the condemned Sancho.

CHAP. XIV.

CRUELTY AND COWARDICE, TYRANNY AND MEANNESS, INSEPARABLE COMPANIONS.

NO ſooner had the juſtice's wife entered, than, to the ſurpriſe of all preſent, ſhe exclaimed, "What are you about, my dear? Here, take your new wig, and put on this cravat immediately." At the ſame time, pulling off his old caxon, ſhe adjuſted the powdered one to his face with great expedition; then looſing his neckcloth, and holding up his chin, ſhe adroitly fixed on the other.

"What's the great haſte?" ſaid the juſtice. "What means this intruſion and pother?"

"Why,

"Why, have you forgot the day, my dear? While you, and Mr. Aaron, are beating your brains for the puniſhment of a poor blackamoor, all the neighbourhood are out to meet the commodore and his train, who, you know, are to dine with the mayor and corporation, as he paſſes through on his viſit to the governor at Burlington."

"Adzooks, I had quite forgot it;" cried he: "what an unlucky job!"

"And what's worſe, I ſee the whole cavalcade are coming to viſit your gardens, and pay you their compliments. Dear Dr. Homily, how pleaſed I am to ſee you: your reſpectable appearance will do us much honour.—Now you are very decent, Mr. Horſemandown; ſtep out and welcome the commodore."

The juſtice ſoon returned, and uſhered in, with great ceremony, the naval commander. He had a very martial appearance, and, though not far advanced in years, his weather-beaten brows ſhewed he

he had ſeen much ſervice; yet, through the roughneſs of authority and diſcipline, beamed a mild complacency which mingled regard with awe. The ſquire, juſtice, and his lady, received him with profound reverence, and ſurfeited him with fulſome compliments and excuſes. Dr. Homily followed in the train of thoſe who accompanied him into the gardens, without preſſing forward on his notice. He was more ſolicitous about the *fate of Sancho*, and frequently teized the juſtice by renewing the ſubject, and inſiſting on his being liberated. On their return to the houſe, Dr. Homily *loſt all patience*, and told the juſtice, that, unleſs he gave an *immediate diſcharge*, he would return directly home, and apply to one of the judges."

"You may do as you pleaſe," ſaid the juſtice, "for we can well diſpenſe with your company at preſent."

The Doctor was juſt mounting his horſe to depart, when a meſſenger arrived with

with the *picture* and our *hero's letter*. No ſooner had he peruſed it, than, regardleſs of ceremony or ſuperiors, he ruſhed into the room among them all, crying out, "*Sancho is innocent! Sancho is innocent!* Here is the *picture*, and here is a full vindication of him." So ſaying, to the amazement of all, he read the letter ſtrait forward, with an audible voice.

The juſtice made many apologies for the rudeneſs of the Doctor, and the ſquire often interrupted him; but the *commodore*, ſtruck with the earneſtneſs and ſimplicity of the parſon, ſaid, with a mild voice, "I beg I may not interrupt *buſineſs*; I ſhould be very ſorry to delay the adminiſtration of juſtice. And we all owe *a reverence to the order, and to age.*"

"Spoke like a gentleman, and an Engliſhman," ſaid the Doctor. "May *reſpect for laws and religion, politeneſs and humanity*, as well as true *courage*, always diſtinguiſh the *Britiſh commanders!* You who come from a country that acknowledges

ledges no ſlave on its ſurface, will readily pardon my zeal to reſcue an honeſt domeſtic from petty revenge and tyranny. As we are their ſuperiors in power and knowledge, we ought to ſhew ourſelves much more their maſters and ſuperiors in juſtice and humanity." He then ſhortly ſtated the caſe, and concluded by triumphantly producing the *picture*.

While Dr. Homily was engaged in this eloquent addreſs, commodore Bembo eyed him with ſingular attention and complacency; then ſuddenly ſtarting up, he ſaid, "Either I'm d——d out in my reckoning, or 'tis he. May I never ſee a ſhip again but it is, but 'tis he, 'tis old *Orthodox himſelf*." So ſaying, he leaped up, and running to the amazed Doctor, claſped him in his arms, crying out, "Do I again ſee you, my beſt of friends, my dear Theodoſius, my more than father and brother!"

Dr. Homily was overcome with theſe expreſſions of tenderneſs. But when the commo-

commodore informed him, gently, " that their long ſeparation from each other, and the hardſhips of the ſea, and, whiſpering him, that the neceſſity of *dropping the family name*, and aſſuming his preſent, had probably made him forget his *younger brother*;" the features of his face, his voice, and the ſympathetic movements of his own heart, convinced Dr. Homily that it was his brother. He then ruſhed into his embraces, ſhed a flood of tears on his neck, and fell on his knees, and made a fervent ejaculation of praiſe to heaven. The by-ſtanders were all ſtruck with emotions of pleaſure and reſpect. The juſtice and ſquire whiſpered each other with great trepidation, and diſpatched an order for *Sancho's immediate diſcharge*. Mrs. Horſemandown ſaid, with great courteſy, " Dear Dr. Homily, do be ſeated; noble commodore, accept of ſome refreſhment, the beſt our houſe can afford; and we are ſorry we are not better provided at preſent. His reverence, your relation,

relation, has always been highly reſpected in our family. Do, Doctor, take a glaſs of wine and ſome cake after your walk."

The commodore requeſted the favour of a room, to which he and the Doctor might retire for a few moments on private buſineſs. This was granted; but, before they retired, the good old gentleman ran up with great gentleneſs, to the juſtice, and taking him, and the ſquire, by the hands, and ſqueezing them cordially in token of forgiveneſs, for he was then in a humour to forgive the devil himſelf, ſaid, "*Remember poor Sancho!*"

"Oh!" ſaid the juſtice, bowing, "your reverence need not have troubled yourſelf. It has all been an unlucky miſtake, and he is already diſcharged at your requeſt."

"And I am alſo very unhappy that ſo much," ſaid Aaron, "ſhould have been ſaid about ſo fooliſh an affair. Dr. Homily, I drink your health."

The

The Doctor preſſed a dollar on the juſtice's clerk, and then followed the commodore into the next room, exulting with joy at his victory.

After mutual felicitations, the commodore called to his recollection the family misfortunes from their father's and Dr. Homily's religious and political opinions; that being young and inclined to the ſea, he had changed his name into that of Benjamin Bembo, to eſcape obloquy and ſuſpicion; that he had ſerved his country in various ſtations in the navy, and during different national changes and commotions; being of admiral Blake's opinion, that it was not the part of a ſeaman to diſcuſs political queſtions, but *to fight againſt the foes of Old England, whatever party might hold the helm.*

"A very proper ſentiment," ſaid Dr. Homily, "and worthy of being written in letters of gold. I think it is recorded by *Lord Clarendon* in his Hiſtory."

"I can-

"I cannot ſay as to who relates it; but I have always made it my *compaſs* and *pole-ſtar*, to ſerve my country; and ſhe has not been ungrateful to me, as you perceive. I underſtood always that you had quitted your preferments, and retired to America; but, through your prudent change of name, have not before been able to find you."

"Though I have rather," ſaid the Doctor, "been too buſy in politics, and have ſuffered for it, *hæret lateri lethalis arundo*. Yet I have acted on the ſame principle as you did. My love to Old England has been unabated, and I ſhall continue to ſay in this unhappy exile, 'If I forget thee, O Jeruſalem, let my right hand forget its cunning:—If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth'."

"Well," ſaid the commodore, "let not your noble courage be caſt down. The ſtorm ſeems now ſo well blown over, that you may in a few years return to our old

hearth. I am now juſt come from an expedition againſt one of the Spaniſh colonies, in which I have gained honour as well as profit. And if either can be of uſe to you, old boy, they are your own. I have no family, and theſe worm-eaten weather-beaten timbers are more fit to be laid up, than enter on the ſqually ſea of matrimony—but more of that another day. Let us return to the company, and retain our aſſumed names. I have ſignified that we are related; it will be moſt prudent that you ſhould be accounted my brother by marriage." This being agreed, they joined the company, and the day was paſſed in great feſtivity.

As to poor Sancho, he had been *tied up*, according to order, at the *work-houſe*, and had, with great magnanimity, deſired the executioner to do his duty, as his hide deſerved a good currying for his folly. He was ſmarting under the fiftieth laſh, laid ſtrongly on with a cat-of-nine-tails, when a meſſenger came breathleſs from the

the juſtice with his diſcharge. Sancho, with great ſpirit, deſired to have *one more* laid on for his *Maſter Timothy*; another for *Miſs Letty*, and a third for his dear *Barbara*'s ſake. Upon the whole, the poor fellow rather rejoiced in this flagellation, as his ſecrecy and ſufferings on this occaſion were an *extenuation* of his unlucky *garrulity* on the former. On his return to Dr. Homily, he had the honour of being introduced with high encomiums to the commodore, and was greatly careſſed, and preſented with huſh-money by the juſtice and ſquire. "Should you come a-ſhooting or hunting, with your maſter, in my parks," ſaid the latter, "as you may tell him he is heartily welcome, my cellar ſhall be free to you, and I'll engage, Sancho, you'll do juſtice to the ale and cider." The commodore dined with the mayor and corporation (Dr. Homily and Sancho returning to Berkeley Hall), and in the evening proceeded on his journey to Burlington, to pay his reſpects to the

governor of the province, with a promiſe of ſpending afterwards as much time as he could with the Doctor's family.

CHAP. XV.

A SUDDEN GLEAM OF SUNSHINE THROUGH THE CLOUDS.

THE joy of our hero, who had now returned home, was extreme at the happy iſſue of the affair, and this fortunate diſcovery of his uncle; whoſe dignity of ſtation would command the moſt obſequious reſpect through the country; eſpecially from the great and opulent *funguſſes*, who valued the viſits, nods, or ſmiles of a man of rank and title, almoſt as much as their own pelf. And the compliment which Sancho retailed to him from the ſquire, aſſured him there would be a ſuſpenſion of hoſtilities, and probably a general invitation to accompany the commodore to Cranberry Hall. In this

this he did not reckon without his hoſt. In a few days after, the following billet was brought to Berkeley Hall, addreſſed to his Excellency, Commodore Benjamin Bembow:

Billet.

"COL. Anthony Foreſter, Eſq. with Lady Jemima, and Squire Foreſter, preſent their deepeſt reſpects and compliments to Commodore Bembow, and Dr. Homily, and his grandſon, and will be proud of the honour of their company to dine, and ſpend the Friday next, at Cranberry Hall. The favour of an anſwer is requeſted.

"*N. B.* There will be plenty of veniſon and wild turkey, and one or two of the moſt principal gentlemen of the neighbourhood."

As the commodore was not yet returned, the ſervant was diſmiſſed, and an anſwer deferred until his arrival. Sancho took occaſion to requeſt our hero that he might

be ſent with it, as he longed to pay his obeiſance to Miſs Letitia, and Barbara. "I conjecture, Sancho, you wiſh to ſee the latter more than the former. Bab's ebon ſkin and jetty locks have ſet your heart on fire."

"I only follow maſſa-example," ſaid Sancho; "and as lady Letty has a good taſte in preferring ſomebody to ebry-body, I tink ſhe muſt have taſte in chooſing a maid. So I like Bab, becauſe ſhe belong to a miſſy that maſſa like. Say I right, Maſſa Tim?"

"Yes," he replied, "and you ſhall take a line alſo from me to Miſs Letty, which you muſt keep by itſelf, apart from the commodore's billet, and not deliver one for the other."

"Very true, maſſa, very true."

Our hero then drew up the following ſhort epiſtle:

Berkeley Hall.

"MAY my impatience to convey to you information, that I flatter myſelf will be

be agreeable, plead an excuſe for the liberty I have taken. The arrival of my uncle will enable me to ſtand upon a more equal ground of rank, though not of merits, with my adorable Letitia; and I ſhall at leaſt again have the ineffable delight of ſeeing, and converſing with her. How much have I admired your generous effort to ſave the incautious Sancho from puniſhment; your noble patience and ſubmiſſion to the painful, though well-meant ſeverity and injunctions of your parents. Such virtues muſt at laſt ſubdue the moſt flinty hearts, or gradually impart ſome of their angelic qualities by connexion and example. O may it be one day my happy lot to call them mine by an inſeparable union, and to transfer them by imitation to my own heart, where your image is already engraven, and conſtitutes the eſſential life of your's,

"T. TICKLE."

The commodore being now arrived, Sancho departed with his note, and this

confidential billet-doux, for Cranberry Hall; where we will leave him to be merry with his favourite Bab, and to crack a bottle or two of ale with ſquire Aaron; who, by the bye, was moſt fond of ſervants, and ſuch kind of company as he could domineer in.

The commodore gave our hero a hearty ſhake by the hand, and ſwore he never ſaw *a tighter, better-timbered youth* in all his voyages. "His *upper works*, I'll anſwer, are good, and if he does not diſgrace the family dock-yard, his heart is of ſound *Engliſh oak*, without *rot or worm*, well ſeaſoned, and fit to brave the ſtorms of life. Brother Homily, don't you think he is like what I was at his age?"

"Yes, much ſo!" ſaid Dr. Homily: "and he has juſt the noſe of his aunt Martha of Mancheſter. I hope he'll viſit Old England, and ſpend a year or two at Oxford before I die."

"What, do you mean him for the *church, old Orthodox?* Well, I ſee you ride the

the ſame *hobby* yet, brother Homily! It would be murder alive, to wrap up in *a gown* limbs that might ſo honourably *ſerve his country at ſea*."

"And why not much more by being a *pillar* of that *church*, without which army, navy, nobility, and royalty, muſt fall? witneſs the rebellion in 1645, and others."

"I reverence old *mother church*, brother," ſaid Bembo, "as much as any man, and d—n me if I think any fellow in a ſtorm, would ſtick as ſteadily to the old matron as the true Britiſh ſeaman. But every man in his birth; ſome pillars and ſome buttreſſes—you to ſupport the *inſide*, and we the *outſide*, of the building."

"Very true, brother Ben; but Tim (he had retired) is, from his abilities, calculated to be another Berkeley, Hooker, Saunderſon, Leſly, or Atterbury."

"And probably, Theo, with your talents, may meet with your fate."

"We are to ſtick, brother," ſaid Dr. Homily, "to the laſt *plank* of the conſtitu-

tion in church and ſtate; and ſufferings, in the *way of duty*, will meet a due reward."

"I deny it not; but at *ſea* he has a fair chance of riſing by his merit, and I can take him by the *helm* and *guide him to port*, and tow him when unfortunate to a good anchorage. From my judgment of phyſiognomy, the lad has ſpunk enough, and is more fit to *kick a church down* than to ſupport one. But apropos: What the devil could lead you to call him by ſo *Puritanical a name* as *Timothy?* It is almoſt enough to make him a *canting ſniveller* for life. What ſeaman would not bluſh to belong to a firſt-rate, nick-named the Sammy, the Jedidiah, Aminadab, or Hezekiah, inſtead of the Ramilies, the Boyne, the Dreadnought, the Bellona, or Mars?"

"I agree with you perfectly, in the influence of *names*," ſaid Dr. Homily, "and wonder not that ſo much hypocriſy, cruelty, and treachery, has been found in men chriſtened in Old and New England,

by

by the names of '*Love the Lord Hancock*,' '*Ezekiel Holdfaſt*,' '*Stand faſt Habakkuk*,' and '*Praiſe God Barebones*.' But if you have not forgot your Greek which you learnt at Eton, you will recollect that *Timothy* is ——"

Here Dr. Homily drove away on his tit ſo rapidly, that we deſpair of overtaking him, at leaſt, in this Chapter.

CHAP. XVI.

FOLLY OF INTEMPERANCE.

THE great, the important day at laſt arrived, when the Homily family were to pay their devoirs at Cranberry Hall. Sancho, who had returned in high ſpirits, and with many kind compliments, from his journey, had dreſſed up Dr. Homily's full-bottom wig, and bruſhed his velvet ſuit with uncommon care. He had alſo ſtrained all his art to ſet our hero's fine head of hair off to advantage. The

cavalcade proceeded in this order: Dr. Homily in the centre, mounted on his large black ſteed, which was wont to carry double in Mrs. Homily's days, with the commodore on his right, and Tim on his left; Sancho followed his old maſter in the centre, and the rear was brought up by four of the commodore's ſailors, but indifferently mounted. They jogged on, deep in diſcourſe, till they reached Cranberry Hall. In an avenue leading to it, through two rows of trees, colonel Foreſter and his family, parſon Sullen, Mr. Mawworm the ſchoolmaſter, juſtice Horſemandown, colonel Beekman, deacon Liptrap, and ſome others, were aſſembled to receive them. On their approach they were welcomed by the blowing of a conch, and the muſic of two French horns and fiddles placed in the wood.

We ſhall paſs over the ceremonies of introduction, and the cordial reception which Letitia gave to our hero, his uncle, and

and grandfather. On the latter ſhe was remarkably aſſiduous to beſtow every attention and reſpect, as ſhe had never before ſeen him at her houſe, and had, from her infancy, enjoyed ſo much of his hoſpitality and paternal regard. At the dinner, which was cumbrouſly exuberant without elegance, Letitia's affability, eaſe, and good ſenſe, compenſated for the fatiguing, nauſeating ſuppleneſs and over-civility of her parents. She attracted much of the commodore's regards, and he could not help whiſpering our hero, "*A tight-built frigate* as one would wiſh to ſail in. I wiſh, my lad, you may have ſuch a *well-rigged ſea-boat* for the matrimonial cruize. She has *no yawing* about her, but would *obey the helm* to a nicety."

Our hero aſſented very cheerfully, and was not ſparing in his praiſe of his favourite theme. After the ladies had withdrawn, the bottle was puſhed briſkly about for ſome time, till ſquire Aaron propoſed

propoſed to the company an excurſion to a *caſine*, or *lodge*, which lay about four miles off, where they might paſs the remainder of the afternoon in ſhooting and fiſhing, and the night in a *maroon frolic*, as it was called. Accordingly they all ſallied out, leaving Dr. Homily and the colonel with the ladies. The ſport in treeing the ſquirrels with dogs, and ſhooting them from the branches, was very amuſing, and they arrived at the lodge loaded with game, in the evening. Here they found a table well ſpread with liquor and a good cold collation, which, with the ſquirrels and birds they had ſhot, furniſhed a good repaſt. After the bottle had ſometime circulated, ſquire Aaron informed them, that he had *no beds*, and it was the cuſtom of the place that no man ſhould quit his poſt till the morning. No objection was made from any quarter, and the glaſs and ſong went merrily on till long after "the ſun-beams played round the table." Breakfaſt was then ſerved

ſerved up, and they all ſallied out in parties, ſome to fiſh, and others to hunt or ſhoot, till dinner.

At the hour agreed they all met at the lodge, loaded with the ſpoils of the day, which were ſerved up in a plain manner for their dinner. The air and exerciſe created appetite and vivacity, and the incidents and exploits of the day ſupplied them with topics for diſcourſe and merriment. The ſpirit of conviviality reigned, and the bottle traverſed the table briſkly till night. But as they were all fully fatigued with watching and rambling, it was propoſed that they ſhould return and conclude the night at Cranberry Hall. They accordingly, with rough beards and unſeemly dreſs, daſhed forward to the manſion, which they reached, overcome with fatigue, liquor, and want of reſt, about nine o'clock at night. They found Dr. Homily and the colonel ſitting demurely at ſupper, with Mrs. Foreſter and Letitia. Their awkward plight and intemperate

temperate vociferations ſoon induced the ladies to go to their apartments. Dr. Homily recommended to them to follow the example; but the ſpirit of fun was abroad, and could not be ſo eaſily laid. Our hero, though much elevated, was determined to be on his guard, and not diſgraced by intemperance; eſpecially under the eye of his miſtreſs. He therefore declined drinking any more wine, and the commodore ſeconded his reſolution, ſaying he would ſmoke his pipe, and drink a glaſs of grog with old ſquare-toes. The propoſal took the company, and they all agreed to join in a bowl. Here a whim ſtruck the magotty brain of Aaron, ever fertile in miſchief, which he denominated wit and pleaſantry. He ſent in a bowl of punch, and concerted with Mawworm, his tutor, to pour a large quantity of rum into the tea-kettle, which was to ſerve them with water. When they were all ranged, the ſong and glaſs went round with great glee, till ſome of the

the company complained the bowl was too ſtrong. The kettle was immediately freely adminiſtered, and the commodore ſwore they were all milkſops, and would ſpoil good liquor. From fancy and a vitiated taſte, they conceived it too weak. Some rum was again thrown in, when, after a few glaſſes, it was agreed to be too ſtrong. "Suit yourſelves, gentlemen," ſaid Aaron; "I preſs no perſon to drink but as he likes;" on which ſo much water was apparently poured in, that all were ſatisfied. Fatigue and intoxication began now to prevail; and the commodore ſuſpecting at laſt the ſtratagem of the ſquire, politely propoſed that no one ſhould drink out of a ſeparate tumbler, but all be on the ſquares. Aaron and his tutor were thus taken in their own trap, and were the firſt to fall victims. From the moſt extravagant roars of laughter, and thunder of debate, the ſtorm ſubſided to a gentle calm, when Dr. Homily and colonel Foreſter, who had been totally occupied

occupied in a diſpute, "*Whether acorns or maize were beſt for fattening ſwine*," coming to a pauſe, caſt their eyes around them, and contemplated the wrecks made by the ſtorm. On the colonel's left hand ſate the juſtice, with his arms folded and his chin inclined on his breaſt, and only one eye waking, which, on ſilence enſuing, folded its doors like its neighbour. Mawworm, the pedagogue, was extended, wrapped up in a huſſar cloak, on the floor, and reſembled St. Andrew's croſs. The commodore was ſnoring in his chair, and our hero near him, with his head on the table. The ſquire, with his eyes cloſed, and frothing at the mouth, was undreſſing himſelf, as if he miſtook the huſſar cloak for a bed. Colonel Beekman had thrown himſelf backwards in a Windſor chair, and lay ſprawling with his feet to the ſkies, covered over and drenched with the contents of his ſtomach.

As

As ſoon as the old gentlemen recovered from their ſurpriſe, they quietly called in the ſervants, and had them all, not without much difficulty, conveyed, about twelve, to their apartments; after which they alſo retired to repoſe, and Cranberry Hall enjoyed a temporary tranquillity.

CHAP. XVII.

A STRANGER PHENOMENON THAN THAT OF THE BLACK WIG TURNED WHITE.

BUT the tranquillity which had commenced in the laſt Chapter, was not to be of long duration. Love, who bends to his ſway the prince and the peaſant, the conqueror and the ſlave, had ſo inflamed the heart of Sancho, now alſo well mellowed with ale, that he prevailed on the gentle Barbara to take time by the forelock, and to paſs thoſe precious hours in amorous parley, which the reſt of the houſe

houſe were devoting to barren ſlumber. Whether the tender maiden had taken, in the true ſpirit of hoſpitality, larger draughts than uſual, of the ſame benignant nectar, to encourage her gueſts in the kitchen, and thus her uſual caution was lulled aſleep; or whether neceſſity compelled her, as ſhe had no other time to ſpare the enamoured Sancho from the buſtle and hurry of the ſeaſon; ſo it was, that they were holding a conference in her chamber, in the garret, after all the viſitors and family, except Mrs. Foreſter herſelf, had been long in bed. She, prudent dame, like an able general, had ſallied forth, on tiptoe, to examine if every part of the fortreſs was ſafe; to pick up the valuable remains on the field of battle, and to prevent any ammunition or ſtores from falling into the hands of the enemy. She had an under-petticoat on, another over her ſhoulders, a ſmall remnant of a candle in her hand, and was juſt finiſhing her rounds, when patrolling on

on the ſtairs, ſhe fancied ſhe heard two voices in the garret. She approached gently, but her ſlipſhod ſhoes falling off gave an alarm, and ſilence enſued. She ruſhed immediately, like a fury, or rather with all the vengeance of Diana when any of her nymphs had diſgraced her train, full butt againſt Barbara's door, demanding inſtant admittance. After a ſhort capitulation, which gave Sancho time to ſpring up the *cock-loft*, and conceal himſelf under ſome old canvas there depoſited, the door was opened, and the enraged matron prowled about for her prey, affirming to the trembling Bab, that ſhe certainly heard another voice. Had Bab declared the truth, the ſtorm would have paſſed off with little noiſe or danger. But diſconcerted and ſurpriſed, ſhe obſtinately denied her knowledge of it; and the old matron, having ſearched the bed and cloſets in the room, began to aſcend to the loft above. Barbara, as well as Sancho, thought all was loſt. But as ſhe patrolled

patrolled above, more intent on diſcovery than on her ſteps, ſhe fixed her foot on a litter of kittens; the dam, enraged, flaſhed fire, and flew with her talons, might and main, at the legs of the affrighted lady; who, ſtarting ſuddenly back, fell over one of the joiſts, then dropped and extinguiſhed the candle, and came with her ſeat of honour, which was equal in grandeur to her dignity, with ſuch force and weight on the ſlender lath, that it gave way in a mighty chaſm, and the old dame ſlipped through to her arms, by which, and her ruffled garments, ſhe ſuſtained herſelf from falling precipitately down; vociferating till the houſe rang, "Help! help! fire, murder! help For the love of God! Toney, Aaron, Phœbe, help! help!"

Sancho, bleſſing his good genius, ſeized the lucky minute, ſtole adroitly down the ladder, and tripped into the paſſage, where the firſt perſon he encountered was our hero, in his ſhirt, who ſeized him by

by the throat, and demanded, "Who are you?" Sancho, trembling, and on his knees in a moment, ſaid, "Dear maſſa, it is I! only a love affair; ſave me for this once, and I tank you for ever after." Our hero found there was no time to loſe, as he perceived Col. Beekman already on the ſtairs, waddling up with a candle, and his eyes ſcarcely open. An empty hogſhead luckily ſtood on the landing, which he dexterouſly puſhed off, ſaying to Sancho, "Now, you dog, ſave yourſelf." The hogſhead bounded down the ſtairs, and our hero and Sancho after it; in its courſe it laid the unwieldy colonel on his back, and rolled over him, furniſhing a paſſage and retreat for our hero and Sancho, who eſcaped undetected to his quarters. Squire Aaron, the commodore, old colonel Foreſter, and Mawworm, were in a little time aſſembled, forming the moſt groteſque medley that imagination can picture. When a freſh light was brought, they all aſcended to the place of alarm,

alarm, the commodore leading the van. As ſoon as he had peeped in, he exclaimed, "Avaſt, back your ſails, and put up your dead-lights, for we are off Cape Hatteras."—"*Monſtrum horrendum, informe, ingens,*" ſaid Mawworm, "*cui lumen ademptum.*" Amazement ſtruck them all at the ſpectacle of the jolly dame curvetting in the air, while the agitated Bab was ſcreening her with a blanket from the ken of the ſpectators. Our hero and the commodore mounted the ſtairs in a twinkling, and, with great efforts, extricated the unwieldy matron from her awkward ſuſpenſion, and conveyed her to her bed, boiling with rage and vexation. A diligent ſearch was made, but no diſcovery enſued; and Bab perſiſting in her ſtory, the alarm was imputed to an illuſion of Mrs. Foreſter's fancy. A ſecond calm now enſued, and they all retired peaceably to their beds, except ſquire Aaron. Whether his nerves were ſo much affected by the alarm, that he durſt

durſt not venture to his chamber; or whether he was under the influence of the *night's potations*, he refuſed to retire; but adjourned to the kitchen, where he rouſed the commodore's attendants to partake with him of a *morning whet*. The honeſt tars readily complied with him, and they continued carouſing till after daylight. The ſpirit of miſchief now ſeized the ſquire, and he propoſed that they ſhould ſally out on a ſcheme of fun. As it unluckily happened, he had a *bag fox*, with which they reeled out towards parſon Sullen's meeting-houſe. He ſcaled with them a window, and trailed reynard through the aiſles, over the pews, the clerk's box, and deacons ſeats, and then unbolting the door, returned home. They here waited in expectation at the ſtables, till the congregation was aſſembled, and the clerk had given out the pſalm, when the ſquire let looſe his hounds, and followed them with his gang, whooping and hallooing to the meeting. Faithful to the ſcent, and in full

chorus, they purſued *reynard's track*, ruſhed into the midſt of the aſtoniſhed aſſembly; through one aiſle and down another, defiling cloaks and gowns, and demoliſhing the wigs of elders and deacons, in their career. Terrified and enraged, the congregation ſallied out, and very ſoon apprehended the reeling ſailors, but ſuffered ſquire Aaron to ſtagger unmoleſted home. Liptrap, who was a juſtice as well as deacon, ordered them immediately to be ſecured, and put into the ſtocks at the market-place. They would have made a deſperate reſiſtance, but a young gentleman, lieutenant Gunter, who had juſt arrived with a meſſage for the commodore, ſeeing ſome of his crew, interpoſed, and deſired to know the cauſe. On being informed, he ſaid, "that judgment ought to be delayed till further inquiry; and, if they had been concerned at all, it appeared that they had acted *under orders*, and the ſquire, their *commander*, ſhould be made *anſwerable*." The populace now grew vociferous, and the juſtice, to ſhew his

his authority, arreſted the lieutenant for attempting a reſcue, and committed him, with the ſailors, to the ſtocks. When intelligence was brought of this to the commodore, he was very much incenſed at the ſquire for his folly, at his men for their riotous conduct, and at the juſtice and parſon, for expoſing them, and the lieutenant, to ſuch ignominy. He would, with Tim, have ſallied out, *vi et armis*, to liberate them; but Dr. Homily entreated him to conſult his own honour and the public peace, by ſubmitting to the laws and authority of the place. "I am very ſorry, indeed," he added, "brother, that any of your people ſhould outrage the religious inſtitutions of any country, particularly where the ſectaries are ſo jealous and punctilious as in this."

The commodore bowed ſubmiſſion, and ſaid, "he made it a rule never to be wanting in reſpect to the civil and religious uſages, and even prejudices, of every people he viſited; but he was of Blake's

opinion, that none but an Engliſhman ſhould chaſtiſe an Engliſhman. Had Dr. Sullen, and deacon Liptrap, complained to me, I would have given my men the puniſhment they deſerved; but as it is, I inſiſt on the colonel and ſquire interpoſing immediately in their behalf, and obtaining their diſcharge."

This was accordingly effected, with little difficulty; and the commodore, and his cavalcade, returned in the courſe of the day to Berkeley Hall, having engaged the company to dine with him ſoon, on board of the Boyne.

CHAP. XVIII.

A SEA MESS OF CHOWDER; COMPOSED OF VEGETABLES, FISH, FLESH, AND FOWL.

ACCORDING to appointment, Col. Foreſter, ſquire Aaron, Mr. Mawworm, and deacon Liptrap, arrived at *Berkeley Hall*, where they were entertained with great attention by Dr. Homily

mily and Tim. Having choſen a pleaſant day for the purpoſe, they were conveyed with much pomp, in the commodore's barge, to the Boyne, then at anchor near the watering-place off Staten Iſland. Dr. Sourby, on approaching her, was loud in his admiration of the figure of king William on her bow, and expatiated ſome moments on the virtues of that hero. Dr. Homily obſerved, " that though there was great expreſſion of courage in his countenance, the figure, as well as all the pictures of him, diſplayed the ſullen gravity of a Dutchman, and an air of melancholy, as if he was diſſatisfied with himſelf for his unnatural conduct to his father-in-law. King James has been much ridiculed for his defeat, and William for his victory, at the battle of the Boyne; but I can only apply to it what has been ſaid of Cromwell:

" Careat ſucceſſibus opto,
Quiſque, ab eventu facta notanda putat."

"James was a brave ſailor," ſaid the commodore; "but ſeemed out of his element aſhore; ſo much ſo, that the Iriſh, after their defeat at the Boyne, ſaid, 'if their enemies would change generals, they would fight over the battle again'."

On reaching the ſide of the ſhip, Dr. Homily admired her ſtrength, ſize, and beauty, and, ſmiling, ſaid, "You find no oak, I ſuppoſe, commodore, like the old Engliſh, for firmneſs and durability."

They mounted by the rope-ladder, and were conducted into the cabin, when a ſalute was fired from the ſhips in company, and returned from the Boyne. On this, ſquire Aaron clapped his fingers in his ears, and his head, with great trepidation, into a locker; in which Dr. Sourby, aghaſt, appeared to wiſh to imitate him. They then drank the commodore's health (who had toſſed off a bumper to their hearty welcome) with three times three; and Dr. Homily, ſtrutting about, almoſt a cubit

cubit beyond his uſual ſtature, with honeſt exultation, ſung to himſelf,

"While *Britiſh oak* beneath us rolls,
And *Engliſh courage* fires our ſouls,
To crown our joys, the fates decree
The wealth and empire of the ſea."

They were after this conducted to the different parts of the ſhip, and were aſtoniſhed at the cleanlineſs, regularity, and orderly diſpoſition of the whole. In paſſing through the lower deck, a ſailor who accompanied them, was very angry at one of the men for not paying, as he thought, proper reſpect to the Doctor and his friends; "But your reverence will overlook his awkwardneſs; we can, you know, expect no good manners from *a land-lubber* like him, who has never croſſed the ſeas in his life."

Dr. Homily gave him a crown for his attention, and aſked him how long he had been in the ſervice.

"Thirty years, Sir, man and boy, and in ſixteen capital actions, and was never

known to hang an a—ſe in the cauſe of Old England.'

The Doctor ſhook him by the hand, and hoped he would always do his duty as a man, and live righteouſly and *ſoberly*.

"As to *ſobriety*," ſaid Jack, "I never balk the can; but never take a *ſkin-full*, except when off duty and aſhore. We muſt be content, your reverence knows, we can't expect to lead the *life of angels here below*, and get *groggy every day*."

The ſquire was much pleaſed with the pens for their cows and ſheep aboard, and would willingly have ſtaid in the *butchery* a little, to ſee a fat bullock cut up. He bought alſo a parrot and a monkey from one of the ſailors, which Sancho promiſed to take home for him.

The commodore gave them ſome diſhes of moſt excellent turtle, and a delicious ſpecimen of ſea cookery, which was generally admired, called *chowder*, compoſed of fiſh, ſoaked biſcuits, beef, pork, onions, and

and potatoes, well ſeaſoned with herbs and cayenne pepper. Dr. Homily was favoured with a diſh of ſalt-beef and potatoes, which had been taken on board at Portſmouth, and of which he often preſſed our hero to eat freely, contending it was ſuperior in richneſs, flavour, and nutriment, to any foreign-bred cattle; though colonel Foreſter inſiſted he had much ſweeter and finer at Cranberry Hall, and Aaron offered to ſtake a guinea on the wager. The Glouceſter and Cheſhire cheeſe, and London porter, next were the themes of his praiſe: whence he glided on to the commerce and navy of England. Here the commodore caught fire, and related many actions in which he had taken part. "In our laſt voyage, ſteering toward Porto Bello, about eleven A. M. I diſcovered a large ſail, bearing in for the harbour. I ſpread all my canvas to come up with her, which we did about two P. M. She fired her ſtern chaſes at us; and one of our ſailors, I remember,

ſwore, 'You d—d Spaniſh b——rs, you you are for playing at long-bullets with us, but we'll ſoon bring you to cloſer play.' I ran my ſhip under her ſtern, and gave her a volley, every ball of which told; ſo that you might have rowed the long-boat into her cabin. Seeing ſhe wiſhed to veer off, I ordered our yards to be laſhed to her ſtern. We peppered 'em ſoundly in half an hour, and cleared their decks completely, by a ſmart fire from our tops. One of our ſailors let himſelf down on her quarter-deck, by a ſingle rope. Seeing a Spaniſh officer ſtill there, he levelled him with his cutlaſs, and then returned back by the rope; on which I preſented him with my purſe. The ſhip ſoon ſtruck, though much ſuperior to us in men and metal. The very ſword and piſtols which you ſee hanging there, belonged to the captain, Don Solano. Here, Jack, hand them to the gentlemen."

"But

"But here's another pair, commodore, which, I ſee, bear the name of M'Namara," ſaid Dr. Sourby. "If I miſtake not, it is an *Iriſh name*."

"You are very right, doctor," replied the commodore, "and as brave a fellow as ever ſtepped in ſhoe-leather. When I commanded the Swan ſloop, and was on the Jamaica ſtation, I ran aboard of the Duguay-Trouin, commanded by M'Namara, miſtaking her for a large St. Domingo-man. He might have ſunk me; but his generous temper would not permit an unneceſſary waſte of lives. He treated me as a brother, and, what I moſt lamented, would not exchange me till the cloſe of that war, during which he was very ſucceſsful on the American coaſt. I often, in the warmth of wine, uſed to upbraid him for fighting againſt his country; when the tears would glide down his veteran cheeks, and he would curſe our *religious diſſenſions*, which had forced him to abandon Ireland, and draw

his ſword againſt us. "Heaven," he would ſay, "accepts any ſervice that is paid it from a devout and honeſt heart; but we will ſuffer nobody to pleaſe it, except in *our own way*; as if it had conſigned to *frail man* the government and direction of the *high roads and turnpikes* to heaven, and no one could rightfully get there without paying *toll* to St. Peter, or St. George, to Luther, Calvin, or John Knox."

"It was dire neceſſity," ſaid Dr. Homily, "that compelled England to this ſeverity. The Catholics and Proteſtants were like two ſeamen on a plank, unable to ſupport both; if I do not puſh you off, you will me. It was therefore mere ſelf-preſervation, ariſing from the deadly animoſity of the oppoſite parties, and their ignorance of the divine law of toleration."

"It ſhews," ſaid Tim, "the ſlow progreſs of human knowledge, that it was reſerved to the eighteenth century to diſcover,

diſcover, that men have a right to think for themſelves in religious matters, and that no profeſſion of faith, or religious conformity, is of any avail, unleſs conſcientiouſly adopted. What miſchiefs have ariſen from the abſurd notion that error in faith is damnable, and that it is the duty of every man to root out hereſy, and puniſh the heretic in this world, to ſave his ſoul in the next! Sound policy now evinces, that, though every ſtate ſhould encourage and provide for the religion moſt uſeful and beſt accommodated to its conſtitution, yet it ſhould give a full toleration and protection to the religious opinions and exerciſes of every good and faithful ſubject. As there are (we are taught) many manſions in heaven, ſo there are many roads to it, in which we may ſafely travel on without joſtling and beſpattering one another. I hope the time will arrive, when every honeſt man, whatever may be his religious faith, will ſhake hands

hands with a man of probity as his brother."

"Whether this great indulgence of opinions may not produce a laxity and indifference about religious faith, I have my doubts," ſaid Dr. Homily. "I would give full toleration; but I wiſh not to ſee men become careleſs about their opinions; becauſe good opinions have a natural tendency to produce good practices."

"I agree with you, brother," ſaid the commodore, "though I would not have us reſemble the ſurly Engliſh tar, who would not drink with a Frenchman becauſe he ſwore 'he was a Papiſt, and declared, d—n his eyes, he was a Proteſtant;' yet I would be ſorry we ſhould be like the *French chevalier*, who being aſked what was his religion? anſwered, 'Juſſe vat you pleaſe, Monſieur'."

"The true line, I think, to ſteer between intolerance and indifference, would be," ſaid Tim, "to provide proper ſchools

ſchools and inſtitutions to educate the people in ſuch moral principles, as the ſtate ſhould judge moſt true and beneficial; and leave it to the option of every man to follow the religion he choſe."

"Many politicians," ſaid Dr. Homily, "have not had a full conviction of the importance of religion to the ſtate; but in many parts of England, Scotland, Ireland, and America, where I have travelled, the people have, *from religious principles only*, diſcharged faithfully all the ſocial offices and duties; no capital, or even corporal puniſhments, have been inflicted for ages, and the bare knowledge of the law, without its penalties, has been ſufficient for its execution."

"I ſhould impute this more to the communication of knowledge," ſaid Dr. Sourby, "than to orthodoxy, and——"

The torch of controverſy was now lighted, and threatened a general conflagration; as even Dr. Homily himſelf was now quite *warm and glowing* in the cauſe

cauſe of moderation, charity, and toleration.

The commodore, in the mean while, had puſhed about a capacious bowl of *rack punch* and his *madeira wine*, ſo briſkly, that new lights were kindled where darkneſs prevailed before, and tongues nimbly vibrated, which were before locked up by awe and conſcious ignorance. Mr. Mawworm and Dr. Sourby, in particular, ſeemed like knight errants in ſearch of controverſial adventures, ready to diſpute *de omni ſcibili*, and for every why to have a wherefore.

The commodore ſeeing the *wordy war* waxing hot, and frequent libations poured out on the altar of diſcord, very prudently bore off Dr. Homily, on pretence of buſineſs, from the field, when he had juſt put on his gauntlets for a bloody metaphyſical rencontre. No ſooner were the old gentlemen departed, than lieutenant *Gunter* took the chair, and a plan of merriment was concerted to ſmoke the pedantic

dantic diſputants. During a hot argumentation between Dr. Sourby, Mr. Mawworm, and deacon Liptrap, about the *loſt Jewiſh tribes*, Tim, and the company preſent, affected to be much edified by the diſcuſſion, ſometimes ſiding with one, and ſometimes another of the combatants, in the meanwhile plying them with punch, till their pride, philoſophical arrogance, and ſpirit of contradiction, became ungovernable. The lieutenant, and our hero, profeſſed they were never more highly delighted; that they could fancy themſelves at an *Attic entertainment*, or one of *Xenophon's ſuppers*.

"Ay," ſaid Dr. Sourby, "that was the true method of ſpending time! There was the luxury of living—the real life of a wiſe man, '*cui vivere*,' as Cicero ſays, '*eſt ſentire!*' 'To whom thinking is the only living'."

Our hero and Gunter highly applauded his ſentiment, and propoſed an evening of the kind; and as no ſociety could exiſt

without

without a head, exclaimed, " Dr. Sourby to the chair ! Dr. Sourby to the chair !" He was accordingly conducted, and ſeated with great ceremony ; and a freſh cry of *Mr. Mawworm vice preſident !* re-founded through the cabin. They both ſeemed to feel great ſelf-complacence in this new and unuſual dignity, and the health of the reſpectable preſident, and vice, was drunk with repeated acclamation.

CHAP. XIX.

" 'Tis ſtrange how ſome men's tempers ſuit
Like bawd and brandy, with diſpute,
Who for their own opinions ſtand faſt,
Only to have them claw'd and canvaſs'd."

BUTLER.

DURING the abſence of the commodore, the ſhip was put under way, and was now ſailing in a very majeſtic manner, with a gentle breeze, towards the city of New York, which, with its fort, churches,

churches, and other public buildings, preſented a very ſtriking object from the deck of the Boyne. They were ſaluted as they paſſed by the battery, and ſoon after anchored in Hudſon's river. Here the commodore, attended by Dr. Homily and colonel Foreſter, were put aſhore in the barge, leaving the other gentlemen to the amuſements of the table. No ſooner were they landed, than lieutenant Gunter gave the commodore's health in a bumper; which having gone round, Dr. Homily's and colonel Foreſter's were given by the chair. This ſhort ceſſation of arms was ſucceeded by a warm argument between the preſident and vice, about the *origin of toaſts*; whether they were known to the Greeks and Romans, or of Gothic derivation? It had laſted with much acrimony for ſome time; when Tim addreſſed the chair with great ſolemnity, propoſing a ſong, to diſpel dull inveſtigation. "If you have no objection, Mr. Preſident, I will ſing one which can give no offence to

any

any of the company."—"Sir," ſaid Dr Sourby, "by no means, by no means; it raiſeth the ſpirits, and recreateth the heart; provided there is nothing offenſive or inimical to the dignity of philoſophers, and, like the ancient odes and choruſſes, ſomething appropriate to the occaſion, and of a moral and national edification. You will find me, and my vice, *Arcades ambo, et cantare pares, et reſpondere parati.*"

"Mr. Tickle," ſaid Mr. Mawworm, "I am aſſured, and can rely, will ſing nothing to ſtimulate the pruriency of the paſſions, to exacerbate reſentment, or make the underſtanding tollutate, or titubate. I love, as my learned brother ſays, the divine *Polyhymnia* as much as I do *Clio*, *Terpſichore*, or *Urania*."

"So, ſo," ſaid Aaron, "wine will let out the ſecret.—You love Polly Flymſty, do you? O you are an arch one!"

"Eh! you Goth," ſaid Mawworm; "but I interrupt the ſong. I wiſh it may be

be Alceus's *En murtou kladi to ziphos phoreso*, or Sappho's 'Bleſt as the immortal gods'."

"It is neither, Mr. Preſident, but a plain old Engliſh ſong commemorative of the diſcovery and defeat of the famous *gunpowder plot*."

"A very felicitous ſelection, Mr. Tickle, ſuited and appropriate; as without it we ſhould not have had the battle of the Boyne, nor have floated in this ſecond Argo. Order then, gentlemen, and Mr. Tickle will proceed."

Our hero then with great gravity ſung as follows: An old ſong on the *gunpowder plot:*

'Twas on the *fourth* of November,
The Papiſts they all had a drift, ah!
With powder and fire
They all did conſpire—

"Stop, Mr. Tickle, ſtop, if you pleaſe," cried Mawworm, eagerly; "your ſong *in limine*, in its exordium and protaſis, is guilty of a groſs anachroniſm. 'Twas on the

the *fifth* of November, Sir, not the *fourth*; therefore, Sir, I appeal to *facts*, you are, in your firſt ſtrophe, chronologically and hiſtorically wrong."

"I beg, Mr. Preſident," ſaid Tickle, "I may not be interrupted: if Mr. Mawworm ſuffers me to finiſh the ſentence, he will confeſs his error."

"That is impoſſible," ſaid deacon Liptrap.

"Pray, order, gentlemen," cried the chair; "go on!"

'Twas on the fourth of November,
The Papiſts they all had a drift, ah!
With powder and fire
They all did conſpire—
To blow the houſe up on the fifth, ah!

"Yes, to blow the houſe up on the fifth, Mr. Tickle," ſaid the pedagogue. "I recall my prejudication. Your ſong is moſt chronologically correct. I beg pardon: pray proceed, Mr. Tickle, pray proceed."

King

King James, and his noble peers, ah!
Went down to ſearch through the cellar;
I ſmell powder, ſays he—
For king James, do you ſee,
King James was an excellent *ſmeller!*

"Well, Mr. Tickle," ſaid Dr. Sourby, "I only wiſh you to ſolve me a doubt. No man has read the hiſtories of that æra more, and indeed all hiſtorians, from Diodorus Siculus, Herodotus, Xenophon, and Dionyſius Halicarnaſſenſis, to Bacon, Raleigh, Burnet, Baker's Chronology, and Rapin de Thoyras; and yet I have met in none of them, that king James was an excellent *ſmeller*, or famed for his *olfactory nerves*; but the ſequel, perhaps, will ſhew it. Pray proceed, Mr. Tickle, pray proceed."

King James ſmelt over the cellar
With all his noble peers, ah!
But had he a known
The danger he run,
He would not have gone for his ears, ah!

"No,

"No, he would not have gone for his ears. Nor you neither, Mr. Tickle," ſaid Mr. Mawworm, "though you ſeem ſo *merry* on the occaſion; no not for your ears, ah! But it was a very fortunate conjuncture, let me tell you, that he *did* go down to the cellar; for if he had not gone down into the cellar *(hickup!*—confound this eructation), let me tell you, the houſe would have been blown out of the garret, and his majeſty, and the lords, and commons, and whole convocation, would have been *in nubibus*, and the glorious and immortal memory never drunk by us. But I beg pardon for interruption, which the importance and weight of the obſervation will fully juſtify. But pray, Mr. Tickle, proceed, pray proceed."

The Pope gave a full abſolution
To burn up without any guilt, ah!
The Golden Croſs inn, Sir,
And bridge of Weſtminſter—

"No, Mr. Tickle," ſaid Dr. Sourby, "you muſt forgive me here. Weſtminſter bridge,

bridge, my dear friend, was not in being at that time; at leaſt not our preſent noble ſtructure. You muſt plead guilty here, my learned friend."

"Not at all, Mr. Preſident," ſaid Tim; "you will find yourſelf wrong."

"Support the chair," ſaid deacon Liptrap.

"The preſident is perfectly right," ſaid the vice, "and I affirm——"

"I affirm," ſaid lieutenant Gunter, "that Mr. Tickle is right; and you will confeſs ſo, if you will only hear him out."

Hear him! hear him! was re-echoed.

The Pope gave a full abſolution
To burn up, without any guilt, ah!
The Golden Croſs Inn, Sir,
And bridge of Weſtminſter—
As ſoon as the bridge ſhould be built, ah!

"Ay, ay, as ſoon as it ſhould be built, ah!—Yes, Mr. Tickle, you are right, we will have no more interruption," ſaid the preſident: "pray proceed, pray proceed."

The Jeſuits all had a licence
To wallow in Proteſtant blood, ah!
To rob and deſtroy
Man, woman, and boy,
And *blow* up the Thames——

"Such a groſs violation of probability," ſaid Mr. Mawworm, "is not to be endured. It is a *felo de ſe*, contrary to the firſt principles of natural philoſophy. What kind of combuſtibles could they have invented to *blow up the Thames?* Dr. Fauſtus, or the learned Bacon, in his Organum, hint at no ſuch power in nature. It might be done by *volcanic fire*, indeed; but who could have kindled a ſufficient *maſs*, or forged a *barrel of competent dimenſions and muzzle* for the exploſion?"

"I agree fully with the learned vice," ſaid Mr. Liptrap, "and conceive the ſong a papiſtical, nonjuring compoſition, ſtuffed with treaſon, and jeſuitical lies."

"I beg, Mr. Preſident, you will command order," ſaid the lieutenant, "and let the ſong go on."

The

The Jeſuits all had a licence
To wallow in Proteſtant blood, ah!
To rob and deſtroy
Man, woman, and boy,
And blow up the Thames—if *they could*, ah!

"Ay, ay," ſaid Dr. Sourby, "if *they could*, ah! that is a full key and elucidation of the buſineſs. For, let me tell you, many parts of their plan were as improbable as blowing up the Thames. You are wrong, Mr. Mawworm, to aſſert that *impoſſibilities*, as *ſuch*, can *never be attempted*. I can prove the contrary analytically, nay, by clear analogy, or even deduction from facts. Will you ſay king James the Second did not contrive and hope to overturn the Proteſtant faith? Could any thing be more abſurd, and contrary to all human calculation? Ergo, the improbability of the ſucceſs of an attempt proves not that it was never made; and, ergo, the Jeſuits might have a licence to *blow up the Thames*."

"Sir," ſaid Mr. Mawworm, "I deny your inference, and will prove you wrong

by a ſyllogiſm in Bocardo, or a ſimple enthymeme."

"No Bocardo's, or Stocardo's, here," ſaid Aaron. "To order! the preſident is up—ſupport the chair."

"Pray proceed, Mr. Tickle," ſaid Dr. Sourby, "pray proceed. I am aſhamed of the vice-preſident. *Pudet hæc opprobria nobis, et dici potuiſſe, et non potuiſſe refelli.*"

Then Tim went on:

King James was the nation's *ſchool-maſter*,
No Papiſt could make him an aſs, ah!
He lov'd biſhops and deans;
And bacon and beans—

"I am as loth as any body," ſaid Dr. Sourby, "to interrupt; but here a query, gentlemen, naturally and irreſiſtibly ariſes. *Biſhops and deans* James did love; but it is contrary to character, which ſhould be always preſerved in poetical performances, to ſay a *Scotchman loved bacon.* There is no veriſimilitude in it; as the contrary is the natural feature. *Servetur ad imum*, is Horace's rule.—Stick to your text to the laſt."

"Mr.

"Mr. Preſident," ſaid Tim, "I crave your indulgence, and the ſtanza will explain itſelf."

He lov'd biſhops and deans;
And bacon and beans
Abſtain'd from like Pythagoras, ah!

"Abſtained from like Pythagoras, ah! Ten thouſand pardons, Mr. Tickle," ſaid the preſident; "I perceive the poet has avoided the rock I pointed out. And give me leave to ſay there is much recondite wiſdom in the laſt couplet; for it alludes to the Eleuſinian myſteries, into which all the ancient lawgivers were initiated. *Procul, O procul eſte profani!* Now what finer compliment could be paid king James, than to ſay that he '*abſtained from beans* like Pythagoras?' intimating thereby, that he was acquainted with all the ſecrets of government, and all the arts neceſſary to make *a complete king*. The moſt ſacred myſtery was that which related to *beans:* being therefore initiated in that, by a ſynecdoche, the principal

part being put for the whole (as man for all the human ſpecies, both male or female), it ſignifies that he was an adept in the *Eleuſinian myſteries*; and therefore poſſeſſed of all the knowledge which could adorn a king. Virgil we find thought it neceſſary (according to the moſt refined critics) to initiate his hero Æneas in theſe rites, figured by his *journey* to the *infernal regions*, before he arrived at his dominions in Italy."

"I believe," ſaid Mr. Mawworm, "Virgil had the *Eleuſinian myſteries* as little in his noddle, as our ſongſter with his *beans and bacon*. The higheſt compliment paid king James, in my idea, is that which he choſe himſelf, '*the ſchoolmaſter of the nation*;' a very fortunate title to deſcribe one, who had wiſdom to give rules to his people, and power to execute them."

"And therefore a very unfit character," ſaid Dr. Sourby, "for a *Britiſh king*, whoſe ſubjects may each of them ſay *nullius addictus in verba jurare magiſtri: I am my own maſter.*

maſter. I little thought, in this enlightened age, you would have complimented an Engliſh king, by comparing him to a pedagogue with a feſcue and ferule in his hand. I think we muſt fine you a bumper, Mr. Vice, for this ſarcaſm on royalty."

" Ay, a bumper, a bumper to Mr. Mawworm."

" By no means," ſaid deacon Liptrap; " he ought not to be fined."

" And I'm of the ſame opinion," ſaid Aaron; " the vice is perfectly right; the king himſelf is not more feared and reſpected than a ſevere ſchoolmaſter."

" What rebellion againſt the chair! Seize the traitors," ſaid the lieutenant. On which the ſquire, the deacon, and Mawworm, were immediately put under a pretended arreſt, pinioned and clapped in irons. A mock court martial was held over them; the lieutenant obſerving that, " as we ſubmitted to your rules and regulations on ſhore, we expect the ſame obedience to diſcipline on board." After a ſolemn hearing, they were all three

found guilty of mutiny and drunkenneſs, and ſentenced to have ſeventy laſhes apiece at the gun. They were accordingly tied up, and ready to receive the flagellation, when our hero interpoſed, and requeſted they would learn mercy from the mercy now ſhewn them.

Good humour and merriment ſoon again prevailed, and Tickle begged leave to improve it by concluding his ſong; which was agreed to.

He accordingly went on with the following ſtanza, in which they all accompanied him:

Then let us be prudent and merry,
Each man crack his bottle and joke, ah!
Here's a health to the king,
May traitors all ſwing.
And their projects ſtill vaniſh in ſmoke, ah *!

"You have, as I thought, Mr. Tickle," ſaid Mawworm, "broke the critic's rule at laſt: *Non fumum ex fulgore, ſed ex fumo dare lucem cogitat*—not ſmoke from fire, but *fire*

* The reader will excuſe the liberty our hero has taken, throughout, with this old ballad.

from

from *ſmoke* he draws; whereas you begin your ſong in *powder and fire*, and end in *ſmoke*."

"You are exceedingly right," ſaid Dr. Sourby, "in your criticiſm, Mr. Vice; only I would aſk you how could Guy Faux's powder '*vaniſh in ſmoke*,' when his train and barrels were never ſet fire to?"

On this the company gave the preſident an *Io triumphe!* and it was agreed to go on ſhore, and paſs together, on *terra firma*, the remainder of the night. They were accordingly let down in chairs to the barge, and landed very jovially at New York, the lieutenant, with ſome other officers, accompanying them in their propoſed excurſion.

CHAP. XX.

THE SLY-BOOTS CAUGHT TRIPPING.

ONE vice naturally begets another; and drunkenneſs may be compared to a traitor in a garriſon, who unlocks

the door of the citadel, and admits the enemy while the commanders and ſoldiers are aſleep; or to a miner who makes a breach in a Dutch dyke, and lets in the incumbent torrent, to ſweep away in a moment, a century's improvements of nature and art. Or it may be compared to a madman on a courſer, throwing the reins on the neck of the headlong ſteed, and driving him heedleſsly along the ſide of a precipice. This, we lament to ſay, was the caſe with the lieutenant's party, who, after their copious libations to *Bacchus*, propoſed to ſacrifice alſo to the *Cyprian goddeſs*; and (what we bluſh to ſay) deacon Liptrap and Mr. Mawworm were the moſt forward in promoting this expedition; whether the fumes of the wine had laid reaſon aſleep, and given their dormant paſſions a fillip; or whether the curtain being drawn, diſcovered only what their hypocriſy and art concealed from the public eye. "What, my old boy," ſaid Aaron, "you are then for a wench

wench too! I thought you was as chaſte as an icicle, and demure as the figure of Joſeph on an old tapeſtry. O, you're a ſly one!"

"*Non ſum qualis eram*," ſaid Mr. Mawworm, "or elſe many a fair maiden has ſighed for theſe embraces."

"A pox of preaching over it," ſaid the lieutenant; "we all love a pretty girl under the roſe. *Allons donc*. I ſhall ſhew you ſome of the ſweeteſt little blue and black-eyed laſſes, that you will fancy you are among the houries in Mahomet's paradiſe."

The lieutenant then ſettled with our hero a plan of merriment, as well as puniſhment of the two old hypocrites, by way of retaliation for their ſevere uſage of him and his ſailors.

There lived hard by a Puritanical preacher, whoſe wife took in a few country boarders, and kept a day ſchool. Nathan Sackbut, for this was his name,

was a man of the moſt inflexible muſcles, a famous holder-forth, and eminent for chamber conſolation, and ſoul ſearchings, among the ſiſterhood and devout brothers. He was much viſited for this purpoſe, and had pocketed no little filthy *lucre* by diſpenſing his ſpiritual noſtrums. To him our hero, and the lieutenant, conducted the trio, telling them not to mind old Demure, who kept the houſe, as he would affect a quite oppoſite appearance to ſtrangers, for fear of detection: "that they muſt manage the matter by hints, and not ſpeak coarſely or broadly out, as the family were jealous of the decorum and character of the houſe."

"Let me be your ſpokeſman," ſaid Mr. Mawworm, "and I'll bring you through; I know how to manage theſe grave quiddies."

Having left them at the door, after knocking, the lieutenant and our hero departed. On aſking for Mr. Nathan Sackbut,

Sackbut, they were ſhewn into a room, and he ſoon after entered with a black cap and ſpectacles.

"You are Mr. Sackbut, I fancy," ſaid Mr. Mawworm.

"Yes, and ready to adminiſter any conſolation in my power; be ſeated, Sirs."

"O I ſee you know our buſineſs already, and will cheerfully oblige us for an hour or two."

"Yes, I know your errand; be not aſhamed or backward to ſpeak out. There are people of both ſexes, and all degrees, here every night."

"Have you any of the ſiſterhood within at preſent? You underſtand me?"

"Yes, there may be ſome up ſtairs with Mrs. Sackbut, in privacy."

"What, you hold meetings here of the ſiſterhood from other houſes?"

"Yes, a *love feaſt*, now and then."

"What a quaint rogue it is!" ſaid Aaron to Liptrap. "I'll touch him with a dollar, and be firſt ſerved.—Here, old Sackbut, take

take this; I ſuppoſe you don't refuſe money?"

"No, no, I never refuſe," ſaid he, "though I never aſk it; but it is very welcome, and faithfully diſtributed."

"I dare ſay: but harkee—theſe gentlemen wiſh to be by themſelves. You can take each of them to a private room."

"Ay, ay, by all means, if they wiſh privacy to unboſom themſelves. You may ſafely make a confident of me, for I never divulge any man's backſlidings. Follow me, gentlemen."

They accordingly followed him to another room; where he left deacon Liptrap by himſelf, and took Mawworm to his ſtudy. When they were alone, Mawworm accoſted him thus: "I have been well aſſured of the decorum and ſafety of your houſe."

"Yes, I thank heaven," ſaid Sackbut, "my reputation—(though I am full of ſins and weakneſſes, though my carnal man often ſubdueth the ſpiritual), yet the world does me

me no more than juſtice. And if without diſguiſe you let me know your wiſhes, you will find that nothing ſhall be wanting to allay your cravings and hungerings, and to fill your ſoul with love and delight."

"I think before we proceed farther," ſaid Mawworm, "accept this crown, and bring me a glaſs of brandy; it will do me ſervice."

"You are right, brother," ſaid Sackbut; "it will open the heart, and drive away all fooliſh fear and ſhamefacedneſs."

While Sackbut went for the brandy, Aaron had rung the bell; and the maid coming in, he ſaid, "Is my couſin coming to me? Did not Mr. Sackbut order her in here? Go tell her I'm out of patience."

"What, is it Miſs Seagrove, or Molly Plumptree?"

"Ay, my couſin Molly Plumptree."

The young lady accordingly came down as bluſhing as Hebe, thinking it might be

one

one of her relations from the country; and ſhe was not convinced of her miſtake till Aaron, after taking her by the hand, and giving her a hearty ſalute, ſaid, "Adzooks, Molly, how are you?" and was then for repeating the embrace.

"Sir," ſaid ſhe, "you muſt be under a groſs miſtake, as I never had the honour of ſeeing you before."

"Nor I you, Molly, but I like you never the worſe."

"Have you any meſſage," ſaid ſhe, "for me, Sir, from the country?"

"O a thouſand," ſaid the amorous Aaron, ſhutting the door. On which he became ſo rude, that ſhe attempted to retreat, and Aaron bolting the door, ſhe ſcreamed out, and alarmed the houſe. Aaron was alſo ſurpriſed to hear a voice calling the watch in the ſtreet, and Mr. and Mrs. Sackbut belabouring and bawling over deacon Liptrap, and delivering him, with Mawworm, into cuſtody. He there-

fore

fore let the young lady out, and on coming into the entry he was alſo taken priſoner.

Mawworm, it ſeems, on Sackbut's entrance with the brandy, gave a very broad toaſt, and ſaid, "Now, my friend, we underſtand one another. Let me have—you know my meaning. What ladies have you in the houſe?"

"About ſix chamber boarders; we never have more!"

"O quite enough, Mr. Sackbut, quite enough in all conſcience. Are they fine girls?"

"Yes, Sir, the young ladies are very modeſt and prudent."

"So much the better, Mr. Sackbut: we don't like the forward too-coming ſluts. Well, ſend me in one of them."

"I don't underſtand," ſaid Sackbut, "what you mean, Sir."

"Pugh, pugh! why, I know you as arrant as any in Chriſtendom. Fetch me a girl immediately, or I'll go to their rooms."

"What!

"What! do you mean to rob the houſe?" ſaid Sackbut. "Walk out directly."

"O you old hypocrite! What! take my money, and then trifle with me? Send me a girl, or give back my caſh, you old Judas." So ſaying, he ſeized him by the collar, and a ſcuffle enſued, till the ſervants came to Sackbut's aſſiſtance. Mawworm ruſhed up ſtairs, where he found deacon Liptrap engaged in a *battle-royal* with the miſtreſs and cook-maid; for, not having patience to wait, he had attacked the latter on the ſtairs, and followed her into the room where ſhe and the miſtreſs were ſitting. Here his rudeneſs and language were ſuch, that they thought him a robber or madman; and he was obliged, joined by Mawworm, to retreat down ſtairs, with their clothes torn, their wigs and hats miſſing, and their faces and heads reeking with blood from the nails and teeth of the incenſed viragoes. "Rape! robbers! Mr. Conſtable, take them to the juſtice," cried Mrs. Sackbut.

Sackbut. "To try to turn my houſe into a brothel, and aſſault our boarders! Men too of their years and appearance! Away with them, and this drunken young bully, whom they have led aſtray; but they ſhall pay for it!" Thus ended Mrs. Sackbut's harangue, which old Sackbut ſeconded.

The poor culprits, with hanging ears, were carried to the watch-houſe, where they were detained till the morning; when our hero and the lieutenant, having learned their fate, interpoſed in their favour with the alderman; and it was agreed that the offenders ſhould be diſcharged on making a pecuniary compliment to Sackbut, and begging the pardon of the family. Aaron ever after this, when Mawworm gave him a grave lecture, would ſay, "Ah! Mawworm, thou art ſly."

CHAP. XXI.

PLATONIC LOVE.

IT is time to return to Cranberry Hall, where we left our heroine with her mother. She was not well pleaſed with the night adventures, which we have recounted, but attributed them chiefly to her brother's whimſical humours. Tim, under pretence of giving an opinion of the goodneſs of her ſpinnet, had ſtolen a ſhort, but delightful interview, in which ſhe felicitated him on the acceſſion to the importance and honours of his family, and they renewed their declarations of unalterable attachment and fidelity. It was agreed, that our hero ſhould diſcloſe his wiſhes to Dr. Homily, and prevail on him to open the buſineſs, if he judged prudent, to her parents. In the mean while ſhe would, at any rate, prevent the further pretenſions of colonel Beekman, and, if no greater progreſs could be made,

reſerve

reſerve her hand and heart for our hero, till his advancement in life, or ſome favourable turn in their affairs, ſhould crown them with happineſs, by removing or ſubduing all oppoſition to their union. Thus, with all their bluſhing hopes profuſe around them, they bade each other a tender adieu; and Tim, ſoon after, as we have ſaid, returned to Berkeley Hall, and took the firſt opportunity of diſcloſing the ſtate of his boſom to his grandfather. Dr. Homily warmly approved of his choice, which he affirmed he could not have bettered in the country; though he would have been more pleaſed if he had deferred his determination until he had finiſhed his travels through England, and become eſtabliſhed in life. "However," ſaid he, "as our fate in love as well as in death, ſeems inevitable, we will do the beſt for you in our power; but I fear we ſhall meet with great difficulties from the avarice of her parents, and the ſullen unforgiving temper of her brother. The young

young lady I highly eſteem; and as you have happily obtained her concurrence, you have certainly ſecured a moſt leading and important ſtep to ſucceſs. We muſt make uſe of the favourable influence which the commodore's arrival has given us with her family; and if we are defeated, leave it to your growing reputation and proſperity, and a more favourable coincidence of circumſtances, to effect your future wiſhes." Our hero was unbounded in the effuſions of his gratitude and joy, and promiſed that, whatever ſhould be the event, he would follow the good advice of ſo indulgent a benefactor and experienced a friend.

Dr. Homily ſoon after led the diſcourſe one evening with colonel Foreſter, to the topic of his daughter, on whom he beſtowed the praiſes which he thought ſhe merited.

"The minx is well enough," ſaid the colonel, "in figure and faſhion; but I think, Doctor, you have had ſome hand in

in ſpoiling her, by giving her a taſte for books and meditation, which has quite unfitted her for common uſe, and ordinary converſation; but ſhe will *be ſoon well provided for*, and may then conſult her fancies as ſhe pleaſes."

"What! is Letitia engaged, then?" ſaid Dr. Homily, much agitated.

"Ay, ay, her mother and I have ſettled her marriage above three years paſt, ever ſince we had the firſt interview with colonel Beekman."

"I am much ſurpriſed; the diſproportion in their years, tempers, and manners, I ſhould have thought would have diſpleaſed both."

"Colonel Beekman's object is to ſettle down in life with a wife who can pay her club, and who is young enough to give him a proſpect of heirs. Theſe, with a good perſon, and a gentle diſpoſition, he finds in Letitia; and I think he muſt be an odd fiſh if he wiſh for more."

"My

"My good friend, give me leave to ſay, that one eſſential *ſine qua non* to their happineſs is ſtill wanting—a mutual concurrence and attachment."

"Why, as to that, Letitia knows her intereſt too well to refuſe ſo good an offer, and is too obedient a daughter to diſpute the propriety and wiſdom of our choice; and if ſhe will be *his wife*, the colonel is too much of a man of honour, and too well acquainted with the *virtue* of our family, to aſk *for more*, or have any doubts of her love and conſtancy, which ſhe will pledge to him at the altar."

"But would it not be tenderneſs to her, to conſult her on a point in which her happineſs is ſo much concerned; in the ſame manner, as it is the wiſdom and duty of the daughter to conſult the wiſhes and judgment of her parents?"

"Mere fiddle-faddle ſentiment that, Doctor, and calculated to turn families upſide down. We can *wiſh* nothing but her intereſt, and muſt ſurely be allowed to

to be the beſt *judges* of it. Let her look through the country, and where will ſhe find a man with a handſomer unincumbered eſtate? no poor relations, no extravagance of gambling, or oſtentatious parade--one who has *ſowed* his *wild oats*, and is paſt the hey-day of life. Letitia muſt thank us, and her good ſtars, for providing this nonſuch; and I mean now I am in town to purchaſe her wedding clothes."

Dr. Homily offered many cogent reaſons to diſſuade him from precipitation; but finding they were like the idle wind, and only endangered the preſent armiſtice and calm, he waved the ſubject, and came away with a heavy heart. Our hero was much diſconcerted at the report of the reſolution of Foreſter, and was more afraid of the ſeverities his dear Letitia might undergo, than of her faith and firmneſs. He at this time received a letter written with a pencil, and ſigned

Incognita, which much perplexed him. It was as follows:

" DEAR SIR,

" You are, I am assured, plunging yourself into a connexion with a lady which you will ever have cause to repent. What you fancy a bed of roses, will prove one of thorns. I know well her haughty inexorable temper, though now artfully concealed. As to her fortune, it is entirely dependent on her parents, who will never give her a shilling with you. Look therefore about you, and you may find that fate has better things in reserve for you than you suppose. At least don't involve yourself in a hasty engagement. There are many ladies superior to Letitia in beauty and education, who possess independent fortunes equal to her's, and whose parents would not object to your claims. Take the advice of

" INCOGNITA.

" Direct

"Direct your letters to P. P. and leave them at the bar of the George inn."

Tim did not think it proper to give any anſwer to this, and ſome other letters in the ſame ſtrain, which he from time to time received, till he thought it his duty, on having one left at his lodgings with a ſmall parcel incloſing a diamond ring of ſome value, to write an anſwer to the fair unknown, in which he expreſſed his high ſenſe of her partiality, and unmerited generoſity to him, and aſſured her that, as his affections were pre-engaged, he could not in honour think of accepting the preſent, and requeſted to know where it might be left with ſafety for her. He ſoon received another letter couched in the moſt tender terms, inſiſting on his wearing the ring as a mark only of the donor's eſteem and friendſhip; who, by the time he received her anſwer, would be out of the city on her journey home, and therefore his letter and the ring would never reach her. It was Dr. Homily's

advice, that he ſhould retain it till he could diſcover the owner.

Our hero had ſome reaſons to ſuſpect Miſs Moody of this ſtratagem, as ſhe had often held language to him of a ſimilar tendency, though more cautiouſly arranged. She was a few years older than him, of a large independent fortune, and more of a fiery and commanding, than of a gentle and winning temper. She had for ſome years neglected no opportunity of being in his company, and had teſtified to him many ſtrong marks of predilection, which he always modeſtly interpreted as proceeding merely from ordinary civility, and the eſteem and friendſhip of an old acquaintance. As Letitia had never made her a *confidant*, our hero had preſerved the ſame ſilence on the ſubject. He now however thought it his duty to throw out ſuch hints to Miſs Moody, as might convince her that his affections were engaged, and lead to a diſcovery whether ſhe was the author of the letter.

Accord-

Accordingly, ſome days after his arrival at Berkeley Hall, he had an interview with Miſs Moody, and led the diſcourſe to the ſubject of the *tender paſſion*: obſerving that the impreſſions of it were caſual and involuntary, and that the little urchin probably was painted *blind*, to ſhew us that his arrows flew at random.

"So we are taught," ſaid ſhe, "in romance and the fictions of poets; but a paſſion of that ſort ſeldom laſts or produces much happineſs. More, I ſhould conjecture, might be expected from a preference founded on long intimacy, and a *mutual eſteem* ariſing from a certain knowledge of the temper and good qualities of the parties."

"Such an union," ſaid Tickle, "might be the moſt *prudent*; but it would want that fervour of attachment, and abſolute dominion over the ſoul, which love alone can produce; and ſuch a paſſion is of haſty growth, not regulated by *cool determination* and *exact eſtimate* of merits; but

ſprings up in the heart inſenſibly, and becomes almoſt incurable before the danger is perceived."

"But do you not imagine that a paſſion of a *nobler kind*," ſaid ſhe, "might not ſhoot up from the *ſtock of friendſhip?* Or might not love produce love, from gratitude to a friend who preferred us before all the world, and whoſe happineſs might depend on a return of affection? Suppoſing, for inſtance, a lady whom you, from long and intimate friendſhip, found highly deſerving of your eſteem, ſhould honour you with proofs of a more tender affection, I think, if I know the generoſity of Mr. Tickle's heart, it would glow with equal warmth, and he would willingly ſubmit to wear the chains he had impoſed."

"My heart would undoubtedly feel," ſaid Tim, "all that gratitude could dictate on ſuch an occaſion, and be torn with anguiſh, if prevented by a prior paſſion, and principles of honour, from making the

the lady ſuch a return as her preference and accompliſhments might merit."

"In ſuch a caſe, would not your pity and bare friendſhip," ſaid ſhe, "be converted into the ſupremeſt reverence and admiration, if ſhe, finding it was not her lot to draw that love, which you own is involuntary and undirected, ſhould diſclaim all pretenſions to it, and ſhew her magnanimity and attachment, by endeavouring to *ſecure you the affections and perſon of her rival?*"

"Such a woman would ſhew herſelf ſuperior to the ordinary virtues and frailties of her ſex. She would compel almoſt the idolatry of the very man who had been unfortunate enough (I had almoſt ſaid) to prefer another."

"It is a part however," ſaid ſhe, "which I ſhall ſhew myſelf able to act. Come, no diſguiſe. I have lately ſeen your growing paſſion for Letitia, and am ready to promote your ſucceſs, whatever

it may coſt me." Here ſhe ſeemed much affected.

"You do me too much honour, and I cannot pardon myſelf being the cauſe of thoſe tears. Be aſſured that you poſſeſs my moſt ardent friendſhip, and by this laſt generous act, my ſovereign veneration."

"Wear then as a pledge of our unalterable friendſhip, what I can never conſent again to accept. It will be a proof to me that you have forgotten the weakneſſes which mixed with the purity of my eſteem. Henceforth let me be the confidant of your wiſhes and vows for my happy rival, and grant me the refined pleaſure of advancing your future proſperity, which only can alleviate this unavoidable blow to my own."

She then diſcourſed with him on the many obſtacles he had to encounter, and the beſt means of ſucceſs, and drew from him a promiſe that he would not, without her ſubſequent permiſſion, reveal, even to Letitia

Letitia herſelf, this diſcovery of her indiſcreet paſſion, and this interchange of confidence and friendſhip. Our hero, loſt in gratitude and admiration, was at length perſuaded to wear the pledge of her friendſhip, and thought himſelf bound to preſent her with one of ſimilar value.

They were after this frequently together, and ſhe ſo artfully turned the converſation on the excellencies of Letitia, recapitulated little occurrences of her life, and repeated expreſſions of her's which ſhe admired, that our hero was faſcinated with her company, and made her privy to all that paſſed in his breaſt, which ſhe received with the moſt earneſt ſympathy and participation. They paſſed hours away daily in dwelling on Letitia's virtues, and in forming plans for our hero's conduct. In truth, Tickle was inſenſibly led to pay more attention to her, and indulge in more tender liberties than prudence juſtified. One evening in particular, ſhe propoſed in a merry vein, to

diverſify the ſcene, and perſonate Letitia. Our hero gallantly adopted the ſcheme; poured forth his paſſion at her feet, declared the moſt inviolable attachment; renounced all others for her ſake, and deploring her coldneſs, ſwore that he would never be any woman's but her's. She then appeared, after long rejecting his paſſion, to be ſoftened by his ardour; extended her hand, which he devoured with kiſſes; when ſhe gently confeſſed a reciprocity of tenderneſs, and the farce was ended with a warm embrace, and a thouſand proteſtations of gratitude and love. At this intereſting eclairciſſement Miſs Moody's brother entered precipitately, and expreſſed infinite ſurpriſe at the tenderneſs of the ſcene; but retired muttering, "It is rather too much; but I can have no doubt of the prudence of my ſiſter, and the honour of Mr. Tickle."

CHAP. XXII.

TIM'S DEPARTURE FROM BERKELEY HALL, AND DR. HOMILY'S FAREWELL DISCOURSE.

THE time was now arrived for our hero's intended expedition with Dr. Sourby, to view the moſt remarkable places in North America. He was more diſpoſed himſelf to a ſpeedy departure, from perceiving the dangerous tendency of his growing intimacy with Miſs Moody, and the but too attractive indulgences granted imprudently by her, to a perſon of his ſanguine complexion, under the inſinuating guiſe of platonic love and diſintereſted friendſhip. It had been ſettled that our hero, after a few years probation, if he continued averſe to the clerical function, ſhould purſue the naval line under his uncle's patronage, who was preparing to embark on a cruize off the Bay of Mexico. Every thing was now

ready for our hero's departure, when Dr. Homily took him into his ſtudy, and with a ſolemn and affectionate tone, addreſſed him in the following manner:

"My dear boy," ſaid he, taking him tenderly by the hand, "I need not mention how much my happineſs is wound up in your's. Since the death of your mother you have been my laſt hope. It is in your power not to diſappoint it in future, as you have more than fulfilled it in the paſt.

"In order to this, let me renew the precept which I have ſo often inculcated, '*to make religion the moving principle of your hopes and fears, your affections, and conduct through life*;' by which means you will combine your *duty and happineſs*, and moſt effectually diſcharge the one, and ſecure the other. Without it life is a *chaos*, devoid of beauty, harmony, or deſign. Admit it, and, like the *divine energy* which *moved* on the face of the deep, it diſperſes the incumbent ſhades; commands the jarring

jarring paſſions and intereſts of men into order; diſplays harmony where all before was diſcord and confuſion; ſheds dignity on man, and authoriſes him to pronounce of the *moral ſyſtem*, as truly as of the natural, *that all is good*. In ſhort, *religion* is the *ſun* of the moral world, enlightening, enlivening, beautifying, cheering, and fertilizing the whole.

"When we diſcern the moſt aſtoniſhing beauty, fitneſs, and wiſdom, manifeſted in the moſt minute productions that almoſt eſcape the ſight, and have reaſon to conclude that the ſame perfection exiſts in myriads of animate and inanimate ſubſtances, that are not diſcernible by us, extending almoſt *ad infinitum*—when we find the body and ſurface of the earth, full of productions, not only uſeful, but exquiſitely beautiful and ornamental—when we find the air, the waters, and the earth teeming with innumerable ſpecies of animals, formed with the moſt perfect ſkill and variety, and ſupplied with

with the powers and inſtincts ſuited to their natures and claſſes—when we contemplate the wonderful magnificence of the ſolar ſyſtem, and the ſublimity and regularity of its motions—when we view the vault of heaven covered with diſtant ſuns, that probably, like ours, have their attendant planets, filled with inhabitants equal, if not ſuperior to the human race—when we puſh forward our contemplation into the immeaſurable and unlimited abyſs of ſpace without a void, but occupied by ſyſtems of worlds, revolving within their ſeveral ſpheres with the moſt perfect order and magnificence—when we have reaſon to conclude that theſe immenſe and numberleſs ſyſtems muſt form one great whole, and the movements and arrangement of all, produce an univerſal harmony, utility, and perfection!—what, my dear ſon, muſt be our ideas of the *wiſdom*, *power*, and *benevolence*, of the Eternal Father; the creator and preſerver of all! My own heart is impreſſed,

is

is overwhelmed with reverence, admiration, awe, gratitude, and love. I am loſt in the immenſe of being. Yet I feel a dignity in being a rational agent capable of contemplating ſuch wonders; an ardent wiſh to diſcharge well the part aſſigned me on this auguſt theatre! How ſhall I beſt expreſs my gratitude to my Maker? How beſt fulfil his will? for his will muſt be my trueſt *dignity and happineſs*, as I have found it to be that of all the creatures below me, that are *directed to their ends* by his *inviſible hand*. All nature anſwers this queſtion in the ſtrongeſt and moſt unequivocal language to the ear of reaſon. It is ſtamped on every part of creation in the moſt legible characters. '*Be uſeful.*' Nothing is made in vain. All animate and inanimate ſubſtances are formed to be productive of the greateſt poſſible good that their natures are capable of.

" The duty, happineſs, and perfection of every man, is to improve *his powers of utility as much as poſſible, and to do all the good*

good in his power in the ſphere aſſigned him by Providence. And the obligation to this duty is of the moſt perfect kind—the will of his Creator, who can command only what is wiſeſt and beſt, and on whom he depends for all he is, and all (of good, great, or happy) that he can hope to be. Impreſs, my dear ſon, this religious principle deeply on your mind; let it be ever habitually preſent with you, influencing your thoughts and actions, and forming the fixed complexion and eſſential quality of your character. The branches of your duty riſe naturally and ſtrongly from this root. You will beſt fulfil the will of Heaven, by promoting the happineſs of mankind: you will beſt promote the happineſs of mankind by advancing the happineſs of your country; and moſt effectually increaſe the welfare of your country, by doing all the good in your power in your private and public capacity; and you will do moſt good in your public or private ſtation, by improving and exerciſing indefatigably, thoſe affections

tions, and thoſe intellectual and animal powers and habits, which tend moſt to your own preſervation, comfort, happineſs, and perfection. Thus, for inſtance, activity, hardineſs of limbs, patience of labour and pain, temperance, ſelf-command, a ſpirit of induſtry and application to buſineſs; talents ſharpened by exerciſe, and augmented by ſtores of knowledge; diſintereſtedneſs, and a placable, contented, reſigned, and cheerful temper; and, in fine, juſtice, prudence, fortitude and benevolence;—theſe, I ſay, conſtitute the chief *excellence and felicity of the individual*, and render him moſt uſeful to the *community, and to mankind in general.* Thus you find, my dear ſon, that by doing as much good as you can to others you moſt effectually do it to yourſelf, and *vice verſa.* Conſider yourſelf then, as a performer in the *grand concert of nature*, and that it is your higheſt duty and honour to contribute your part to the *univerſal harmony.* Diveſt yourſelf therefore as much

much as poſſible, of narrow views and ſelfiſh conſiderations. *Non nobis naſcimur.* We are not born for ourſelves. We are not born for this world only. There are no aſſignable limits to the perfectibility of our natures. Be active; for the mind, when induſtriouſly and uſefully employed, is moſt happy. Diſcontent will ever ſpring from indolence. It is contrary to the common laws of the univerſe that any being ſhould be idle, unproductive, and happy—that he ſhould derive real felicity from what tends not to the common good. Having then this as your principal object, 'to be as uſeful as poſſible in your ſphere and generation,' you will need but little ſtudy to perceive in all caſes the means and beſt methods of attaining it; for the munificent Author of all has made the truths moſt uſeful to us, the plaineſt and moſt obvious to all. The pride of ſingularity and love of ſyſtem have employed the ingenuity of men, rather to darken and perplex than to elucidate

theſe

theſe ſimple truths. You will find them written in your own heart, and in the revealed religion of your country. Conſult the former, under the influence and guidance of the latter.

" A diligent ſtudy of the hiſtory of mankind, and of your country in particular, and the converſation of wiſe and good men, will ſupply you with the beſt maxims of prudence for your conduct in life. Cheriſh an ardent love of *truth*, and purſue her with zeal and intrepidity. Her path leads ever to utility and happineſs: or rather the three are one. Study, admire, and value the bleſſings you enjoy by being an *Engliſhman*. Take the rule in judging of the Britiſh conſtitution, laws, and government, which the poet gives reſpecting a poem: ' *Ubi plura nitent, non ego paucis offendar maculis.*' ' Who will diſlike the ſun for a few ſpots?'

" Endeavour to increaſe the luſtre of the ſacred lamp of *freedom*; but touch it not with rude unhallowed hands, leſt you extinguiſh

tinguiſh it. We have ſeen the error of our forefathers in attempting to propagate *religion* by the *ſword*. Let us not become intolerant in our civil faith, nor try to ſpread civil truths by fire and faggot; but in our *reforms* imitate the conduct of *Martin* in picking gently the ſuperfluous appendages, without deſtroying *the body of the coat*, inſtead of rending and tearing the whole to pieces, for the love of God and truth. In general, my ſon, I will ſay with our divine poet:

——— "Love all. Truſt a few.
Do wrong to none. Be able for thine enemy
Rather in power than uſe, and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key. Be check'd for ſilence,
But never tax'd for ſpeech. What Heav'n more will,
That thee may furniſh, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! Farewell my ſon!"

CHAP. XXIII.

A SHORT COURTSHIP.

THE good folks of Cranberry Hall thought it now full time to celebrate Letitia's propoſed marriage with colonel Beekman. A jaunt to New York, and the buſtle of purchaſing the bridal clothes, they conceived would ſtifle that reluctance which, perhaps, aroſe only from youth and maiden baſhfulneſs. On their arrival, after the marriage ſettlement had been fully adjuſted, the colonel was directed to report progreſs to Letitia, and preſent her with a valuable ring of his grandmother's. He undertook this important taſk with ſome degree of heſitation; being little accuſtomed to converſation with ladies of any education, and having never courted, as Letitia had ſtudiouſly avoided any private interview. After the firſt ceremony of entrance and compli-

compliments was over, he turned twice or thrice on his chair, looking wiſtfully round the room for ſome ſubject of converſation. She was in expectation of the purpoſe of his viſit, and reſolved to evade it if poſſible. "The weather," at laſt, ſaid he, hemming, "is—is, Miſs Foreſter, very ſeaſonable."

"It is very ſeaſonable," ſaid ſhe, bowing.

"But the laſt winter was very ſevere."

"It was, Sir."

Here he ſcratched his head, and then played a tune for ſome moments on the chair. "Theſe are a handſome mahogany ſet; don't you think they are, Miſs Foreſter? How would you like a few dozens?"

"They are not amiſs, Sir."

"What do you think they might coſt? about twelve guineas, don't you ſuppoſe?"

"I imagine they may."

"They are of wood from the bay of Honduras."

"I don't

"I don't know, Sir."

"But, perhaps, they may be from Jamaica—Do you like the faſhion?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, ſuppoſe then I purchaſe a few dozen for us of the ſame ſort?"

"You have a right, Sir, to chuſe for yourſelf, on theſe occaſions."

"But I ſhall be ready to conſult you about our furniture. Apropos! How do you like this ring? Let me ſee how it looks on your finger; it ſparkles like your eyes. Wear it for the giver's ſake."

"Sir, I never accept a preſent, except from my parents or relations."

"O, my dear, don't be baſhful; when we are more familiar, you will not be *awed* by my preſence, and you know you may receive any thing from me, *child*, as freely as from your *parents!*"

"I don't underſtand you, Sir. Be pleaſed to take your ring. I am much obliged to your generoſity; but I never receive preſents from gentlemen."

"You

"You are right in that, Letty, in ſome ſort; but conſidering my relation to you, you need be under no reſtraint or diſguiſe. So don't be ſheepiſh, my dear; but conſider whatever I have as yours."

"You are very liberal, Sir; but I imagine you expect in return, that whatever I have ſhould be alſo yours."

"Yes, yes, my dear, it is a fair bargain; what, you have not then read the *marriage articles* ?"

"What articles?"

"Ours, my dear!"

"You ſeem, Sir, to have adjuſted this important buſineſs with great eaſe, and mean to celebrate the marriage, as you have drawn the ſettlement, without conſulting one of the parties."

"There is no danger of a want of conſent."

"*Mine* has never been aſked by you, Sir, and will never be given."

"How! not conſent! What poſſible objection can you have to it? Any lady in

in the land would jump at the propoſal."

"There is *one*, Sir, you find, who can decline it."

"What, Madam! do you mean to *inſult* me by your refuſal? This is d——d provoking indeed."

"Sir, I am far from wiſhing to offend, by exerciſing the ſame right to refuſe, which you claim to chuſe."

"I inſiſt upon it, that *a refuſal of my hand* is a groſs *inſult*. It is impoſſible you can have any objection. Colonel Beekman's fortune, character, and perſon, are equal to the expectations of any lady; and your father and mother have not objected, much leſs ſhould you, Miſs. Be pleaſed to mention your difficulty, *child*."

"Sir, I ſhould expect the conduct of a *father* more than a *lover*, in one who conſiders me only as a *child*. Would you, Sir, ſacrifice a daughter not yet of age, to a perſon without her conſent?"

"How can you call, Miſs, a marriage with me *ſacrificing* yourſelf? It is a reflection on my character to ſay any woman would not be *honoured* inſtead of *ſacrificed*, by my alliance. But it is enough. You ſhall not be gratified with a ſecond refuſal. This has all ariſen, I ſee, from your intimacy with an *upſtart*, with a *baſe-born* adventurer."

"There is no one of my acquaintance, Sir, who can merit ſuch epithets, except he who dares to give them in my preſence; which he may quit as ſpeedily as he pleaſes."

"Though, then, Madam, I deſpiſe you for your ignoble attachment, and am entirely indifferent about you, I will compel you to the match, if only to puniſh you for your inſolence." So ſaying, he left the room, and pulled the door after him with fury.

He ran ſtorming to her parents, who appeared to be equally aſtoniſhed at her refuſal. They immediately, joined by Aaron,

Aaron, went furiouſly into her chamber, and, had not her aunt interpoſed, our heroine would have felt the force of their hands, as well as tongues. They dwelt much on the trouble and expence they had been at in the buſineſs, and the injury done to the colonel. In ſhort, her father was on the verge of taking an *oath* that he would diſinherit her, and turn her out of doors, unleſs ſhe conſented; when Letitia, in a ſolemn and majeſtic manner, begged to be heard, if only for the laſt time: "My dear father, as to the fortune you may have intended me, I will ſooner renounce it than be wretched; nay more, that I may not be burdenſome to you, I will hereafter pay for all my own expences, and diſcharge whatever this affair may have coſt out of the hundred pound *per annum*, which my grandfather gave me. All I aſk is time to look about me, and I will engage not to marry without your conſent, pro-

vided you attempt not to force me to marry without my own."

Her aunt Duncomb declared this was reaſonable; and Aaron, to the general ſurpriſe, agreed in opinion. This brought on a ceſſation of hoſtilities, and the parties retired. The cauſe of Aaron's conduct was, that he was ſtruck with the idea of her maintaining herſelf without diminiſhing the family purſe, and that in the event a ſaving might be made of any advance of fortune on her marriage.

CHAP. XXIV.

THE PLOT THICKENS.

NO ſooner was our hero's departure known through the country, than Miſs Moody thought it a fit opportunity to puſh forward the ſcheme ſhe had been long brooding. She had every reaſon to expect, from the ſpirit of Letitia, and from the

the materials ſhe might employ, that ſhe could alienate, before our hero's return, her affections from him, and render the breach irreparable: and, at the worſt, ſhe believed it to be in her power to prevent him, if reduced to extremities, from becoming another's if not her's. She therefore wrote the following letter to our heroine:

"DEAR LETTY,

"IT is only the long friendſhip which has ſubſiſted between us, that induces me to be explicit on a ſubject which muſt give pain to us both. I have lately learnt that Mr. Tickle has paid his addreſſes to you, and that you have not diſcouraged them. I can hardly believe that there can be any thing ſerious in it, after the proteſtations of love he has made to me, and the pains he has taken to obtain a return. I own his aſſiduous attentions have made an impreſſion on my heart equal to (as I have every reaſon to

believe) the ſincere and ardent love he has profeſſed and diſplayed for me. Conſidering him under the moſt honourable engagements, I have not ſcrupled to receive his viſits and addreſſes with particular diſtinction, and my family to authoriſe and approve of them. If therefore he has of late made profeſſions of regard to you, his conduct muſt be moſt faithleſs; and if he refuſes to make me full reparation, he ſhall not eſcape my claims, the indignation of my family, and the juſtice which the laws will grant. Had you been candid, and confided to me his interview and declaration at my houſe, and your ſubſequent tête-à-têtes at your's, which I have only heard of lately, I would have rejected his addreſſes before they had made an impreſſion on my heart, and my reputation and peace of mind had been intereſted. If therefore you are by any means concerned, my dear, you muſt impute it to your own want of frankneſs.

" My

"My brother would immediately call him to an account, if he ſuſpected any diſhonourable conduct in Mr. Tickle; but I hope, for us both, that there is no foundation in the report. In the meanwhile, he has accepted a ring from me, and given me one of equal value, as a pledge of mutual love; and I herewith, to give you the fulleſt ſatisfaction, incloſe a proof of his declarations to me, atteſted by my couſin and my maid, which you will be pleaſed to return. I thought I owed you this candid explanation, and am,

"Dear Letty,

"Your affectionate Friend,

"JULIA MOODY."

"We, the ſubſcribers, declare, and are ready to atteſt, that we have ſeen Mr. Tickle very frequent in his viſits to Miſs Moody, and particular in his attentions; and that, among other proofs of fondneſs, we heard him declare he 'loved her,' ſwear 'the moſt unalterable affection;'

the moſt honourable views, and reſolution 'to marry none but her;' and that Miſs Moody expreſſed in anſwer, 'her acceptance of him,' which he acknowledged by the moſt endearing and affecting language.

"JANE STARKIE.
"SALLY DUNCAN."

The declarations here alluded to, were thoſe which, the reader may recollect, paſſed when our hero addreſſed Miſs Moody as *perſonating* his dear Letitia. To authenticate them, ſhe had artfully, at that juncture, introduced him into a room where ſhe knew his diſcourſe would be overheard by the ſubſcribers.

When the unfortunate Letitia had peruſed theſe fatal papers, rage, horror, jealouſy, grief, and indignation, alternately rent her boſom. "Is it poſſible then, that he can be ſuch a villain? I cannot believe it. It muſt be a forgery. She was always, I recollect, an enemy to our paſſion. She at firſt endeavoured to prejudice

prejudice me againſt him, and to check our intimacy. Is it poſſible that the generous Tickle, who riſked his life for *mine*, who has ſhewn ſuch a delicacy in his conduct, ſuch a diſintereſted attachment, ſo great a fear to offend, ſo much nicety not to ſeem ſenſible of the obligations he had conferred, or to owe any favour to our acknowledgment—that he ſhould be guilty of a duplicity unequalled by the moſt deliberate villain, that he ſhould ſacrifice every virtue which he ſeemed to adore, and his Letitia, who has braved every danger and difficulty of incenſed and impetuous parents, and rivals, for his ſake? Can he have taken ſo much pains to make me miſerable and himſelf odious? It is impoſſible.—But what arguments can ſet aſide *facts?* She has produced two witneſſes of his perjury, and has hinted at *ſecrets* between us, that none but he could communicate, and, in communicating, has forfeited all my eſteem, and furniſhed her with an undeniable proof of his treachery.

Having loſt that honour for which I valued him, he is no longer worthy of my regret. 'Tis even happy for me that I have ſo ſoon known him. She ſhall not, at leaſt, triumph in my complaint." So ſaying, and feeling a certain elevation and dignity of mind from her reſolution, ſhe wrote, and diſpatched, the following to Miſs Moody:

"MADAM,

"I HAVE to acknowledge your zeal on this, as well as many a former occaſion, to guard me againſt Mr. Tickle. From the ſervices he rendered me, and his general good character, it is difficult to believe, that he merits the contempt and infamy which you deſcribe him as deſerving of; and I cannot but wonder, that a lady ſo ready and capable of adviſing others, ſhould lay any claim to a perſon ſo little, by her own account, to be *confided in.* I ſhall, however, take advantage of your information, and never admit

admit to my intimacy one ſo much deficient, as you deſcribe, in veracity and honour.

" Your's,

" LETITIA FORESTER."

Under this impulſe of reſentment, and ſupported by conſcious integrity, pride, and ſelf-approbation, our heroine's mind felt a degree of extraordinary exultation at this conqueſt over her paſſion, and fondly imagined ſhe had torn it in a moment from her breaſt. No power on earth now could have compelled her to favour the addreſſes of him, whom the moment before no threats, no calamity, could force her to abandon. It was at this unlucky criſis, that our hero came on the wings of love to bid her an affectionate adieu. Full of the conſcioufneſs of his own ardent and unchangeable attachment, and a confidence in her's, he ſought (after admittance, without being formally announced) the room where ſhe

was, and preſſing eagerly towards her, held out his hand to ſeize her's. He was frozen with horror, on ſeeing her ſtart back, and with a look of firm dignity and ſeverity, wave her hand towards the door, ſaying, "Quit this houſe inſtantly! How dare you venture to intrude here?"

Our hero, trembling with diſappointment and alarm, cried, "It is I, adorable Letitia: it is your ever faithful and grateful Tickle."

"I once eſteemed a perſon of that name; but am now only ſorry that my hard fate ever expoſed me to lie under an obligation to one ſo faithleſs and contemptible." She then walked out with a determined air, ſaying, as ſhe ſhut the door after her, "Never preſume to contaminate my company with your preſence. Conſult your own heart for the cauſe."

Our hero ſtood for ſome moments motionleſs, unable to fathom the myſtery, or recover his preſence of mind. He rang the bell, and requeſted one of the ſervants to

to go to Letitia, and entreat her to explain the cauſe of her anger, and to admit him to an interview, where he might know the charges againſt him, and vindicate his innocence; but ſhe was inexorable, and refuſed to hear his name mentioned. He then returned to his lodgings almoſt frantic with grief, and wrote a letter, couched in the moſt pathetic terms, requeſting her to ſtate the cauſe of her anger, or to ſuſpend her judgment till time ſhould enable him to vindicate himſelf. He carried this to her aunt's, and gave it to a ſervant for delivery; but ſhe returned with it unopened. He took very little repoſe that night, and was much deranged next day. Sancho uſed every art to find the ſource of his diſtreſs. Our hero diſcloſed to this faithful domeſtic the unaccountable change in his dear Letitia, and that he could not ſurvive the continuance of her reſentment, and the anxious ſuſpenſe of his mind. Sancho undertook immediately either to deliver

deliver a letter to her, and obtain an anſwer, or to lurk near the houſe to ſee his favourite Bab, and wind the ſecret from her. Tim, after trying every other method in vain, left the city with Dr. Sourby; who was out of patience with his delays. He gave Sancho orders to patrole about the ſtreets where ſhe frequented, or, if ſhe returned to Cranberry Hall, to follow her, and neglect no pains or expence to diſcover the grounds of her diſpleaſure, or to have a letter given into her own hands.

Our heroine, in the meanwhile, though ſhe, on ſome occaſions, lamented bitterly that her proſpects of felicity were ſo ſuddenly blaſted, and that ſhe had been ſo much diſappointed in her ideas of the honour and virtues of Tim, complained to none, but maintained a dignified though grave demeanour.

CHAP. XXV.

DR. SOURBY AND OUR HERO'S FIRST TASTE OF UNCEREMONIOUS FREEDOM AND SIMPLE LIFE.

WE ſhall now follow Dr. Sourby and our hero, who, after a pleaſant journey without any particular occurrence, had paſſed the falls of Paſſaic, in New Jerſey, much admired by travellers. The day was remarkably fine, and they had juſt riſen from their dinners and mounted their horſes, when Dr. Sourby, in a high flow of ſpirits, began to rally our hero on his melancholy. "*Eripe turpi collum jugo, liber ſum, liber ſum, dic age!* The philoſophic mind is always free. It is not dazzled by artificial goods. It does not reſt its felicity on uncertain, fleeting, and ideal bleſſings. It is independent, and draws its happineſs from its own reſources."

"Believe

"Believe me," ſaid Tim, ſighing, "a *lover*, though he may feel more pains, is alſo capable of delights which the frozen breaſt of a philoſopher never can conceive."

"All illuſive vanity, the mere creature of debauched fancy, and our corrupt education. In objects of taſte in the fine arts, in the forms of intellectual and moral beauty, all men will agree in all parts of the globe. But a man ſhall be engroſſed and faſcinated by a damſel, in whom none of his neighbours ſhall ſee any charms. He ſhall be intimidated, falter, and tremble in the preſence of a giddy unlettered girl. What folly can be more ridiculous?"

"You cannot mean," ſaid Tim, "to draw an inference from hence to my caſe, or argue, becauſe ſome men's ears are delighted with a *jewsharp*, or a *ſowgelder's* horn, that there is no *ſweetneſs or melody* in any muſic. You know enough of Letitia, to agree that the loſs of ſo much beauty and

and perfection is ſuperior to any other misfortune."

"I allow, my dear Sir, that her accompliſhments are great; but I cannot conceive how a lady's regard can be *eſſential* to a man's felicity, when he might have been perfectly happy though ſhe had *never exiſted*."

"You might as well urge, that a man born blind or deaf would not be ſenſible of the beauties of light and colours, and the melody of ſounds; and therefore that we who have long enjoyed them, would feel no loſs from the deprivation of thoſe ſenſes. If you have never indeed been in love, you can form no judgment in the caſe, as you are without the ideas proper to that paſſion."

"In *love!*" ſaid Dr. Sourby. "No man more ſo. *Molle meum levibus cor eſt violabile telis.* But it was when I was *idle* and *young*; which, by the bye, are ſtrong arguments againſt the *wiſdom* of it. Minerva is the enemy of Venus and her ſon, who chiefly

chiefly enſlave the thoughtleſs and unemployed. Fill the head with metaphyſics, or the heart with a love of buſineſs, fortune, power, or fame, and the torch of Cupid will be extinguiſhed or burn idly. According to the poet: '*Otia ſi tollas, periere Cupidinis arcus*'."

"My dear Doctor," ſaid Tim, "do favour me with one of your love anecdotes; it will tend to alleviate my anguiſh, and ſhorten our journey."

"To oblige you, then, I muſt own, that when I was of your age, I was ſo averſe to the ſex, and diſconcerted in their company, that I remember when my couſin and ſome other young ladies came to viſit me at college, I gave the keys of my cloſets, the tea and ſugar, into her care, and hurried away to drink tea at a coffee-houſe, till their departure. Soon after, in a vacation, I was at Mr. Thuckford's houſe in the country, where I was taken ill, and confined to bed with violent cramps. Here Cupid attacked me

unarmed

unarmed and unable to make a *retreat*. My hoſt had a jolly young houſe-keeper, who attended me, and ſo kindly adminiſtered my medicines, and rubbed my limbs when ſeized by the ſpaſm, that I began to find myſelf in danger. The artful huſſy, to improve the advantage, read at my bed-ſide for me, and would watch by me all night. This gave the finiſhing ſtroke to my apathy, and I became a downright lover, and would have married the charming *Molly Malſnuſs*, if I had not luckily diſcovered that ſhe was equally tender-hearted to my ſervant Pero, following the rule, I ſuppoſe, 'love me, love my dog'."

Our hero laughed heartily at the Doctor's firſt love adventure; and, recovering his wonted good-humour, began to admire the pleaſant farms ranged along the road, each ſupplied with handſome orchards and gardens, and laid out with great regularity and neatneſs.

"I am

"I am glad, my dear Tim," ſaid the Doctor, "to ſee you regain a little of your vivacity. Endeavour, like me, to preſerve *an equal mind*, and to ſay with Horace, '*Equum mi animum ipſe parabo.*' Life is like a *journey*; where we muſt meet with ups and downs, ſmooth and rough, ill accommodations as well as good; but the experienced traveller turns all into a ſubject of *profit* or *amuſement*. He is like a ſmooth ball, that the ſmall rubs of fortune cannot impede."

Thus debating and moralizing, they arrived at a wood of great extent, where they had ſome difficulty in exploring their road; and towards evening, after being much haraſſed with a circuitous progreſs, they reached a ſingle houſe, remote from any others for many miles, and approaching it, "Courage, Doctor," ſaid Tim, "I ſee it is an inn, the ſign of the Cock and Bottle."

"I am very glad of it," replied the Doctor, "for I am confoundedly tired with this

his zigzag ride. In the name of all that is good, I will indict the neighbourhood for not having a proper road and posts to direct travellers." So saying, they drove the one-horse chair near the door, and hallooed in vain for some time. At last a meagre-faced woman, with ferret eyes, thrust her head out of an upper window, and cried, "Pray what do you *want*, making that noise?"

"Don't you see that we *want* somebody to take our horse to the stable?"

"Want is like to be your master then; for our negroes are all at work in the fields."

"Why don't you come down yourself, then?"

"What! *two* great *lusty men*, and cannot take a horse out of the chair, without expecting help? Take him to the stable yourselves, or let him stand there. He'll take no hurt." So saying, she shut the window, and our travellers, muttering, led him into the barn, and gave him some hay.

As

As they, as well as the horſe, were tired, our hero recommended that they ſhould take things as they found them, and make a virtue of neceſſity; as there ſeemed to be no other inn within ten miles, and night was faſt advancing. On entering, they aſked whether they could be accommodated for the night, and ſhe ſaid, drily, "Perhaps you may, and perhaps you may not; you may go further and fare worſe; we have had curricles and phaetons, as well as a *one-horſe chair*, here before now."

"I don't doubt it," ſaid Dr. Sourby, "but have you good *clean* beds?"

"Why not, Sir? what do you ſee in me to think my beds are not *good* and *clean*? Deacon Marrowfat, ſquire Grundy, and captain Jedediah Moſely, ſlept here no longer than Friday laſt. If you don't like the houſe, you're welcome to quit it."

Our hero replied with an engaging ſmile, "Dear Madam, we mean no offence, and are perſuaded by the neatneſs of

of your perſon of the elegance of your houſe. We only want to beſpeak two beds."

"We ſhall have ſo much company," returned ſhe, "that we cannot ſpare more than *one*, which is large enough in all conſcience to hold two."

Tim then inquired what they could have for *ſupper*, and ſhe ſaid ſhe would ſee after it, and returning informed them, "nothing but bacon and eggs."

"O, that will do very well," ſaid our hero, "and you will ſend in, if you have no wine, ſome cider, and a pint of your beſt rum with ſome water, and pipes and tobacco for this gentleman."

"Very ſurly and dry this," ſaid Dr. Sourby. "I am afraid we ſhall rather have *rough fare* with it."

"Only a noble ſpirit of equality and independence," ſaid our hero. "She knows we can't better ourſelves, and that we get the *value* for our money."

"They

"They might throw a little *civility* in the ſcale," replied he, "to give a flavour to this natural *ſimplicity*; which is quite conſiſtent with paying reſpect where it is due."

They had not been long ſeated before the landlord, with a ſhort jacket and trowſers, and dirty red cap, came with his pipe into the room, and took a chair near them, and, after a hearty draught of their cider, ſaid, "What, are you from York city, gemmen?"

"We are," ſaid Tim.

"How long ſince might you leave it?"

"About two days ago."

"What news is there? Any thing freſh, eh? Has the Britiſh fleet met with the enemy? I'll warrant they have given a good account of the French."

Dr. Sourby tried to evade this teizing catechiſm, by aſking when *ſupper* would be ready; but he coldly anſwered, "My wife will ſee it brought in as ſoon as it is ready.

ready. Come, your healths, and ſucceſs to the brave admiral Warren."

Tim pledged him; but Dr. Sourby looked very much aſkew, and addreſſed a few queſtions to our hero reſpecting ſome of their acquaintance; but the landlord without reſerve ſaid, "All *above-board*, gentlemen; you know it's not good manners to introduce *private affairs* in public company. We are not born in *a wood*, and the more a *proud* man thinks of himſelf, the leſs a *ſenſible* man will think of him."

Two or three ſets of company now came in, and the vociferations of different tongues on various ſubjects, made the room appear much like a Babel. Supper was at laſt ſerved up in a ſlovenly manner, conſiſting of bacon and eggs, the former of which was ſo hard that Dr. Sourby could ſcarcely chew it; and indeed the intruſive interruptions of the eaſy hoſt had almoſt deprived him of appetite. "I dare ſay, Sir," ſaid he, "you mean to

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Dr. Sourby tried to evade this teizing catechiſm, by aſking when *ſupper* would be ready; but he coldly anſwered, "My wife will ſee it brought in as ſoon as it is ready.

ready. Come, your healths, and ſucceſs to the brave admiral Warren."

Tim pledged him; but Dr. Sourby looked very much aſkew, and addreſſed a few queſtions to our hero reſpecting ſome of their acquaintance; but the landlord without reſerve ſaid, "All *above-board*, gentlemen; you know it's not good manners to introduce *private affairs* in public company. We are not born in *a wood*, and the more a *proud* man thinks of himſelf, the leſs a *ſenſible* man will think of him."

Two or three ſets of company now came in, and the vociferations of different tongues on various ſubjects, made the room appear much like a Babel. Supper was at laſt ſerved up in a ſlovenly manner, conſiſting of bacon and eggs, the former of which was ſo hard that Dr. Sourby could ſcarcely chew it; and indeed the intruſive interruptions of the eaſy hoſt had almoſt deprived him of appetite. "I dare ſay, Sir," ſaid he, "you mean to

viſit our falls, and perhaps the great mines?"

"We probably may," ſaid Tim.

"Are you concerned in them?"

"Not at all."

"O, then you are mere gentlemen travellers, and will go as far as Bethlem, and thence to Philadelphia."

"Very probably we may."

"Have you ever ſeen Philadelphia? It is a very regular-built city, don't you think ſo?"

"It is generally ſo thought."

"You are not related to the Van Duyſers, or the Van Horns, are you? I ſuppoſe you know them?"

Our hero, and Dr. Sourby, would have ſunk under this inundation of queſtions, had they not been relieved by a little dapper man, with a ſpruce white wig, who begged, if it was not diſagreeable, to join parties; which being aſſented to, the tables were cloſed, and all the jarring elements formed into one body. Here they

they were relieved from interrogatory by the inceſſant loquacity of their companions, who kept up the wordy war without any interval, or ceſſation of force, till the ears, as well as the lungs and limbs of our travellers, being overcome with fatigue, they retired to a double-bedded room, one part of which they found already occupied by two corpulent graziers, who ſnored moſt tremendouſly in uniſon. They crept ſnugly to their truſs, the Doctor grumbling, "I muſt own there are conveniences and attentions in civilized places, which men want in a ruder and more ſimple ſtate. But they are mere luxuries, unworthy a moment's attention of the philoſopher."

Our hero was ſoon loſt in ſilent repoſe; but they had not lain long before they were ſtartled with the noiſe of "Fire! murder!"—A candle being brought into the room, one of the lodgers in the other bed was ſprawling and roaring like a madman, to the general diſcomfiture;

but on being ſhaken and well wakened, he lamented his being ſubject to very diſtreſſing and terrific dreams. It was agreed to leave the candle in the room, and, after ſome time, Dr. Sourby rouſed our hero, and inquired of him how he had ſlept.

"Tolerably well," he replied.

"As for my part," cried the Doctor, "I have felt all the pains and plagues of Egypt. Why, you can have neither feeling nor ſmell." So ſaying, he ſallied out for the candle, and bringing it to the bed, exclaimed, *parce precor*. This is as bad as the plagues of Egypt. What a cavalcade! as numerous as the ſands on the ſea-ſhore, or leaves after a ſtorm."

Our hero ſoon diſcerned that the bed was ſwarming with bugs; but being overcome with fatigue, he ſeized the blanket, and wrapping himſelf up in it, laid himſelf on the floor, ſaying, "You know we muſt ſuit ourſelves to all ſituations, Doctor, and wrap ourſelves ſnug in the arms of philo-

philoſophy; *Totus teres et rotundus in ſeipſo.* Theſe are only ills that fleſh is heir to, and there is room enough for us all, for bugs as well as elephants."

The Doctor did not much reliſh our hero's pleaſantry, but imitated his example, and they ſlept ſoundly till about day-break; when they heard a voice, crying, "You'll not mutiny, you dog! ſoldiers, handcuff him directly. He ſhall be tried for a deſerter."

This was ſucceeded by the moſt lamentable cries and ſupplications. Our hero ſtarted up, and, attended by the Doctor, went below, where they found a young countryman on his knees, begging a moment's reſpite in terms moſt affecting. Tim eagerly inquired the cauſe, and he ſaid, "He had been draughted out of the militia to go againſt the French; that he was engaged to be married to a country girl, his dear Sally Simpſon, who had been long his true love; that he only feared ſhe would break her heart with the

ſeparation, and had wiſhed to paſs an hour or two with her that night; which had been denied him. He now only intreated to bid her a laſt farewell."

Our hero thought this ſo reaſonable, that he interceded in his favour with the ſerjeant, and offered him a ſhilling to drink his health."

'God bleſs you, good Sir," ſaid Bluff; "you may be ſure I would not deny ſo raiſonable a requeſt. Only it might make him tinder-hearted, d'ye ſee. And to tell you the truth, and ſhew what a ſoft-pated credulous ninnyhammer he is to ſigh after a parting kiſs, and to be afraid of her dying for love of him; the fact is, ſhe has fallen to my ſhare, and a merry evening we had, drinking part of his bounty-money, which he gave the dear craiture. If you chuſe to ſatisfy yourſelves of her vartue and conſtancy, if you'll ſtep to my quarters in the garret, you will find her napping in the bed we have ſhared together"

The

The recruit ſwore, if he could have ocular proof of this, he would renounce his fooliſh paſſion, and cheerfully join his corps. The whole company repaired to the place appointed, and found the faithful Sally ſleeping under the ſerjeant's huſſar cloak; they all then retired ſoftly to the parlour, where our hero gave two ſhillings to conſole the lover and drink his majeſty's health; whiſpering to Dr. Sourby, that love as well as philoſophy had its follies.

CHAP. XXVI.

STRANGE ALARM, FLIGHT, AND MISADVENTURE.

WHILE they were at breakfaſt, Dr. Sourby examined his pocket-book, and laid his bills on the table, counting them exactly over, to ſee whether all were ſafe. During this a perſon ſuddenly entered, plainly dreſſed, tall, with red

hair and whiſkers, and a ſtern rough countenance, booted and ſpurred, with a whip in his hand, and a pair of piſtols and ſaddle-bags. Laying theſe down, he drew a chair, and ſaid, "If you have no objection, gentlemen, I'll take breakfaſt with you." On which he helped himſelf to a diſh without waiting for an anſwer. Dr. Sourby hurried his money and bills into his pocket with very ſuſpicious precipitation, and entered into converſation with much ſtammering and heſitation. After ſome common chit-chat, he aſked which way their route lay, and ſaid, if they had no objection, he would make one of their party, as he was journeying the ſame courſe. Our hero very adroitly turned off the diſcourſe to another ſubject, without either agreeing or refuſing. The ſtranger ſoon after this ſtepped out to look at his horſe. "A very intruſive forward fellow this, to force himſelf thus on us. I don't like his appearance at all," ſaid Dr. Sourby.

"Beſides,"

"Beſides," replied our hero, reſolving to have ſome ſport with the Doctor's fears, "he came in at a very unlucky moment, when you had all your money on the table."

"He is well armed, and has the air and look," ſaid the Doctor, "of a highwayman. I think we had better ſtay behind, or puſh forward without him."

"We'll do the latter, if you pleaſe, and I'll immediately pay the reckoning, and be off. We can have horſes for the next ten miles."

This was agreed, and the reckoning being paid, they ſallied out unperceived by the ſtranger, and puſhed on rapidly for five miles; when Dr. Sourby began to exult at his penetration and their lucky eſcape. "I could ſwear the fellow is a deſperate villain, and had a deſign on us."

"His forwardneſs was certainly ſuſpicious," ſaid Tim, "and your money a great temptation."

"Not that any robber ſhould eaſily

make me reſign my caſh." replied Sourby. "It is a duty we *owe the public*, to reſiſt and apprehend them. The Doctor on this happened to look behind, and cried, "By the Lord! yonder he is, coming full ſpeed after us. It is all over; ſpur away."

"He is ſo much better mounted than us," ſaid Tim, "that he muſt overtake us. Now, as you have moſt of the money, puſh on with all ſpeed, and I'll linger to receive him, which will give you an opportunity to eſcape."

Dr. Sourby on this whipped and ſpurred away like a madman, but loſing his equipoiſe, and preſſing too hard on one ſtirrup, his girth broke, his ſaddle turned, and he fell like a woolpack on the ground. The ſtranger, who had now approached our hero, on ſeeing this, preſſed ſwiftly by him, and reaching the Doctor's horſe, ſeized him by the bridle, and inſtantly diſmounted. The Doctor thinking all loſt, quivered, and cried out, "Lord have mercy

mercy on me," expecting inſtant death, or the cry of *ſtand and deliver*. But the traveller courteouſly inquired, "I hope, Sir, you are not hurt;" raiſed him from the ground, and with great readineſs and expertneſs adjuſted the ſaddle, and repaired the girth. Then aſſiſting him to mount, he ſaid, "Gentlemen, you had the ſtart of me; but I find I am better mounted."

He talked of this and that, rode ſometimes behind and ſometimes before, and the Doctor was in a perpetual lather, apprehending he was only waiting a convenient ſpot to attack them. They in a little time arrived at a ſmall town, where Dr. Sourby, puffing and blowing, told our hero, as ſoon as they were alone, that he did not underſtand the familiarity of the fellow, and was determined to ſhake him off at this place. As he expreſſed his wiſhes to go further that night, the Doctor reſolved to delay and dine, that he might ſet off by himſelf. "O, for

ſhame, gemmen," ſaid he, "to loſe ſo fine a day. We can eaſily reach a village about five miles diſtant, where we ſhall have excellent accommodations."

The Doctor replied, coldly, that he had buſineſs, and meant to dine where he was.

On this the ſtranger courteouſly added, "O, if buſineſs detains you, it is another matter, and I can adjourn mine for the pleaſure of your company; for nothing ſhortens a journey more than entertaining fellow-travellers."

Dr. Sourby on this looked queerly at our hero, but he could not help giving a cordial aſſent to the ſtranger's propoſal. Having ſummoned the waiter, they agreed on a turkey and ſauſages for their dinner, and ordered it to be prepared as ſpeedily as poſſible. They then ſauntered about the town, and were ſurpriſed to ſee the great crowds of people flocking into it from all parts. The celebrated itinerant, Mr. Cantwell, was expected, it ſeems, that

that day, which had created an univerſal uproar. By his pulpit oratory, and maddening doctrines, he had ſpread the moſt extraordinary epidemical enthuſiaſm among the deluded people. This *mania* ſpared neither age nor ſex. All aſpired to the gift of preaching, and the blacks quitted their ſpits and pans in the kitchens, to liſten to his rhapſodies, or attend little parties of *feelers*, *ſeekers*, and *ghoſtly grunters*, and *groaners*.

"You ſee here," ſaid Dr. Sourby, "in miniature the effects of *oratory* on the human mind. If this illiterate driveller, from the advantage merely of ſtrong lungs, a theatrical addreſs, and flow of words, however inelegant and miſapplied, can convulſe a whole country; what would not the eloquence of a Cicero or Demoſthenes effect? Theſe are the occaſions (only found in free ſtates) in which the mighty powers of the human mind, and the ſuperiority of education, are nobly diſplayed. This is the only rational way of

of governing men, by perſuaſion and addreſſes to their underſtandings inſtead of force and command!"

"I fancy," ſaid Tim, "learning and ſound reaſoning would cut but ſcurvy figures in ſuch a conteſt as this with cant and buffoonery."

"I wiſh I had the trial to make," ſaid Dr. Sourby, "how I could rouſe their minds by a Philippic, or an oration like that againſt Catiline, '*Quouſque tandem, Catilina, abuteris*, &c.' 'How long, O Catiline, will you abuſe our patience'?"

"Eloquence," ſaid our hero, "like wit, has its walks and purlieus; and believe me, what would be admired in one place, and by one claſs, would be deſpiſed and held ridiculous in another."

The diſpute continued till their arrival at the inn, when Dr. Sourby deſired them to hurry the dinner. "You can have *no dinner* here to-day," ſaid the landlord, "except you take ſome cold pork immediately."

"How

"How ſo?" ſaid our hero; "we ordered a turkey and ſauſages."

"So you might," ſaid the hoſt, "but Mr. *Cantwell* has juſt come in, with deacon Cooper, Dr. Bullcock, ſquire Bumble, and other gentlemen, and they have ordered the turkey for themſelves."

"Whatever they may be," ſaid Dr. Sourby, "we beſpoke the dinner, and it is ours."

"*Yours!*" ſaid the landlord, clapping his hands a-kimbo. "Who, in God's name, are you, to put yourſelf on a level with ſuch gentlemen? all people of large landed eſtates in the county, who keep their chairs and curricles."

At this noiſe ſquire Bumble and Dr. Bullcock ſtepped into the entry, and inquired the cauſe of the noiſe. "Mr. Cantwell muſt not be diſturbed; and if any fellows are riotous, I'll commit them."

The landlord, bowing and ſcraping, told them the cauſe. On which juſtice Bumble, caſting a look of contempt on our

our hero's party, ſaid, "*Some vagrants*, I ſuppoſe; or they would never preſume to inſult gentlemen, by refuſing to *accommodate the landlord*, when he wiſhed to oblige them."

"Sir," ſaid our hero, with a firm voice, "we beſpoke the turkey, and whoever lays a claim on it, has *none* to the title of *gentleman*."

"A very pretty requeſt, indeed," ſaid the ſtranger, "and a very pious one; to inſiſt that we ſhould reſign our dinners to gorge Mr. Cantwell, Squintum, or whatever you call him; by Jaſus, the firſt man that offers to take the turkey, I'll ſpit him in its place, do you ſee."

This, delivered in a menacing and loud tone, brought *Cantwell* from his meditations; who exhorted, for Chriſtian charity, not to contend about carnal things; but finding all his rhetoric unable to perſuade our hero and his party to reſign the turkey, he meekly propoſed that they ſhould make a *common meſs*, as more edifying and becoming.

becoming. This being agreed to, they all accompanied this goſpel-trumpeter to the pariſh church, which the rector had been compelled by the pariſhioners to lend to this zealous itinerant.

After great ſqueezing and buſtle, he mounted the roſtrum, and ranted forth a prayer, more adapted to the humours and prejudices of his hearers, than the ſolemnity of the place. He then poured forth a diſcourſe, conſiſting of a flood of ribaldry, vulgar, and even *indecent* compariſons, and wild myſtical declarations, reſpecting the new birth, chooſing for his text, 'Except ye be born again, &c.'

At one time he ſet his audience in a roar, with a *facetious ſtory* or *anecdote*, in which he abounded, and, to do him juſtice, could tell with ſingular humour. At another, he would draw tears and lamentations, by his theatrical weeping and wailing, and affecting geſticulations. He was proceeding (like ſome tragic actor ſtrutting a mighty monarch in a barn, and

and tearing the paſſions into tatters), when the poor *rector* (who was a man of great learning, but equal ſimplicity, warmth of temper, and inexperience in the art of haranguing) roſe unexpectedly, and ſaid, "He could not, in conſcience, ſit ſilent, and hear ſuch dangerous doctrines diſſeminated from his pulpit, ſuch unintelligible jargon, and wild incoherencies, calculated to pervert the hearts, and craze the heads of the hearers."

He was dwelling in a plain argumentative way, on the abſtruſeneſs and myſtery of Cantwell's preaching, and urged that his doctrines were irreconcileable to reaſon and plain ſcripture; when this artful demagogue, looking down archly at him, ſaid, "Art thou a teacher in Iſrael, and knoweſt not theſe things?" A ſolemn pauſe enſued, and the audience gave him a thundering clap, and ſhout of applauſe. He then went on: "My heart is melted within me, my dear brethren, yea, my bowels yearn over you with ſorrow, that you

you ſhould have a *Nicodemus* for your guide—a blind guide—*a velvet-mouthed Arminian*, who can lick only himſelf, the outſide of the cup and platter of a *heathen morality*, inſtead of cracking for you, with the grinders of faith, the ſolid bones of evangelical truth, and feeding your ſouls with marrow and fatneſs. Bear with me, Sirs, and I will relate what I ſaw in my wanderings and pilgrimages for you, and other dear ſaints. For my whole life is yours, my beloved. As I was ſauntering along the other day, not like the devil, you may ſuppoſe, or a lawyer, ſeeking whom I might devour, but like a true phyſician for ſome backſlider, or wounded heavy-laden ſinner to heal and reſtore: I ſay, as I was trudging along in Blow-bladder lane, I ſaw over a door on a board—what do you think?—in large letters painted, '*Mangling done within.*' I ſhook my head, for a voice ſeemed to whiſper to my inward man, 'How many churches deſerve to have ſuch a board hung over their

their door, inſcribed, *Mangling done within.* Alas! alas! ſad mangling of the precious words by the keen razor of human wit, or the cleaver of ſchool divinity; ſad mangling by the proud ſaw of controverſy, by the axe of perſecution, and that poor weak flimſy ſkin-deep lancet, *morality.*

"A meet compariſon of the holyday clergy and of us, who are real *workers* in the vineyard, preſenteth itſelf to my mind. —The ſhepherd hath many ſheep that run aſtray, and are ready to be devoured by the wolves. He calls for his dogs. *(Whiſtles.)* Holla, *Jowler*, *Toby*, *Clinker*; don't you ſee the wolves are about the fold, and the ſheep are aſtray? Where are you all? *Sweetlips*, the velvet-mouth divine, is baſking in the ſunſhine of preferment, or licking the greaſy fingers of the chief cook, or his ſcullions. *Flimſy* is wagging his tail (like a pretty preacher), for a ſmile or pat of the hand of a fine lady. *Scentwell* is lurking about the market like a *fat pluraliſt*, to pick up a freſh

freſh bone; *Snarl* and *Gruff* (like ſchool divines) are tearing a dry ſheep-ſkin between them; and *Wormwood* (like a learned antiquarian) is mouthing a dirty piece of maggotty carrion. They are all otherways employed, and cannot hear the ſhepherd's voice. What does he then do? He cries *Toſs, Toſs!* (whiſtles)—a plain rugged dog like me, ever wakeful and prowling. 'At them Toſs, fetch them home Bullface!' On which we bark, bow! bow! bow! ſuch a peal in the ears of the wolves, *i. e.* our denunciations againſt your carnal enemies, that they clap their tails between their legs and ſcamper off. The ſhepherd then ſays, 'Hurrah, well done Toſs, courage Smoker, fetch in that ſheep, and that lame lamb;' Toſs ſeizes them by the ears, or nape of the neck, and drags them, *nolens volens*, into the fold. And thus it is that I, a *poor, poor*, weak veſſel, your ſpiritual dog, your ghoſtly Toſs, run after you, and drag you by the ears or feet into the aſſembly of

of ſaints. O what watchings and faſtings, what cuffs and kickings have we poor dogs in your ſervice endured, for your deliverance from that gaunt wolf the devil. Alas! alas! O my bowels! my bowels! Has any good Chriſtian a cordial for me! O for a dram of comfort! O for a ſweet drop of conſolation from any of you!"

On this, ſome old women cried out that they had ſome genuine hollands at his ſervice, or ſome right cherry-bounce, if he preferred it. Mr. Cantwell went on: "O perverſe and faithleſs generation! how long will you be dead to ſpiritual things? I mean not a carnal dram, a worldly cordial; but a refreſhing draught of the reviving ſpirits, the ſoul-warming, conſcience-ſweetening, heart-purging *aqua vitæ*, from the living fountain of the New Jeruſalem. What news have you for your teacher? What battles have been fought, what victories gained over the old ſerpent, the dragon, and the beaſt with

with ſeven heads and ſeven horns? Hark, did you hear a *horn* blow? Hark, it is not the full-toned ſound of the *horns of the altar*; but the ſqueaking note of the little crooked *Arminian ram's-horn:*" (ſaying this, he looked down with contempt on the poor creſt-fallen rector.) "Behold I have ſilenced its deluſive ſtrains by the *goſpel trumpet*, which I have this day blown in your ears."

He proceeded for an hour in this manner, to the great delectation and triumph of his hearers, who applauded each ſtriking paſſage of his harangues, either with groans and ſighs, with burſts of laughter, or loud amens. He at laſt turned his diſcourſe to a very pathetic addreſs to their benevolence, and bowels of compaſſion in behalf of a *charitable inſtitution*, which he had founded, and meant that day to collect for. When he had concluded, the congregation joined in a hymn, on which our hero's party, and many others, moved towards the door, to eſcape from the heat and

and preſſure of the place; but this expert general of the church *militant* ſoon made an ambuſcade to cut off their retreat; for caſting round his eyes and arms, with an air of authority: "Who is it that thus profanely diſturbs the ſolemnity of our worſhip? We wiſh not a penny from the purſes of any of the *enemies of the Lord and his glorious cauſe*. If there be any ſuch in this audience, we requeſt them to depart in peace; we want none of their unrighteous mammon." Seeing none bold enough to ſtamp themſelves with this character, he cried out, "As I am happy to find there are none here who wiſh to depart, let us ſhut the doors till the ſervice is ended."

He then, after the pſalm and diſmiſſion was ended, ſtood himſelf at the only door left open, and collected in a plate every perſon's contribution, as the multitude paſſed in Indian file.

CHAP. XXVII.

DIFFERENT SPECIES OF ORATORY SUITED TO DIFFERENT MEN.

The goſpel-trumpeter, ſurrounded
With long-ear'd rout, to battle ſounded.

FROM church they repaired to the inn, where a plentiful dinner was ſerved up, on which Cantwell feaſted with canine appetite, obſerving that nothing gave a keener ſtomach than preaching. He then applied himſelf ſeriouſly to the bottle, garniſhing the entertainment with many humorous jokes and anecdotes, in which he greatly abounded. The diſcourſe, at laſt, fell on the rector, whom he reprobated in the moſt unchriſtian manner, as an heretical *Arminian*, who ought to be expelled the church. Our hero could not help obſerving, "That, however Mr. Cantwell might excel his antagoniſt in the arts of harangue, he

thought he was rather deficient in that ſpirit of meekneſs, humility, and benevolence, which ought moſt to diſtinguiſh the Chriſtian: that his doctrines, indeed, tended more to fill up his hearers' minds with ſpiritual pride and cruelty, than to mend their hearts and conduct in their ſtation; to make them rely entirely on *belief and opinion*, which were in a great meaſure independent on us, and like *power*, which is indifferent in itſelf, and only laudable or condemnable according to the *uſe* to which it is applied: that thoſe popular tricks to inflame the paſſions, were as often employed in the ſervice of *error* and *impoſture*, as of *truth*, and indeed were unfriendly to her cauſe, as ſhe moſt required a *calm* and *diſpaſſionate* examination: and, in fact, that the Author and primitive teachers of Chriſtianity, never adopted thoſe canting inflammable modes of addreſs, but ſtrongly reprehended them."

Cantwell heard him with much patience, and then exclaimed, "What! another

other little *ſqueaking ram's-horn of Arminianiſm*, for the goſpel-trumpeter to ſilence. What you are, young gentleman, piping hot from your logical modes and ſyllogiſms —a thorough ſophomore, as they call you. Well then, I'll anſwer you according to your years and diſcretion, as Solomon recommends. Pray, Sir, was you never in England?" Our hero anſwered in the negative. "Then you have never ſeen any of our *true bruiſers* of Hockley in the Hole; never a fair ſcientific *ſet-to* or *ſparring-match*. Sir, your vulgar fighters, unſkilled in the arts, throw about their arms in this awkward manner, beating the air, and waſting their wind and ſtrength with uſeleſs blows; but a *thorough-bred boxer* takes this attitude, mark me, holds his arms and hands thus, and reſerves his fire till he ſees a fair opening, when he throws a blow or two into the bread-baſket, and does the buſineſs at once. Now here you have a juſt and complete parallel of the two ſorts of *preachers*. The man of

ſcience crams his diſcourſe with learned annotations and muſty obſervations; or tacks together a few ſhreds of moral maxims, which tickle the ear, and amuſe the hearers with the profound knowledge and elegance of the preacher, without affecting the *heart:* he waſtes, like the unſkilful boxer, his labour and learning in beating the air, or diſcuſſing cold and ſubtle notions. But the goſpel-trumpeter, like the true ſtage-fighter, commands the paſſions, and aims a knock-down blow at the *hearts* of his hearers, which ſettles in a moment 'the buſineſs'." So ſaying, he aimed a blow at the pit of our hero's ſtomach, who thinking the leſſon was likely to be too ſtrongly inculcated, ſtruck up Cantwell's fiſt with ſo much alertneſs, that the blow went over his ſhoulder, and pitched full in the face of deacon Gruntly (who was behind our hero, devouring the rich eloquence of his leader), levelled his noſe with his face, and his back and chair with the floor. The bulky *over-gorged*

Cantwell

Cantwell fell plump over him, to the great merriment of many of the ſpectators, and the diſpleaſure of others, who imputed the accident to deſign. Cantwell after this waved the diſcourſe; and very courteouſly related to our hero many of his adventures, and promiſed to take a dinner in his travels, at Berkeley Hall. Dr. Sourby had for a long time laboured to draw Cantwell into an argument, to diſplay his ſuperiority and eloquence, but in vain; the one eluding as dexterouſly as the other courted a combat. This inflated his vanity ſo much, that he whiſpered our hero, and their fellow-traveller, that "he would give a guinea to have a fair forenſic diſpute with him, and then they ſhould ſee the infinite difference between falſe and true oratory over the minds of the multitude, who would always follow the truth rather than falſehood or impoſture."

The Doctor was in this humour, when word was brought to the company, that

the rector had refuſed his church, for an evening ſermon, to Cantwell, and that the people aſſembled, threatened to break his windows, and force open the church doors, or even to tar and feather him if he would not comply. On this, ſome of the company, and our hero and his party, ruſhed out to his reſcue. They here ſaw a mob of upwards of a thouſand people, men, women, and children, blacks and whites, huzzaing, "Cantwell for ever! No Arminians! No Arminians! No dead morality! No velvet-mouthed preachers!" Others were employed in groups, burning Seneca's Morals, the Whole Duty of Man, Preparation for the Sacrament, Tillotſon and South, Inſtructions for the Indians, Telemachus, Homer, and Shakeſpear, and other books of heathen morality. They had driven a cart to the rector's door, with a bucket of warm tar, and a baſket of feathers, with which they threatened to decorate him. As they approached, Dr. Sourby could not

not be prevailed on to abſtain from mounting the cart, and addreſſing the people, being poſitive he could diſperſe them by his eloquence, or even lead them againſt Cantwell himſelf. With this conviction he aſcended, waved his hand, and ſtood in the attitude of a Cicero or Demoſthenes. The crowd, after ſome time, were ſilent for a moment, and he began, after many interruptions, "Countrymen, fellow-citizens, and friends, I beg your patience while I vindicate your much-injured rector, and diſplay in their genuine colours, the ignorance, chicanery, hypocriſy, and buffoonery of Cantwell."

A thouſand voices almoſt roared immediately againſt him, "What does he ſay? that our dear holy Cantwell is a buffoon and hypocrite! Impious dog! O the pagan! the heretic! Down with him, down with him!" The Doctor ſtrained his throat, waved his hands, and exerciſed his lungs till he was black in the face; but his charges were either not heard, or

inflamed the mob more againſt him. At laſt ſome of the leaders bellowed out, "Who are they that interfere in our pariſh affairs, and diſturb our worſhip? Pickpockets or high-church Arminians. Tar and feather him!"

Some of them immediately ſprang on the cart, and pulling off the Doctor's wig and clothes, covered him, in buff, with tar and feathers. This was applauded by general huzzas. Our orator could not now be defined by the logicians to be *animal bipes et implumis*—a biped and unfeathered animal. The feathers adhering to the tar, from the crown of his head to the ſoles of his feet, he preſented a figure very groteſque—a non-deſcript, without ſimilitude to any thing in the air or earth, or waters under the earth. Alas! what then availed, egregious Doctor, thy having ſtudied the Grecian and Roman models of elocution, and all the rhetoricians, from Cicero *de oratore*, Longinus, and Quintilian, to Voſſius, Farnaby, and Clerk! Thy

Thy exordium, narrations, argumentations, and perorations, thy proſopopœia, eroteſis, apoſtrophes, catabaſis, and ſynecdoches, were all in vain! They were deaf to the charmer, charmed he never ſo wiſely. Four of the mob, with faces blacked, guarded him on the cart, while others led the horſe, amid their ſhouts, around the town. Our hero, and his faithful Iriſhman, in vain endeavoured to reſcue him, at the riſk of undergoing the ſame puniſhment. After parading the ſtreets for ſome time, they approached the inn, where Cantwell was haranguing from a balcony, ſome pious ſiſters, who had kindled a fire before the door, into which they were triumphantly throwing all their books of morality, and were preparing to caſt their trinkets, gauze, caps, aprons, ſilk handkerchiefs, and ſtockings. He interrupted them by ſaying, "O daughters of Jeruſalem, great is your faith, but little is your wiſdom. To what end is this waſte? Theſe enſigns of vanity

and Satan might have been turned into weapons againſt the devil's kingdom. Take them, and ſell them to the ungodly, and bring the produce of them to your ſpiritual ſteward, and I will put them out upon intereſt for you in the funds of the New Jeruſalem, where they ſhall pay you an hundred fold." This had the deſired effect, and ſaved the ſilks and ſatins of many of the ſiſterhood, which had been deſtined for the flames *. In the mean while our hero made his way through the crowd to Mr. Cantwell, and told him with a firm tone, that if he did not interfere with his followers in favour of the unfortunate Sourby, he ſhould be indicted, and ſtand chargeable for all the miſchief of the riot. Cantwell, who was a very good-natured fellow, and thought the Doctor had ſuffered ſufficiently for his vanity, addreſſed the multitude to diſmiſs the wretched creſt-fallen philoſopher, *for*

* Hiſtory of Connecticut.

their

their weapons were ſpiritual, and not carnal. While they were heſitating, and divided in opinion, ſome crying, "*Off with him,*" and others, "*On! on!*" our hero and the Iriſhman, armed with piſtols and a ſpit, ruſhed out, and clearing their way to the cart, leaped on, and, before effectual reſiſtance could be made, conveyed the *ancient orator*, more dead than alive, into the inn. They refreſhed him with a glaſs of brandy, and, getting him into the kitchen, ſoaked him well in warm ſoap-ſuds, till he ſhed his plumage like a molting bird. Cantwell now harangued the people, and informed them that if they would repair quietly to the pariſh church, he would give them a *word of exhortation*, the rector having thought it prudent to ſubmit. They gave him three cheers, and departed.

Our hero having recovered the Doctor's wig and clothes, and finding him tolerably refreſhed, ordered a bill, and having diſcharged the reckoning, ſet out about

evening from this place of anarchy, deluſion, and fanaticiſm, accompanied by Mr. Dolier, for that was the name of the Iriſh ſtranger. Dr. Sourby was for ſome time much chop-fallen, but at laſt entered into the dialogue which we ſhall give in our next Chapter.

CHAP. XXVIII.

More peeviſh, croſs, and ſplenetic
Than dog diſtract, or monkey ſick. HUD.

AS they rode briſkly on to get out of the reach of danger, they paſſed by many crowds of people, who were ſinging hymns, or liſtening to ſome ſelf-taught orator; for this itch of fanaticiſm had ſpread far and wide through the country. "You came rather ſcurvily off with your oration, Doctor; but you might as well," ſaid the Iriſhman, "have preached, like St. Anthony, to the fiſhes."

"Their

"Their abominable religious madneſs," ſaid Dr. Sourby, "would not permit me to be heard. And a phyſician cannot be of uſe if his medicines are not taken."

"When you get among ſuch a mad rabble," ſaid Dolier, "the beſt way of *ſpeaking* to them, in my opinion, is to hold your tongue, and juſt ſay nothing at all, at all."

"You are certainly right," ſaid Tim; "for if they will *not hear him*, to what purpoſe *does he ſpeak?* Except to be ſerved ungratefully like our learned friend. Wiſdom cannot, in ſuch a caſe, be diſtinguiſhed from folly, if they will only open their ears to the latter."

"They are like a torrent," ſaid the Iriſhman, "that you muſt ſink under, or ſwim with. How dangerous is it then to break down the barriers, and give full ſweep to the inundation, which carries along with it order, property, and ſecurity, and crowns thoſe who oppoſe it with the honours of martyrdom?"

"I think,"

"I think," ſaid Dr. Sourby, "Demoſthenes himſelf would not have been better off this day, than your humble ſervant, if he had oppoſed the ſanctified *Cantwell*."

"And I fancy," ſaid Tim, "'tis much the ſame, whatever may be the madneſs, political or religious. He that does not fall in with the cant of the times has little chance of being heard with patience, when the paſſions of men are once inflamed, and they are heartily engaged in a cauſe. This gives the deſigning demagogue great advantage over the real patriot. For the latter will only recommend what he thinks for the people's *good*; but the former will propoſe the meaſures moſt adapted to their *prejudices*, and to *prolong their frenzy*. After him a bolder adventurer ſtarts a ſtill more favourite game, puſhes it to an extreme, and renews the chaſe, when his predeceſſor wiſhes to ſit down and enjoy the ſpoils."

"At

"At that rate," obſerved Dolier, "the phyſician, inſtead of adminiſtering a medicine, preſcribes what tends moſt to increaſe the diſorder."

"It is often ſo, I confeſs," ſaid Dr. Sourby, "in a *religious frenzy*, like the preſent. The multitude will follow none but ſuch as will lead them aſtray. It is therefore wiſe in the ſtate, to chooſe out and maintain preachers of that ſyſtem of religion which they conceive beſt adapted to public good; and give a toleration to all others."

"Apropos, Doctor," ſaid Tim, "you have often contended that *vox populi* is *vox Dei*, that the body of the people are always right:—you muſt at leaſt except this day's exploit."

"In matters of *politics*, I think," ſaid Dr. Sourby, "the maxim holds good; but not in points of religion. For there is nothing ſo abſurd which the body of the people have not, at ſome time or other, believed."

"The extenſion," ſaid Tim, "of the advantages of education to all ranks, and a general diffuſion of ſound philoſophy, can alone quell this worſt of all monſters, *fanaticiſm*, which hath deluged the world with blood, and made our ſpecies more reſemble devils than men. The arm of the magiſtrate may and ought to reſtrain the enthuſiaſt from injuring ſociety; but perſecution only tends to irritate the frenzy, which time, and the gradual communication of knowledge, only can cure."

In this kind of diſcourſe they paſſed the hours, till, having croſſed the Delaware, they reached a village in Pennſylvania, where ſeeing a decent inn, they agreed to put up for the night. They went early to bed, hoping to refreſh themſelves fully from the fatigues of the day. They had not lain many hours before they were diſturbed by a great confuſion and noiſe in the next room. It proceeded from a number of theſe *new lights*, as they

they were called, who having returned from Mr. Cantwell's preaching, were here aſſembled to chew the cud of his doctrines, and edify one another by holding-forth, and pſalm-ſinging. Their twangs and vociferations were ſo ungovernable, that *poppy, nor maudragora, nor all the drowſy ſyrups of the Eaſt*, could have *medicined* Dr. Sourby, and his party, to any tolerable nap. Our hero calmly expoſtulated with them for their unſeaſonable and unneceſſary uproar, and entreated them either to remove to ſome other part of the houſe, or to uſe their lungs with more *Chriſtian moderation*. Two bellwethers of the flock, who had expounded and harangued in turn, reprobated our hero as an infidel for his intruſion, and contended that they had a right to aſſemble, and hold-forth, in any place they choſe, in ſeaſon or out of ſeaſon. On his return to his bed, they renewed their incantations with fourfold fury; as if they meant to take heaven by ſtorm, and to reſemble the bigots

bigots whom Butler deſcribes to have been

> Still ſo perverſe and oppoſite,
> As if they worſhip'd God *for ſpite*.

This ſo provoked our travellers, that they ruſhed out of their rooms into the chamber where the preachment was held, put out the candles, overturned the tables, and drove the aſtoniſhed group, with their leaders, precipitately down ſtairs. But their triumph was not laſting. Their aſſailants returned to the combat with growing numbers and zeal, and though the Iriſhman and our hero performed many exploits with a mop-ſtick and bludgeon on the ſtairs, which they barricaded with chairs and a table, they muſt have been made priſoners, or fallen on the field of battle, had not the landlord, apprehenſive of the damage and diſgrace of his houſe, obtained a parley and ceſſation of hoſtilities. He propoſed to accommodate the new lights with

with his club-room, which was now empty, and that our unfortunate pilgrims ſhould be fined a gallon of rum for the behoof of the ſaid devotees. This they very reluctantly complied with, and retired again to their beds. They had ſcarcely fallen aſleep, when they were interrupted afreſh by ſome of the brethren, who were deputed to viſit them, to apologize for their former interruption, and to adminiſter to them ſome ghoſtly advice and inſtruction. Warmed with zeal and luſty potations of their inflammatory rhumbo, they entered, and droned for a quarter of an hour to our wearied gueſts, till the Iriſhman and our hero, no longer able to reſtrain themſelves, ſprang from bed, ſeized the two phariſees by their aſſes ears, dragged them to the paſſage, and urged them rapidly down ſtairs, by repeated applications of their feet to the ſeats of honour of theſe recreant reformers. A freſh and more dangerous ſtorm was now impending, when the land-

landlord, who was a good-natured Yorkſhireman, ſtole up to our travellers, and adviſed them, if they regarded their property and lives, to make off as quietly as poſſible. The news of their diſcomfiture, and the diſgrace of Dr. Sourby, had reached the village, and the ſame exhibition might be expected here in the morning. Dr. Sourby loaded their hypocriſy and cant with imprecations, and hurried off with our travellers in the utmoſt wrath and perturbation. The night was very dark, and the hoſt conducted their horſes to the extremity of the village, and gave them directions how to purſue their courſe to a ſmall town which lay about five miles off. They mounted without delay, but could not proceed with much ſpeed, as the road was bad and the ſky clouded. Very frequently their ſteeds were up to their bellies in mire, at other times nearly tumbling over the cauſeways, or compelled to wade acroſs rapid and deep ſtreams. They had, with

with much difficulty, got on about three miles, when they heard the noiſe of horſes' feet, and preſently after they were aſſaulted by two villains, who either knocked Dr. Sourby from his ſaddle, or cauſed him to fall off with terror. They then demanded, from our hero and Mr. Dolier, their money and watches, threatening them with inſtant death if they refuſed. As they were only armed with bludgeons, a deſperate affray enſued, in which our hero, who was very expert at the cudgel as well as ſword, exerted himſelf ſo ſucceſsfully, that he laid his antagoniſt flat on his horſe's neck, and obliged him to put ſpurs to his horſe, and quit the field of battle. He then flew to the Iriſhman's aid, and they ſoon diſmounted the other robber, and tying his hands behind his back, placed him on his horſe. The poor Doctor was with difficulty raiſed from the mud, and fixed, with trembling limbs, in his ſaddle; but on being aſſured of complete victory, ſwore he would have juſtice

juſtice on the raſcals, if it coſt him a thouſand pounds. They arrived at laſt at Eaſt Town, in Pennſylvania, and were ſurpriſed, on alighting at the inn, to find the priſoner one of the identical new light teachers who had given them the word of exhortation.

CHAP. XXIX.

SOME PLEASURES DERIVED FROM ADVERSITY.

THEY had not been able to procure beds before twenty ruffians ruſhed into the houſe, headed by the fanatic who had fled from our hero's arm. Reſiſtance was vain. They firſt ſet free his comrade, and then arreſted our travellers, on a charge of a riot and aſſault, committed by them on a party of peaceful brethren and ſiſters, who were laudably engaged in religious exerciſes; and of wounding, and attacking illegally, detaining,

taining, and impriſoning a *county elector*, who was proceeding with a neighbour to attend the poll the next day, and was of the *country intereſt*." They were all accordingly bound, and carried at that late hour, by order of the juſtice, to priſon. The evidence indeed againſt them was ſtrong, and appearances unfavourable; for there were many witneſſes of their riotous conduct, as we have deſcribed, at the inn, and of Dr. Sourby's interference and quarrel with Mr. Cantwell and his followers, and his diſgrace, and haſty retreat from the village. There was another motive alſo, which weighed much with the juſtice; the election of aſſemblymen for that place came on the next day, and a moſt violent diviſion prevailed between thoſe who were for the candidate in the proprietary, and the one in the country intereſt. The juſtice was for the latter, and the aſſailants of our travellers were of the ſame kidney; while our forlorn trio were ſuſpected to be ſpies

of

of the proprietary party. They were therefore, *ſans ceremonie*, lodged in a ſtrong apartment of the gaol, about ſeven feet ſquare, which was paved with flags, and lighted by a ſmall porthole guarded with grates; there was neither chair, table, or bed, but ſome ſtraw thickly laid on the pavement. Dr. Sourby began to lament his fate, and aſked the Iriſhman, who had laid himſelf quietly down for a nap, what he thought would be their fate? "Why, by my ſhoul, if I am to judge by the conſciences of our proſecutors, they will ſwear us all to the gallows."

"Ay," ſaid Tim, "and their fanaticiſm will perſuade them that they will do a moſt acceptable ſervice to heaven, by purging the earth of ſuch heretics; but I fancy we ſhall come off with a fine, or with a complete ſuit apiece of tar and feathers, and a triumphal exit from the town amid the general exultations of the rabble."

They

They diſcuſſed theſe melancholy topics, till the *ſoft nurſe of nature* lulled their ſorrows to repoſe, and they enjoyed more comfort and refreſhment on their homely truſſes, than they had ever taſted in the balm of perfect ſecurity. So true it is, that difficulties and danger are the beſt cooks to dreſs up a diſh of pleaſure for the human mind, and to give it a high reliſh and appetite for the bleſſings of life; while eaſe and luxury pall and deſtroy enjoyment.

Soon as Aurora had unbarred her golden gates, the preparations for the "great, the important day, big with the fate" of the rival candidates began, and the mingled noiſe of French horns, drums, bag-pipes, and violins, reſounded through the ſtreets. The inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood were in favour of Mr. Puncheon, a brandy-merchant of Philadelphia, and the people of the other parts of the county, ſupporters of Mr. Gullyman, who was in the proprietary intereſt, or that of

the family of the Penns, who poſſeſſed the largeſt landed eſtate in the colony. Mr. Puncheon had been canvaſſing for ſome days, and was in the very focus of his power; his mobs had wreaked their vengeance on the houſes and perſons of many of their opponents, and illegally, on falſe pretences, confined ſome of them in the very gaol where our travellers were lodged. The town was a ſcene of riot and confuſion all day, and no ſooner was the poll cloſed, in the evening, than ſkirmiſhes of a more ſerious nature enſued between the parties. Our hero and his companions, in the morning, when the gaoler entered their apartment, requeſted to be better accommodated, which he ſaid was out of his power, as the gaol was extremely crowded; but the ſeaſonable application of a dollar to him, procured chairs, a table, and an excellent breakfaſt, on which they regaled heartily. They were much inſulted during the day by the country party, and when the evening came

came on, ſome of the mob were inceſſantly firing pieces under the window, and even daring enough to throw ſquibs and crackers into the room. But the coaſt clearing a little as night advanced, our hero being at the window, a countryman crept near the grate, and aſked whether they were not proprietary gentlemen. Tim anſwered ſoftly in the affirmative; on which he ſaid if they had any meſſage to ſend he would convey it. Dr. Sourby deſired him to tell ſquire Gullyman that numbers of his partizans, and ſome ſtrangers, gentlemen of property, were unjuſtly confined there; and that they would give the mob a hogſhead of ale or cider, or four gallons of rum to drink, if they would liberate them. Our hero gave the fellow a crown by way of earneſt, and he diſappeared. The partizans of each candidate began now to ſally out in ſquadrons from their houſes of rendezvous, and much offence was given by the zealots of each, now inflamed and

maddened with liquor. The ſcale of power had hitherto turned much in favour of Mr. Puncheon; but about eleven o'clock at night an immenſe multitude, compoſed of many thouſands, voters, and friends to his rival, poured in from the country to give their ſuffrages next day. Highly irritated by the malpractices and inſults of their opponents, and now confident in their numbers, they ruſhed through the ſtreets like a torrent, and bore down their enemies, or compelled them to retreat to their houſes; while the air was rent with the huzzas of "Gullyman for ever! The proprietary intereſt for ever! Down with the puritans! No roundheads! No levellers! No men of ſtraw and convicts!" They now made their way to the gaol, and ſet free all the priſoners without diſtinction. Our hero thanked the mob very courteouſly, and gave them four dollars to drink Gullyman's health. He alſo informed ſome of their leaders, that their horſes were

were detained at the inn, on which they were eſcorted thither, and their property readily reſtored. They agreed to ſup with the party, and paſſed the night with infinite merriment and glee. To their aſtoniſhment they found in that remote ſettlement, men from all parts of Europe, and acquainted with all the fineſſe, arts, low humour, ſongs, and witticiſms, which diſtinguiſh the *choice ſpirits* of London and Dublin; from which places indeed many had embarked as adventurers, from curioſity, neceſſity, or the compulſion of juſtice. Inſtead of that ſimplicity of manners, and peaceable demeanour, which they expected to find in theſe ſequeſtered retreats, they were ſurrounded with crafty, bold, enterpriſing *mutineers*; hackneyed in all the ſtratagems, evaſions, and colluſions of the old world, and indeed the florid excreſcences of its too luxuriant population, and the aggregate of thoſe whom idleneſs, want of employment, diſcontent,

or an itch of rambling, or worſe cauſes, would not permit to remain in their own country. Here were Palatines from Germany; the followers of count Zinzendorf; French refugees; remnants of the ancient Dutch; emigrants from the Highlands, or Weſtern Iſles of Scotland; and ſwarms of Engliſh puritans, and Iriſh white-boys and hearts of oak. With a ſelect party of the quinteſſence of theſe adventurers, our travellers enjoyed the humours of the night.

CHAP. XXX.

VARIOUS OPINIONS ON THE EXTENSION OF FREEDOM; AND A QUAKER'S CONVERSATION AND HOSPITALITY.

"I AM very much ſurpriſed," ſaid Dr. Sourby, as the company were enjoying themſelves after ſupper, "to find your elections ſo tumultuous. In parts of the country ſo remote from the luxury and

and ambition of cities, I expected to meet with the greateſt purity of manners, ſociability of neighbourhood, moderation in debate, and almoſt a thorough exemption from party ſpirit."

"So far from that being the caſe," ſaid Mr. Gullyman, "the further you recede from our cities, the more turbulence you will obſerve in public meetings. The *operation of the laws is weak*, and too often bends to the *force of individuals* and the conteſts of parties. Our metropolis itſelf has been more than once alarmed with the incurſions of powerful bodies of marauders from its back ſettlements; either to force the repeal of laws, or to compel their enactment. Being compoſed, like the firſt inhabitants of Rome, of fugitives from all parts of Europe, it will require great legiſlative wiſdom and energy to reduce and preſerve them in ſocial order."

"Our forefathers," obſerved George Barclay, a Quaker, "by their ſimple and

juſt inſtitutions, but more by their moderation and other virtues, raiſed this colony to an unexampled ſtate of proſperity. They maintained peace with our Indian neighbours by rigid honeſty and forbearance; and, among themſelves, by promoting a ſpirit of toleration, induſtry, meekneſs, and frugality. But the great influx of emigrants of all deſcriptions, whoſe leaders ſtrive to acquire power and lucre by exciting and cheriſhing *civil and religious enmities*, tends to keep us in a conſtant ferment, and to deſtroy *domeſtic and public peace.*"

"What you call a happy *peace and tranquillity*," replied Mr. *Quirkly*, an attorney, "other people, friend *Barclay*, will more properly term *ſlavery*. You wiſh to manage all meaſures in your own way, and call all others '*turbulent*,' who would oppoſe your prevailing intereſt. We did not fly from the oppreſſions of the old world to be debarred *freedom of diſcuſſion, and public aſſemblies, in this!* Give any *one party*

party a quiet *aſcendancy*, and things will indeed run on *peaceably and ſmoothly*: but it is from the colliſion of opinions and parties that liberty is preſerved, and the moſt uſeful powers of the mind, and virtues of the heart, are called forth into exerciſe."

"I ſee no extraordinary *powers and virtues*," rejoined Barclay, "called forth by your tumultuary meetings and elections; except the production of hatred and malice between neighbours; the increaſe of calumny and miſrepreſentation, idleneſs, immorality, and debauchery, and the reign of *violence* inſtead of *reaſon and righteous laws*."

"Thoſe are only the common-place objections," ſaid the lawyer, "drawn from the *abuſe*."

"But if thou findeſt theſe *abuſes*, friend," replied the Quaker, "always accompany the *uſe*, ſuch public meetings and elections ought to be ſo *regulated*, as to prevent or reſtrain the *miſchiefs*: or the

people ſhould be trained up in ſuch principles and practices, as to render the reſtraints needleſs. *Our ſocieties* preſent you with examples of both. Our people are educated in the way of peace. They are habituated to meekneſs and moderation, to induſtry, temperance, and contentment. Guided by the *light within*, they do their duty peaceably and orderly in ſociety, and need little the reſtraints and coercions of law. Their debates and public meetings are conducted with regularity and decorum, without bitter revilings, inſults, uproar, and violence. Diffuſe therefore the *ſame ſpirit* through the body of the people, and *legiſlative reſtraints* will become more and more needleſs. But as this is not to be expected, let your public meetings be held in *different diſtricts at the ſame time*, and thus the people might give their votes, diſcuſs national queſtions, and form reſolutions, or ſign petitions, in *ſmall detached bodies*, in their ſeveral pariſhes; which would prevent

vent diſorder and tumult, as well as anſwer better the purpoſes of deliberation and free choice. The ſentiments of a large nation might thus be frequently collected without danger."

"I do not think it," ſaid Mr. Gullyman, "conſiſtent with the nature and proſperity of the freeſt ſtates to have *frequent* meetings of the body of the people, on queſtions of law and national meaſures, even in the manner you mention. It is cheriſhing the very evil which repreſentation was intended to prevent: *i. e.* In ſtates of *large extent* it is found inconvenient and dangerous to call the individuals who compoſe them together to *legiſlate for themſelves*; and therefore this power is veſted in the hands of *repreſentatives*, freely choſen by a majority of the community. To aſſemble the people therefore for this purpoſe, unleſs on caſes of great importance, is deſtroying the *very end of your political inſtitution.*"

"The legiſlature," obſerved Tim, "might derive great benefit from public diſcuſſion if properly managed. I conſider lucubrations and diſſertations communicated from *the preſs*, as, in this reſpect, of the moſt important ſervice. The information, facts, and arguments, may be better digeſted, ſtudied, and ſifted in this manner than any other, without the tumult, irritation, and haſty deciſion of popular aſſemblies. They have alſo a wider circulation, and make a deeper and more uſeful impreſſion. I agree alſo with friend *Barclay*, that public meetings, if well regulated, might be freed from all objections. Numerous and crowded as they now generally are, it is impoſſible to examine any political queſtions with due deliberation, when the ſpeakers can ſcarcely be heard, and there is no time or opportunity to examine the evidence of facts on which the whole queſtion may turn. If called together by the *leaders of a party*, the audience will be uſually compoſed

poſed of their followers, and conſequently diſpoſed not to hear, or with inattention and inſult, the obſervations of their opponents. If each party has its *ſeparate meeting and aſſociation*, then the ſtate becomes miſerably divided, and every neighbourhood, village, and city, is turned into a theatre of contention, diſcord, and commotion. Now to remedy theſe evils, and to ſecure, at the ſame time, the fulleſt and freeſt exerciſe of debate, and of the elective franchiſe, methods might be adopted for the holding conventions or meetings in the ſeparate pariſhes, at the pariſh church, or hall, or ſome other public place, ſo that each inhabitant might deliver his ſentiments *in his own pariſh*, without the buſtle, confuſion, and precipitancy, which attend on very large popular aſſemblies, and render them dangerous to the national tranquillity."

"Some ſuch mode ſeemeth to me, friends," ſaid the Quaker, "to be needful in the preſent ſtate of *knowledge and morals*

morals among men. Were we all under the direction of *wiſdom* and *virtue*, each man's own conſcience would be a *law to himſelf*; but as things are, coercion and reſtraint by *human laws* are a neceſſary *badge* of our ſinfulneſs and ignorance; which we muſt wear in proportion as theſe abound. Were *our doctrines and practice* to prevail, the whole world would live like a *band of friends*; peace would reign univerſally, and *bars*, *bolts*, and *priſons*, would be unneceſſary!"

"It is our duty, friend Barclay," ſaid Tim, "to propagate theſe principles, and diffuſe *knowledge and virtue* as widely as poſſible among men, in order to make them *equal* to the dignity and happineſs of the moſt perfect freedom, which the condition of the world will admit of. Till ſuch a general *reform*, however, in the *knowledge and morals* of men takes place, the reſtraints of laws will always be neceſſary, to prevent the induſtrious honeſt citizen from being injured by the *violence* or *folly* of the diſſolute

lute and unprincipled. The nation alſo muſt preſerve a *martial ſpirit* and *military eſtabliſhments*, to maintain peace, and defend its ſubjects and territories from the attacks of powerful and ambitious neighbours."

"It appears from the conduct of mankind," ſaid Mr. Gullyman, "that an *averſion to all reſtraint*, and a deſire of *unlimited freedom*, is natural to the human breaſt, as well as to all other animals. Though we have (as divines ſay) loſt that *original perfection* which qualified us for complete freedom, we retain as vigorouſly as ever the correſpondent paſſion or love of it. It is obſervable in the hiſtory of all nations, that the more the government of a country is relaxed, the more the people become impatient of reſtraint. If once engaged in the work *of demoliſhing old eſtabliſhments*, the multitude ruſh precipitately on *(feeling every reſtriction as an evil)*, acquiring new force in their progreſs, as well as urged on by a ſucceſſion of new leaders, till they come to a *level*,

level, when they fall under a military deſpotiſm; or, growing weary of *anarchy*, return to their *old forms* again with more zeal than ever."

"Thou ſeeſt it," ſaid the Quaker, "by the progreſs of many emigrants here. They quit the mother-country for more liberty. They diſlike the reſtraints near the ſea-coaſt and metropolis, and move further back. As incloſures take place, and they feel the *energy and interference of authority*, they ſtill move onward, till they can hardly endure any neighbourhood at all, but wiſh to live *wild and uncontrolled*, like the *ſavages of the wilderneſs*."

"Does not this prove," ſaid Dr. Sourby, "as ſome philoſophers have aſſerted, that ſuch a condition as that of our aboriginals is the true and happieſt ſtate of man; where he has no ſuperior, and is only under the control of his own free mind?"

"I think," urged Mr. Dolier, "that it is only a proof that the more you indulge any

any paſſion the more you increaſe its violence, till the very exceſs of enjoyment works a cure. My countryman *Swift* has wittily obſerved, 'When a child grows eaſy and content by being humoured, and when a lover becomes ſatisfied by ſmall compliances, without further purſuits; then expect to find popular aſſemblies content with ſmall conceſſions.' If there could one ſingle example be brought from the whole compaſs of hiſtory, of any one popular aſſembly, which, after beginning to contend for power, ever ſate down quietly with a certain ſhare; or if one inſtance could be produced of a popular aſſembly that ever knew, or propoſed, or declared, what ſhare of power was their due; then might there be ſome hopes, that it were a matter to be adjuſted by reaſonings. But ſince it is manifeſtly otherwiſe, I ſee no courſe to be taken in a ſettled ſtate, but a ſteady conſtant reſolution, never, from popular clamours, to make the leaſt *breach in the conſtitution*, through which a million of

of abuſes and encroachments will in time force their way."

"Thy author, friend," ſaid the Quaker, "though *witty*, is not *prudent* in his advice; which ſhould rather be to governments 'to *give* and *take* a little,' when the people are in ill humour. I diſlike anarchy as much as thou doſt. I am not for *pulling governments down*, but *pulling* the people up, by extending the advantages of education to all; by giving employment to them; rewarding their induſtry; granting diſtinctions to honeſty and domeſtic love, and making their condition better by adminiſtering, through *friendly ſocieties* like ours, or *national inſtitutions*, aid to them in ſickneſs, misfortune, or death; advancing money to them to enter on buſineſs, and having *public works* where they may have recourſe, if neceſſary, for conſtant employment; by which means the ſtate might, as we have done, *prevent* poverty at half the expence it takes to *relieve* it."

"I am

"I am of opinion," obſerved Dr. Sourby, "that theſe pretended amendments of mankind only tend to debaſe and injure our ſpecies. Nature never intended her workmanſhip to be *mended by man.* The refinements of civil polity, multiplication of laws, and introduction of luxuries, debilitate the minds and bodies of men, and engender and cheriſh thoſe vices which ſimple nations are exempt from. I wiſh to have the human ſpecies treated fairly, and *experiments* made of their powers and enjoyments when uncorrupted and unſophiſticated by art. In the only inſtance of any thing like an attempt of this kind, the *Spartans* exhibited the moſt wonderful examples of virtue and heroiſm."

"If you call a ſavage contempt of danger," replied the Quaker, "the cunning and audacity of robbers, a love of violence, bloodſhed, and war, and a neglect of all the comforts and conveniences of life; if you call theſe *virtues*, you may find their

their equals, if not ſuperiors, among the native Indians of America; and thou mayeſt be the legiſlator, the *Lycurgus*, of theſe new *Spartans!* But if the improvement of the ſoil; introduction of uſeful arts; the converting ſwamps, moraſſes, and woods, into cultivated fields, and crowded villages and towns; if the inſtitution of a free government to protect the civil and religious rights of men of all parties, and train up the riſing generation in induſtry, wiſdom, and virtue, in abhorrence of treachery and violence, and a love of ſimplicity, order, and peace—if theſe are the moſt honourable, becauſe uſeful achievements, then our *William Penn* muſt claim the pre-eminence. The rich and fair fruits of his legiſlation thou mayeſt ſee ſmiling around thee! Not a country flowing with *human blood*, like *Sparta*, but with milk and honey; not abounding in the arts which *deſtroy*, but thoſe which *preſerve* and *better* mankind."

"There

"There you take the queſtion for granted," ſaid Dr. Sourby, "as the experiment has never yet been fairly made. Commerce and luxury have tainted your manners, and a ſoft education rendered you unfit for great and manly exertions. Unleſs protected by others, your trading ſociety muſt long ago have been ſwallowed up, and you would have been tributary to the French or Indians."

"Your concluſion and premiſes," replied Mr. Dolier, "are in oppoſition, Doctor; for as you confeſs no experiment has been made of your ſyſtem, you ought not to be ſanguine of its ſucceſs. For my part, I had rather live under a government which had been found *free and happy from experience*, than hazard my property, liberty, and life, on ſpeculation: juſt as I would rather truſt to a phyſician of acknowledged ſkill, than to a mere theoriſt; or venture a cargo in a ſhip commanded by an experienced pilot who knew the rocks and ſhoals, the bearings and ſoundings of the

the coaſt, than to an unpractiſed adventurer."

They were here interrupted by the huzzas of a large concourſe of electors, who came to the inn to cheer their candidate. Our travellers retired to reſt, and the next morning viſited the farm-houſe of the honeſt Quaker, called *Sharon Grove*, which reſembled the ſimplicity and order of his benevolent mind. Here they were entertained with great frankneſs and hoſpitality; and bidding adieu to Mr. Dolier and their hoſt, proceeded on their journey.

CHAP. XXXI.

STRANGE RUPTURE AT CRANBERRY HALL.

BEFORE we advance further with our travellers, it will be but due reſpect to Letitia, to relate what occurred to her after their departure.

We

We left our heroine in a ſtate of *truce* with her family. Her peace was now moſt diſturbed from the quarter whence ſhe had expected only tranquillity and joy. She returned with the family to *Cranberry Hall*, and devoted as much time as ſhe could to reading and muſic, or to aſſiſt her mother in the domeſtic duties of the houſe. The ſweetneſs of her temper, now rendered more tender by her diſappointments, qualified and moderated the acerbity of Mrs. Foreſter; but ſhe could not forbear, out of *pure affection*, to teize Letitia a thouſand times a day with her abſurd rejection of an offer like colonel Beekman's, which would make her independent, a petty queen, miſtreſs of wealth and grandeur, as well as of her own time, purſuits, and humours. Our heroine generally ſtrove to wave the odious topic, by ſaying, "You recollect our *articles of peace*, and be aſſured I will never infringe my part of the treaty."

It

It was at this time that Sancho (after having conſulted Miſs Moody at Elizabeth Town, to whom our hero had pathetically ſtated his griefs in a letter), was hovering about Cranberry Park, to gain a favourable opportunity of delivering his maſter's epiſtle to Letitia, and in order to it, to have an interview with his favourite Bab. He at laſt ſaw her going one evening to the neighbouring village, and, after much expreſſion of his own tenderneſs, related to her his maſter's great diſtreſs, and the commiſſion with which he was charged. Bab declared her ignorance of the cauſe of her miſtreſs's diſpleaſure, but that it was ſo ſevere that ſhe had forbidden her to receive any letters from him, or even to mention his name to her; that ſhe had loſt much of her uſual vivacity; was generally abſorbed in muſing; courted ſolitude; and appeared to ſhed many tears when alone, though ſhe never had dropped a complaint to her, or any in the family, reſpecting her grief.

Sancho

Sancho uſed all his rhetoric to perſuade her to deliver the letter; but his entreaties were vain. "I will ſooner die than go back," ſaid he, "without an anſwer; for Maſſa love her as true as I do you, and would not ſay black is your eye, to offend Miſſa Letitia."

It was at laſt agreed that he ſhould lurk in the garden where ſhe generally walked, and deliver the letter himſelf. Accordingly, the next evening, as ſhe was ſtrolling along, wrapt up in meditation on her doleful ſituation, on one ſide wounded by the keen anguiſh which the ſuppoſed perfidy of our hero inflicted, and on the other by the inceſſant reproaches and ſolicitations of parents, whom ſhe wiſhed to make happy by her obedience; at this juncture Sancho preſented himſelf to her at the entrance of one of the alleys. She ſtarted back, but ſoon recovering her wonted firmneſs, queſtioned him, "What was his buſineſs there?"

Sancho, with the moſt reſpectful attitude and voice, approached her, faltering: "Miſſa Letitia will pardon my taking this liberty. She well know I would lay down my life for her; old Maſſa Homily and all our family love her ſo well, and wiſh to know of her health."

"I am much obliged to them for their kind inquiries, and your former ſervices—return with my compliments to the Doctor, and take this crown for your paſt behaviour."

"I thank you on my knees, but I can't receive any preſents; all I aſk, dear good young Miſſa! is, that you will ſave the life of my poor young maſſa."

"I am ſorry to hear he is ill, Sancho. What is his complaint? he is not in any danger, I hope," ſaid ſhe, a little agitated.

"Very dangerous, it lie in he heart and head, and nothing will recover him, but your hearing his caſe. May I never ſee him alive again, if he be not as true

to

to you, and as much Miſſa Letitia's ſlave as I am his. Only read this letter; it will inform you of all."

"Your zeal for your maſter," ſaid ſhe, "is commendable; but there is no neceſſity of my reading this. Return to him, and tell him that *Miſs Moody* can fully *explain to him*, if his own heart cannot, whatever he wiſhes to know from me." So ſaying, ſhe returned the letter, and Sancho was preparing to expreſs his gratitude for what he thought a ſucceſsful iſſue of his errand, when they heard the ſhouts of, "*Halloo! halloo! halloo!*" and Sancho received a violent blow on the back of his head. Seeing a repetition of it deſcending, he took to his heels, purſued by ſquire Aaron and Mr. Foreſter, the former of whom diſcharged a muſquet loaded with ſmall ſhot, at him, but with little effect, as he was leaping the garden wall. Sancho was proud of the perils he had undergone for his maſter, and the favourable anſwer, he ſuppoſed, he carried;

and poſted off as quick as his legs could carry him to the neighbouring village, where he had left his horſe. He delayed only to ſettle his reckoning, and ſpurred away to bear the tidings to his maſter.

Letitia's feelings and ſituation were the reverſe. She had made a ſucceſsful though painful effort, to reſiſt the ſolicitations of Sancho for his maſter; but the ſudden irruption of her brother, and his attack on the inoffenſive black, had overpowered her fortitude, and ſhe was nearly fainting when they returned from the purſuit. *Aaron* cracked his whip, and hallooed, "*Victoria, Victoria!* The cat is out of the bag!" and ruſhing up to Letitia, ſaid, "Come, come; no prevarication; no falſe colours or evaſion. We have detected you in the ſimple fact."

"Ah! Letty," ſaid her mother (joining the outcry and chaſe of our innocent heroine), "who would have thought you guilty of ſuch treachery? What! you have rejected colonel Beekman to correſpond

ſpond with that *Will-o'-the-wiſp ?*—the ſon of nobody knows who, and who has not a penny of his own in the world."

" This is being true to your *treaties !*" ſaid her father. " This is your adherence to your ſolemn promiſe not to enter into engagements without our conſent."

" Sooner than *he* ſhould be *yours*," ſaid Aaron, " I'd give away the whole of our eſtate in public charity. Why, you are the moſt *unnatural*, to have a correſpondence with a man whom you know I mortally hate. 'Tis treaſon againſt the family; but I think I have well peppered the black dog who is your truſty mercury."

All this obloquy and abuſe overwhelmed the poor Letitia, before ſhe had a moment allowed her to ſpeak; her mother and Aaron dragging, inſtead of leading, her towards the houſe. She at laſt burſt forth into tears, and exclaimed, " Gracious Heaven! am I then deſtined to be the victim of the miſtaken tenderneſs, or reſentment of my parents; to be betrayed

where I moſt confided, and ſuſpected when I had acted with the moſt honour!"

"Give us none of your tragical rants," cried Aaron. "Your reign is over. The ſpell is broken. We ſaw you receive a letter from Tickle's ſervant, and we ſaw *you* give him *one*. Now, what evaſion have you?"

Letitia's voice was almoſt choaked with indignation, from conſcious innocence, and a quick and pungent feeling of the indignity offered her by their ſuſpicious and rude conduct, and the total deprivation of all comfort from that "ciſtern of love where ſhe had treaſured up her peace." She was hurried into the houſe amid their inſults. Her pockets, drawers, and trunks, were ſearched for letters; and all the explanation which ſhe could give of the buſineſs, tended more to embarraſs herſelf, and confirm their ideas of her duplicity, and dangerous connexion with our hero. The truth is, his *dear friend*, *Miſs Moody*, on Sancho's departure from her,

her, wrote Aaron a letter, to adviſe him of his ſiſter's folly; of the correſpondence carried on between them; and that his ſervant was lurking in the vicinity. This led to the adventure we have here recounted.

CHAP. XXXII.

ALL IN THE WRONG: OR SANCHO IN THE SUDS.

DR. Sourby and our hero reached, without any adventure worthy notice, a Moravian ſettlement on the banks of the Delaware, called Bethlehem. The town was ſmall, but well built, and ſupplied with water. The houſes and ſtreets were remarkably uniform, neat, and ſimple, like the dreſs and manners of the inhabitants; who had emigrated and ſettled under the auſpices of the celebrated count Zinzendorff, whoſe religious doctrines are well known through Europe. Their lead-

ing principle is univerſal love, and their moſt peculiar rite, waſhing the feet of each other. Their hymns are very myſterious, and often bordering on vulgarity and obſcenity. They deny the lawfulneſs of war, and form a religious and civil community, maintaining a ſtrict uniformity in their dreſs, habitations, and modes of life.

The unmarried brothers and ſiſters live in large edifices, prepared for the purpoſe, where they eat, drink, and work together; and the products of their labours are placed in the public treaſury, and are diſtributed for the general ſupport of the ſociety. Their mildneſs, temperance, frugality, and decorum, are remarkable; but their gravity borders on melancholy, and their regularity and preciſeneſs give an air of dulneſs and inſipidity to the place. From the few perſons with whom our travellers converſed, they could diſcover that the equal diſtribution of property to each member, according to his neceſſities and

and the number of his family, tended to relax the ſpirit of induſtry, and to produce bickerings and diſcontent. The natural deſire of independence, and the acquiſition and free diſpoſal of their own property, lead many to quit this community, and prevent others from joining it, ſo that it has not kept pace with the growth of other ſettlements.

Our hero waited here with great anxiety for the arrival of Sancho, who made a very rapid march with what he thought favourable and important intelligence. As ſoon as he came in ſight of his maſter he waved his hat in ſign of triumph, and cried, " Joy, joy ! I have got it."

Tim ſhook him heartily by the hand, with a profuſion of thanks, and aſked, eagerly, " Where is Letitia's letter ?"

" I have no letter," ſaid he, " from Miſſa Letitia. Poor dear lady ! ſhe could not write herſelf, but ſhe has deſired *her friend* to explain all to you." He then recapitulated his difficulties, her converſa-

tion, and the miſadventure in the garden. Tim took Miſs Moody's letter with a trembling hand, in the firm perſuaſion that ſhe was authoriſed by Letitia to give him a final anſwer, and a full developement of her myſterious conduct. What then was the anguiſh of his heart, when he read, after a long introduction of ſympathy and condolence, ſhe had interfered in vain in his favour with Letitia, "that haughty beauty being determined never again to admit his addreſſes, and had made a ſolemn declaration of this nature to her brother and parents. She conjured him to ſummon up the ſpirit of a man, and reſcue his heart from ſuch unmerited contempt and oppreſſion; to purſue no longer an object hopeleſs and unattainable. But, in any event, he might rely on her unſhaken friendſhip, and earneſt endeavours to ſerve him."

After this bitter draught our hero remained petrified for a few moments; and when Sancho approached to ſhare his joy,

and

and receive his applauſes, he looked at him with a ſtern countenance, and bade him *go out of his ſight that inſtant.* Sancho retired with precipitation and mute aſtoniſhment; when Tim ſtarted up, and walked haſtily about the room, ejaculating, "How wretched is my fate, to be for ever baniſhed from the affection of the only woman in whom my felicity is centered! I cannot divine the cauſe of this myſterious change, from aſſurances of unalterable regard, to cold diſdain and cruel rejection. It cannot be in her amiable and dignified diſpoſition to act ſo inconſiſtently, with ſo much caprice and inſenſibility; but her plain poſitive reference to Miſs Moody's letter, and the explicit language of that lady, ſo warm in my intereſt, and ſo deciſive on the buſineſs--ah! this makes my wretched fate but too certain. Adieu then, cruel and unjuſt Letitia! ſince my vows and perſon are hateful to you, they ſhall offend you no more. The place of your abode, your preſence, and the ſcenes, once witneſſes of our love and my happi-

neſs, are now odious to me, and I will flee far from them and you. I will ſeek among the remote foreſts, and wild inhabitants of the wilderneſs, to forget you and myſelf. I may there find more truth and conſtancy, more virtue and peace, than among civilized ſocieties, who have poliſhed away ſincerity, and exchanged love and friendſhip for flattery, wealth, and oſtentation." He then recollected Sancho, and felt much compunction for his harſhneſs to him. On the poor fellow's entrance, our hero apologized for his undue ſeverity; on which Sancho ſobbed, and ſaid, "He was only hurt by being the bearer of news which had made him ſo unhappy."

Tim then told him his reſolution, and offered him ſome money to carry him back to Berkeley Hall.

"Now I ſee, indeed," ſaid Sancho, "that I have offended you; and that you think me unworthy of your ſervice. This hurts me more than your reproof. No, my

my dear young maſſa, I will not return home unleſs you force me from you; but will even follow at a diſtance, to be ready to ſacrifice my life for yours."

Tim was ſo overcome by this inſtance of fidelity, that he raiſed Sancho with great courteſy, and ſaid, "I ſee there is *one* human being who is not indifferent to my happineſs; *one* whoſe attachment may be relied on."

"Pardon me, maſſa," ſaid Sancho, "but dere is many, bery many that dearly love you. Witneſs my old maſſa Homily. I am ſure if any misfortune ſhould happen you, it would bring his *gray hairs* very ſoon to the grave."

A ſuffuſion of warmth ſpread over the heart and countenance of our hero, at this unintentional reproof of his ingratitude, and forgetfulneſs of Dr. Homily's virtues. "Yes, my honeſt fellow, you are right; there you mentioned one indeed, who is the paragon of every virtue, and to promote whoſe happineſs it is my duty

duty to ſtruggle againſt misfortune, and become not entirely unworthy of his munificence, labours, and cares, for my proſperity. I will lay my whole caſe before him. If he cannot remove my diſtreſs, he will diſcover the cauſe, or, at leaſt, aſſiſt me with his advice, and conſole me with his pity." So ſaying, our hero retired, and found a relief to his ſorrows by communicating them to Dr. Homily, in a very pathetic and affectionate letter.

CHAP. XXXIII.

AARON'S MALICIOUS TRIUMPH AND UNEXPECTED DEFEAT; OR THE STORY OF THE GENTLE JESSICA.

WHILE our hero's breaſt was, as we have ſeen, the prey of diſappointed love, Letitia ſuffered the moſt ſevere perſecution from her family, on account of that attachment to him which ſhe was endeavouring

deavouring to eraſe from her boſom. She was not only conſtantly teized with the remonſtrances and menaces of ſquire Aaron, but by the inſolence of the domeſtics, whom the *tyrant* employed as *ſpies* on her conduct. One of the ſervants, in particular, who reſembled Aaron in low cunning and cruelty, was the chief favourite of his maſter, and the willing inſtrument of his oppreſſions. *Nero* (for that was his name) had particular cauſe alſo for his zeal on this occaſion, as he was the unſucceſsful rival of *Sancho* in the gentle Bab's affections, and attributed his defeat to the influence of our hero and Letitia in favour of his opponent. An occurrence, which was the theme of the neighbourhood, at this time, will manifeſt the zeal of the ſervant, and the tyranny of the maſter.

There lived in the vicinity of Cranberry Hall, a poor widow who rented a ſmall cottage of colonel Foreſter. Mrs. Ewen had a daughter named *Jeſſica*, a little younger

younger than Letitia, whoſe mild manners and ſimple innocence had for many years attracted our heroine's regard and patronage. She often ſtudiouſly met Letitia in her rambles, pleaſed with her ſmiles and attention, and generally preſented her with bouquets of the handſomeſt wild flowers, ſelected and arranged with great induſtry and taſte. Letitia called her the *pretty ſhepherdeſs*, and often rewarded her with ribands and clothes. The jealous eyes of Nero ſaw in the innocent Jeſſica an accomplice of our hero, who conveyed letters under the pretence of flowers, and was handſomely rewarded for her diligence and fidelity. He communicated the intelligence to the ſquire, who, without evidence, loaded the gentle Jeſſica with reproaches, and threatened to horſewhip her if ſhe ſhould be ſeen again near the Hall, and to ſend the poor widow, her mother, to a houſe of correction, if ſhe preſumed to carry on any intercourſe with Letitia.

Alarmed

Alarmed at his menaces, the little ſhepherdeſs was compelled to avoid her benefactreſs. Letitia not having ſeen her for ſome weeks, and ignorant of the cauſe of her abſence, ordered Bab one day to call at the cottage with ſome preſents for the widow and her gentle Jeſſy. She thus learnt, to her great ſurpriſe, the injunctions of the ſquire, which ſhe entirely imputed to the ferocity of his temper, and his plan of annoying her in every meaſure of comfort or amuſement. Mrs. Ewen had lamented in the moſt affecting manner the command of the ſquire, particularly as ſhe had ſomething to communicate to Letitia, which concerned the peace and even life of her child. Jeſſica had loſt of late, all her innocent vivacity. The brightneſs of her eyes, and the bloom of her cheeks, were fled, and ſhe had not quitted the houſe for ſome days. She appeared like the fixed image of deſpair, and ſat with downcaſt eyes, either in mute melancholy, ſupporting her forehead on

on her hand, or indulging her griefs in ſighs and tears. Our heroine was moved with pity at this recital, and ſent Bab immediately to Mrs. Ewen, requeſting that ſhe would accompany her to the Hall. On being introduced to Letitia, ſhe burſt into tears, and for ſome time could not be perſuaded to diſcloſe her ſorrows. "My poor Jeſſy!—but why ſhould I diſtreſs you, my ſweet madam, by misfortunes perhaps irretrievable? She has implored me not to reveal it to you; but to ſuffer her to ſink into the grave, rather than loſe your eſteem. Poor child! ſuch ſpotleſs innocence deſerved a better fate."

Our heroine preſſed her to reveal the diſaſter without diſguiſe, and promiſed that ſhe would exert all her influence to remedy it, if poſſible.

"Heaven reward you, my good Madam. You know *James* the ſon of farmer *Williams*, who had a ſmall piece of land and a cottage of your father, at the rent of ten pounds a year. He and *Jeſſy* have been for

for two years remarked for their intimacy and mutual love, and all the pariſh have expected it to be a wedding. But at the time the ſquire forbade me and Jeſſy to approach the Hall (for what offence we cannot conceive), he alſo ſent for James, and ordered him never to viſit any more at our cottage. James expoſtulated with his honour, and ſaid he was ſolemnly engaged to make Jeſſica his wife. On which the ſquire ſwore in the moſt terrible manner, that if he maintained any further intimacy with us, he would baniſh him the pariſh, turn his father out of the farm, and have them both draughted, as ſoldiers, from the militia into the regulars. The wretched James beſought him on his knees, not to force him to abandon his dear Jeſſica, who in his conſcience, and the view of Heaven, was already his wife. The ſquire ſpurned him from him as a ſnivelling idler, who would be a burden to the pariſh, and renewed his threats with the moſt alarming oaths. He alſo viſited

farmer

farmer Williams, and employed the ſame menaces. Terrified by your brother, and moved by the tears, entreaties, and prayers of his father, *James* has been compelled to forſake the forlorn, the hapleſs *Jeſſica*. 'Tis to me he told the moving tale, not being able to meet the ſorrows and reproaches of my injured daughter."

Letitia was ſtruck with horror at the cruelty of the ſquire. She conſoled Mrs. Ewen, and ruminated a few moments on the courſe moſt prudent to purſue. At length, taking her pen, ſhe wrote a billet to *James*, requeſting he would come immediately to the Hall. She ſent it by Bab, and deſired the widow to return home and comfort the injured Jeſſy, till ſhe could know the ſucceſs of her efforts in their favour.

James came with a fluttering heart to the Hall. Letitia ordered him to ſit down, and addreſſed him in the following manner: "From the pious education which you have received, and your habits of

of induſtry, temperance, and honeſty, I have thought, young man, that you would be more afraid *of offending Heaven* than *man*; of ſuffering *guilt* than *poverty*; and proud of encountering any difficulty and danger *yourſelf*, rather than plunge in *ruin*, *diſgrace*, and *miſery*, a *helpleſs innocent*, whoſe only misfortune is her *true love* to you."

James, ſtartled and affected at this ſudden and ſolemn appeal, burſt into tears, and falling on his knees before Letitia, exclaimed, "Heaven knows, dear Madam, how much I have ſuffered, and that I would ſacrifice my life for Jeſſica; but my father! how ſhall I expoſe him to famine and nakedneſs? It is his parental voice that has kept me from riſking every thing rather than deſert her. What ſhall I do, my lady? Direct a poor inexperienced lad how to reconcile his duty to his parents, to his faith and love!"

"What ſhould you do?" ſaid Letitia. "*Fulfil your vows*, which are recorded as ſtrongly in the book of heaven, as if regiſtered

giſtered in all the forms which public law requires. She is yours by mutual love and *ſolemn engagements*; make her yours alſo by an immediate marriage. No misfortune you can feel in life will be half ſo painful as the pangs of remorſe and guilt. Heal the heart you have almoſt broken; go, on the wings of love, to the diſconſolate Jeſſy, who generouſly courts death, rather than involve you in diſtreſs. Haſte, and prevent the arrow of affliction from ſinking irrecoverably deep into her heart."

"I go then," cried James; "and accept, my guardian angel! of my bleſſing for your counſel; for freeing my mind from the load of doubt and irreſolution. I go determined to do my duty, and meet my fate. It cannot be *bitter when Jeſſica is mine.*"

"And as a *firſt-fruit* of the ſucceſs that will ever attend on virtuous deeds, take this," ſaid Letitia, preſenting him with a ten pound bill; "and if your father ſhould

loſe

loſe his farm by your diſcharge of your duty, I will ſee him rewarded with a *better*."

The joy and gratitude of the honeſt ruſtic were inexpreſſible. He flew to the widow's cottage, and that very day made the lovely Jeſſica his bride.

Bab, who had gone to Mrs. Ewen's that night for intelligence, reported the pleaſing news to our heroine, whoſe heart revelled in all that luxury of generous delight, which benevolence only can beſtow, and the poor ſelfiſh ſenſualiſt never can conceive.

As Letitia had deſired James to conceal her interference, and the widow thought it prudent that the marriage ſhould not be known till the ſquire's diſpleaſure was blown over, the clergyman, who performed the ceremony (as is common in that country) privately at his own houſe, was requeſted to keep it a ſecret.

But

But theſe marches and countermarches did not eſcape the watchful eyes of the jealous Nero. Full of the ſuppoſed intrigue of his miſtreſs and Bab, he had an eaſy clue to guide him through the labyrinth. He had ſeen Bab go with preſents to the cottage, and in all probability to ſend a letter to our hero, or procure one from him. Bab's quick viſit the ſecond time there, and her return with Mrs. Ewen, were ſuſpicious; but her ſudden departure with a letter, which Nero ſaw delivered to her by Letitia, put the matter out of diſpute; but what ſealed and confirmed it above all, was the third viſit of Bab, at a late hour, to the cottage. Overjoyed and overcharged with theſe important diſcoveries, Nero haſtened to unboſom them to his maſter, whoſe heart rankled with fell revenge at the recital, and, like the *infernal monarch*, "he grin'd horrible a ghaſtly ſmile!"

He loſt no time in merciful heſitation; but ruſhed to the juſtice, and obtained

tained a *warrant* for apprehending the widow and her daughter. The trembling victims were dragged before him. He accuſed them of a conſpiracy to deſtroy the peace of his family, and favour the elopement of his ſiſter with an adventurer; that the very day before, Mrs. Ewen, contrary to his orders, had been at the Hall, and the ſervant maid thrice to and from her cottage with letters.

In vain the widow and gentle Jeſſica denied any colluſion. He inſiſted on their confeſſing the whole, or being ſent to the houſe of correction, or diſmiſſed the pariſh. At laſt Jeſſica burſt into tears, and ſaid, "Rather than my dear benefactreſs ſhould ſuffer in reputation, I will reveal the whole, though it be fatal to us. It was not any ſecret correſpondence, it was no perſonal buſineſs of your excellent ſiſter: it was to reſcue me from ruin; to ſecure me the hand of the youth who had pledged me his faith, that ſhe employed her meſſenger. May eternal bleſſings be

her portion!" She then briefly related the whole.

Admiration and awe of ſuperior virtue kept the juſtice and ſquire mute for a few moments. But pride and revenge roſe in arms. The mother and daughter were diſmiſſed; and Aaron, with unexampled cruelty, diſcharged old Williams and his ſon from the farm; but the generous Mr. Lumeire, at Letitia's deſire, gave him one much better near Berkeley Hall.

CHAP. XXXIV.

FANTASTICAL PROJECTS, AND DESPERATE RESOLUTIONS.

OUR hero having related to Dr. Sourby the wretched condition of his ſuit, the latter imputed his misfortune, as uſual, to the deſtructive refinements of civilized life, and dwelt ſo eloquently on the tranquillity, virtues, and enjoyments, of a ſtate of nature, that Tim told him he would

would cheerfully join in the expedition, as being perfectly in unison with the restless frame of his mind *. Sancho was permitted to accompany them, and they left the Moravian settlement without delay, glowing with hope and expectation. "Let us quit those thronged pestilential seats of luxury," said the Doctor, "where the vices, artificial wants, diseases and miseries of men, multiply with their population, wealth, ostentation, and grandeur. *Arva, beata petamus arva.*"

The scenes, with which the country through which they passed abounded, of the vast, tremendous, sublime, and beautiful, were certainly calculated to engage

* This plan of Dr. Sourby's, strange as it may seem, has been imitated lately in England. The author of *The Book, or Continuation of the Moral World*, advertises for volunteers to go as a colony into some interior part of America; and the basis of his plan is, that there is to be no exclusive property in things and persons; all individual preferences are to be resisted, and each mother is to suckle the child of another rather than her own.

the attention and elevate the mind, for the time, above grovelling cares and vulgar anxieties. We ſhall not relate with minuteneſs, their journey over majeſtic mountains covered with eternal foreſts, through vaſt winding vallies, watered and adorned by ſerpentine ſtreams, caſcades, lakes, and mighty rivers, with new ſettlements beautifully interſperſed. They had travelled very agreeably for ſome days, along the frontiers of Pennſylvania, when they found the roads unuſually bad, and the ſtages ſo long and tedious, that they had not in more than twenty miles met a place of refreſhment. The Doctor's brow began gradually to cloud, and his cheerfulneſs to vaniſh, eſpecially when, with jaded horſes, they had to mount an immenſe mountain, without any appearance of habitations or verdure; but after winding round the ſummit, their toils were rewarded by the moſt extenſive and variegated view of a valley, and champain country of more than fifty miles,

miles, and little ſettlements along the banks of the fertilizing and ſtately river which ran through it in mazy courſe. "Here," cried Dr. Sourby, "nature reigns in true ſublimity and lovely ſimplicity. Here we ſhall meet men in their original innocence and independence, untrammelled by forms, or the yokes of ancient inſtitutions. Here the heads of men will not be deluded by prejudices and falſehoods, nor their hearts corrupted by flattery, envy, pride, and ambition. Here we ſhall find the true nature and life of man." So ſaying, he diſmounted his ſteed, and led him ſtalking triumphantly down the hill. A little time brought them to a large wood building, which ſerved for defence as well as the lodgment of travellers, being made of maſſy pieces of timber, forming a ſquare, called a *block-houſe*, with portholes in various parts to annoy invaders. Sancho put up their horſes, and they ſat down to a plentiful table, at which Dr. Sourby

dwelt with much enthuſiaſm on the ſcenes around him, the virtues and felicity of the inhabitants, and his reſolution to reſide among them. Soon after the landlord begged leave to introduce Mr. Phineas Chauncey to them, a very repectable ſettler from New England, and a deacon of the meeting-houſe, who could give them the beſt account of the country, and had heard with great ſigns of admiration Dr. Sourby's diſcourſe. He ſaid, "Nothing could give him greater ſatisfaction, than to meet with a man whoſe opinions of the world agreed ſo well with his own. Here indeed, Sir, you will find men entirely eſtranged from the follies, crimes, and artifice of civilized cities. Internal rectitude ſerves in place of law, and of bolts and locks for ſecurity. We need no phyſicians to tamper and vamp up our bodies, no lawyers to ſuffocate juſtice with forms, or book-learned divines to perplex our heads with metaphyſical

ſical diſtinctions. Here we really enjoy the Saturnian age. *Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.*"

"Give me your hand," ſaid Dr. Sourby, repeating with rapture, *Jam nova progenies cœlo dimittitur alto*—and ſhaking him heartily as he ſpoke, called him his *alter Apollo.* "You are certainly thrown in our way to direct us in our ſcheme of *renewing the golden age,* and making a full experiment of the ſweets of natural ſociety."

After many compliments of this kind, and vollies of Latin on both ſides, deacon Chauncey informed the company that he had been educated at Yale college in Connecticut, and intended by his parents for the law; but ſick of the chicanery of the practice, and the villany of the world, he had fled with ſome others to this peaceful ſpot, where, he truſted, the few remaining ſands of his life might run out in doing all the good in his power, and in eradicating the remains of the follies

and vices which he had unavoidably contracted in the *corrupted crowded haunts of men.* "Yes, I find here a ſublime elevation of ſoul above the wants, errors, and prejudices of the world, purſuing with Horace the '*Secretum iter et fallentis ſemita vitæ*,' and here enjoy 'a ſweet oblivion of low-thoughted care'!"

Our hero and Dr. Sourby were much delighted with the *candour and ancient ſimplicity* of the deacon, who cordially invited them to his houſe until they could provide themſelves with an eſtabliſhment, in which he would aſſiſt them. The evening appeared to Dr. Sourby ſuperior to an Attic one. The deacon painted in the livelieſt colours, the fertility of the ſoil, the longevity, hoſpitality, and immaculate virtues of the people, and the advantageous purchaſes that might be made of land. When our hero and the Doctor retired to reſt, the latter continued, at intervals, till morning, to declaim on the integrity, wiſdom, and diſintereſtedneſs of deacon

deacon Chauncey, and his ſchemes of living in this happy ſettlement, in which he ſhould be his guide and example. Our hero ſuggeſted the propriety of caution before they precipitated a bargain; but Dr. Sourby pronounced that he would riſk the wealth of the Indies on the deacon's probity, and that ſouls like his were ſuperior to the temptations of avarice and ambition. "I wiſh only, my dear Tim, that we had your worthy grandfather here, that he might ſee a full confutation of his antiquated ſyſtem: that men cannot be kept in order, or attain the perfection and felicity of their nature, *without civil government, an eſtabliſhed religion, and proviſions for the education of youth*: without long-tried political uſages and inſtitutions recommended by experience, a due ſubordination of ranks, and the firm execution of laws. For here we ſhall find all the bleſſings of life attained with perfect equality, and exemption from any

reſtraints of law, or public ſupport of religion or education."

Our hero replied, that they would be able to make a more faithful report of theſe elyſian fields after a full probation. But the Doctor was not pleaſed with any interruption of his darling dream. The next and ſubſequent days they examined the deacon's cottage, or block-houſe, and the lands which he had cleared, his woods and cattle, barn and implements of huſbandry. The houſe was a ſtrong ſquare building two ſtories high, made of large pieces of timber laid on each other, in a plain unornamented ſtate, and the beds and furniture were of the coarſeſt kind. Inſtead of windows on the ground floor were loop or ſmall port holes, through which muſquets might be diſcharged, but little light, and no perſon could be admitted. The garden was in a rude uncultivated ſtate, yielding but few vegetables; and the deacon had contented himſelf

ſelf with two cows and a horſe, and the cultivation of a ſmall field of Indian corn. But the deficiency of the premiſes in convenience, ſtock, and ornament, was fully compenſated, in the Doctor's contemplation, by the beauty of the ſituation, the capabilities of improvement, and the primitive ſtate of the neighbourhood. When he expreſſed a wiſh to purchaſe, the deacon declined for a long time; but at laſt, through pure deſire of adding them to the happy few, conſented to let the Doctor have the houſe, and as much land as he judged neceſſary, at the moſt reaſonable price. The conveyance being made, the deacon recommended that Dr. Sourby ſhould procure a larger ſtock for his land, imitating the *patriarchal life*, by attending to paſturage rather than tillage, as being more ſuited to the eaſe and independence of man. The Doctor approved much of the idea, and after payment of the purchaſe, gave the honeſt deacon a conſiderable ſum to buy for the

uſe of *Independent Hall*, ſuch cattle and conveniences as he might judge moſt expedient. He accordingly courteouſly ſet out for the interior part of Pennſylvania, leaving our travellers to commence the golden age, and their lives of primæval innocence and ſimplicity*.

CHAP. XXXV.

GREAT TRIUMPH OF DR. SOURBY, AND HIS NOTION OF MARRIAGE.

OUR trio of adventurers were now in the full zenith of their glory. Sancho with great expedition engaged in unloading the houſe of the dirt which had been for years collecting, and adjuſting and repairing the furniture. Our hero and Dr. Sourby formed plans, and laboured daily to improve the garden, and

* The eloquent Rouſſeau, and many of our preſent political writers, ſeem to have copied Dr. Sourby's ſyſtem. EDITOR.

introduce

introduce the moſt ſucculent vegetables for the kitchen. An old German woman was hired as a cook, and a ſmart Iriſh indented ſervant, by the name of Polly Macguggerty, to be chambermaid and houſe-keeper. The employments, novelty, and amuſements of this kind of life, ſoothed the ſorrows of our hero in a wonderful manner. He would ſometimes ſally out with Sancho, and ſupply the Doctor's table with wild pigeons, geeſe, ducks, or turkies, with which the country abounded, and employ whole days in examining the productions of the foreſts, in purſuing the wild bees to their neſts, and bearing home their honey, or their hives to the garden. At other times they would hunt the ſquirrels from tree to tree, or trace a bear to his haunts, and bring his carcaſe, if a young one, as delicious fare, and his ſkin as a noble trophy, to *Independent Hall.* Their two cows furniſhed them with milk, and the neighbouring river and ſtreams with fine ſalmon, trout, perch,

perch, eels, and ſturgeon. But Tim's chief delight was in killing the deer, which frequented much the neighbouring foreſt, and were eaſily ſhot from places of concealment; or in kindling fires at night, and aſſaulting the wolves which prowled about the neighbourhood, and threatened deſtruction to their poultry and cattle. Sancho's activity and ingenuity were of the utmoſt conſequence to them, as he had a ſmattering of all trades, underſtood agriculture and gardening, and could *execute* as well as *plan*. Dr. Sourby found his talents and acquirements of little uſe in his preſent ſphere. He had not ſtrength, agility, or dexterity, to accompany our hero and Sancho in their excurſions, and was not enough acquainted with agriculture or gardening, either to direct or perform much. But the novelty of the objects around him, the hurry of adjuſting, refitting, and improving his eſtate, and the proſpect of giving a *full eſtabliſhment to his ſyſtem*, occupied and delighted his mind.

mind. The neighbouring ſettlers received him and our hero, whenever they met or viſited, with great reſpect and attention; and the Doctor found at home a favourite to *ſolace* his leiſure hours. We ſhall unfold the delicate ſubject to our readers in the Doctor's words, one evening to our hero: "My dear Tickle," ſaid he, with a mild tone, "as love is an honourable and reaſonable paſſion, when kept within proper bounds, fixed on a deſerving object, and directed to its true natural end; I ſhall not bluſh to confeſs to you that I am once more under its influence. The *final cauſe* of the paſſion in us, as in other *animals*, is the multiplication of the ſpecies, and I have accordingly choſen a perſon well adapted to it. As to *rank and ſtation*, you know it neither adds nor diminiſhes real merit and dignity, I ſhall pay no reſpect therefore to them; and indeed Horace, at the court of Auguſtus, juſtifies it beautifully by example:

Ne ſit ancillæ tibi amor pudori
Xanthia Phoceu, &c.

"I have

"I have alſo another reaſon for my choice of a perſon of inferior rank—that I may reſtore that *ſubjection of the ſex* * to ours, which was the intention of nature, and the baniſhment of which from poliſhed nations has been the fatal cauſe of ſo much incontinence and inteſtine commotion. I ſhall alſo aſſume the privilege of uſing no other marriage rite or ceremony than that of the birds and other wild tenants of theſe ſhades, rational as well as brutal. I hope you and Sancho will imitate the example, and multiply the enlightened, and only happy inhabitants of the globe--the true diſciples and followers of nature. It is indeed a duty as much *incumbent on you*, as any other; and, indeed, if we conſider its importance, *of the firſt obligation*. If we deem it the moſt dangerous and heinous crime to *take away life*; it muſt, *pari paſſu*, be the moſt uſeful and laudable virtue to *create* or *communicate it*. You will here find *models* of the

* Rouſſeau, Thelyphthora.

greateſt

greateſt beauty, innocence, induſtry, and fidelity—ſuch as I have choſen for myſelf in my favourite Polly Macguggerty, whom I beg you to conſider and treat as the chaſte partner of my bed, though I mean, according to the wiſe *law of nature*, ſtill to continue her in her ſtate of *ſubordination* and *utility*, as houſekeeper and chambermaid."

Our hero, knowing it would be in vain to argue with the philoſopher, complimented him on his choice, but declined imitating his example, as he thought himſelf honourably engaged to his dear Letitia, and indeed reſolved never to marry any other woman, while her image was ſo fondly engraved on his heart. Sancho concurred in his maſter's reſolution, and declared, that while his Bab lived, and proved true to him, he never would be tempted by black, brown, or white, to ſwerve from his conſtancy. The Doctor drily anſwered, that he would leave it to time to cure their folly and obſtinacy, and drink

drink freely and copiouſly himſelf of the flowing bowl of feſtivity and pleaſure which nature preſented them.

CHAP. XXXVI.

SANCHO'S DESCRIPTION OF THE BLESSINGS OF NATURAL SOCIETY AND UNCIVILIZED LIFE.

THE honey-moon of their joys was now paſt, and the charms of novelty loſt. The exceſſive ſummer heats interrupted their excurſions, and the numerous muſquitoes and flies in the ſwamps and uncleared foreſts, reſembled one of the plagues of Egypt. Dr. Sourby had preached up ſo much the natural rights of all to liberty, that Miſs Macguggerty began herſelf to aſſume it, firſt by differing from him in opinion, and ſoon afterwards by viſiting *where*, *when*, and *whom* ſhe pleaſed. She thought her youth, beauty, and ſervices, a full compenſation for the Doctor's

Doctor's ſupport and regard. He had formed a ſanguine plan (as he had choſen her rude and uncultivated) of *moulding* her to his mind, and implanting ſuch ſentiments and principles as he thought beſt for her and himſelf. But he had reckoned without his hoſt; for ſhe thought it a degradation of her age, character, and ſex, to be diſciplined like a child. Another great ſource of complaint to them all, was the *want of a market*, to procure a ſupply of conveniences for their houſe, and the neceſſaries of life, bread, beef, and other proviſions; not to mention beer, wine, and rum, and all the articles of apparel, grocery, and furniture. Theſe they could either not obtain at all, or at very extravagant prices. The roads alſo were intolerably bad, and the means of communication difficult and dangerous. Solitude by degrees became weariſome, and the perpetual recurrence of the ſame ſcenes, without variety, produced gloom and

and diſguſt. Our philoſopher ſtrove to take refuge in the ſociety of his neighbours, but he found them either entirely occupied in procuring *the neceſſaries of life*; or little adapted and inclined to converſe with him on the ſubjects he underſtood, and to pay attention to his diſquiſitions. A want of proper *enclоſures and fences* expoſed his lands to the perpetual depredations of the more knowing adventurers, and involved him in vexatious recriminations and contentions. He began to find that the ſpirit of pride and ſelf-intereſt, the love of power, wealth, and diſtinction, prevail as much in wilds and cottages as in cities and courts. It will not, perhaps, be unentertaining to the reader to know honeſt Sancho's ideas of the matter, which he communicated in the following letter to Bab, entruſted to the care of a pedlar, who promiſed to put it into the firſt poſt-bag he met.

To

To Mrs. Bab, at Cranburry Hall, New Jarſay.

"MY DEAR BAB,

"THIS cums to lett you know we are well, and in the land of the living, but how long we ſhall be ſo, heavn above only know. It would make your Miſſah's heart bleed to know how my Maſſa has grieved, lamented, and ſtormed, for her ſake; and quitted the world like a pilgrim thro love of her. Nothing but that could make him ſo angry with me, and all the world, as he has been. We have wanderd God knows where, through bad roads, over craggy mountains, and through thick foreſts and boggy ſwamps, and are at laſt got almoſt out of the creation. I ſuppoſe it is all done *for penance* for our ſins; but Dr. Sourby, who is a learned man, ſay, *it is beſt life of man—true ſtate of nature:* but it ſeems very *unnatural* to me for *gentlemen* to live like *ſavages* or *beaſts*. I cannot ſee any thing different here

here in his ſtate of nature and ours at home, except dirty linen, filthy floors, a houſe like a pound or a jail; great ſcarcity of good furniture and garden ſtuff; but plenty of bugs and fleas, toads, ſnakes, muſquitoes, and flies, and ſuch want of conveniences (that, not to ſhock your daly caſy), we do many things like the dogs and horſes in the open hair. I can ſee nothing *natural* in gentlemen leaving their homes, where they can ſhoot, fiſh, and hunt, if they like, and eat, drink, ſleep, talk, and read, as they pleaſe, and haſſoſhate with gentle-folks of larning like themſelves; inſtead of travelling hundreds of miles into a *worſe country*, to live by hard work, pay dearly for what they want, and keep company with noiſy, ill-bred, roaring, dram-drinking blades, mor ignorant than their loweſt neighbours at home. This, deareſt Bab, is going *further to fare worſe*: for I'm ſure we fard better in our kitchen, or Cranburry Hall, than the beſt here. We can get none of my old Maſſa Homily's

mily's good Cheſhure or Gloſſy cheeſe, no Burton or Briſtol beer, or London porter here, except we pay through the noſe, and at abhominable prices, and what we ſhall do in winter nobody knows. But I ſay nothing. I'm poor ſervant, and know little; but I find my *larning* very precious, as by it I can write to my dear Bab. Yet Dr. Sourby ſays *it is all good for nothing*, and that de true life of man is to be like ſavages. By that rule white men ſhould *unlearn all again*, and become like our people on the Gold Coaſt. Or if they like to imitate the beaſts, they ſhould burn the books, throoaway hammers, ſpades, and plows, ſtrip off to the buff, and *dig with their nails, and tear the raw meat with their teeth, catch what they can, and the weakeſt go to the wall, and club law* prevail; as I fancy it is here; where no officer can catch them, and they can cheat us, and plunder and run to another part like birds and beaſts of paſſage. Dr. Sourby ſay it is all liberty here; but I ſee no

no more than at home, xcept *liberty of playing the fools by ourſelves*; of riding and walking in bad roads; being eaten up alive by vermin; feeding on ſalt beef, or whatever we can kill, after trampooſing all day. No other liberty here but that of wearing dirty ſhirts, and half-worn cloathes, of watching the wolves at night, or the thieves, or murdering Indians; the liberty of drinking ſtinkabuſs rum and bad cider inſtead of good ale, and the beſt wine and rum; the liberty of talking to the crows, the bears, or a chance traveller, or nobody knows who, inſtead of a good hearty honeſt neighbourhood, where every body knows every body, and the old and young, blacks and whites, are taught to read and write, and can talk and act like Chriſtians, gentlemen, and ſcholars. Dr. Sourby muſt certainly be mad, or worſe, and I ſhould have left him before this, but for young Maſſa's ſake. He try in ſhooting and rambling, and this odd life, to forget dear Madam Letitia; but he can no

no more do it than I can you, or Dr. Homily's good kitchen. Ah! Bab, what a temptation Maſſa and I reſiſted for your and your Miſſy ſake! But you muſt be mum. Some *men be only wiſe in the head and tongue.* Dr. Sourby has begun to live like the *pagan*, and has taken a wife without *ſaying grace, or by your leave.* She is coarſe and vulgar, like Nell Brimmer at the old Horſeſhoe; and from what I can ſee, ſhe will help to make the Doctor as he wiſhes, *like the beaſts of the field*; you know what Maſſa *Aaron hangs his hat up on in the hall.*

"He offered young Maſſa and I two *ſtate of nature wives*, but we ſcorn to ſully our honour while you be true and kind. Sure ſome debbel of an imp of hell muſt make difference between Miſſa Letitia and my maſſa, who keep her picture near his heart, and kiſs it twenty times a day, and call it his adhorable, but cruel Letitia. I often cry to ſee him, for he is very good-natured, and as brave as a lyon, and

I am certain would not live this life of a Turk, a ſavage, or a dog, without her diſpleaſure. If ſhe will not ſend for him, you may let old Maſſa Homily know whereabouts we are, that he, good ſoul, may not think us periſhed. When I return, dear Bab, I will bring you a choice *wild cat ſkin* or two, for that is all we have rare here. O that I was once back again! and Maſſa at Cranberry Hall *with you know who, that he likes beſt*; and I in the kitchen, eating roaſt beef, or prattling with *her I like beſt*. I wiſh I could ſee her face ſmiling on me here, as you can as often as you look in your glaſs, and that I may find her heart as true to me, as mine is to her.

" So wiſhes and prays
" Your loving faithful
" SANCHO."

Independent Hall, Auguſt.

Such was the view of this famous excurſion which ſtruck the *common ſenſe* of honeſt Sancho.

Sancho. To our hero it offered ſome relief from the anguiſh of his paſſion, which delighted in ſolitude, and was ſoothed by the gloomy, the vaſt, and tremendous. The dangers and difficulties he underwent in purſuit of game, arreſted the attention of his active mind, and prevented it from preying upon itſelf. And he felt no want of ſociety, as his leiſure moments were employed in improving the mind of Sancho, or moſt deliciouſly conſumed in melancholy, muſing on his abſent fair, and brooding over his ſorrows in uninterrupted ſilence and ſolitude. He had written to Dr. Homily, as we mentioned, but had yet received no anſwer, Miſs Moody, to whom the letter was incloſed, chuſing to ſuppreſs it, as it might lead to an explanation fatal to her ſchemes.

CHAP. XXXVII.

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

SOME months had now elapſed without any tidings of deacon Phineas Chauncey and his commiſſion. Our hero began to doubt his integrity; but Dr. Sourby contended warmly in his favour, from his phyſiognomy, his avowed principles, and, above all, the nature of the life which he preferred. They were arguing it *pro* and *con* one afternoon, when a venerable perſonage, with white locks and grave demeanour, alighted from his horſe, and preſented Dr. Sourby with a letter. On peruſing it, he ſaid, exulting, "You will condemn your haſty judgment for once—read that, and ſubmit. It is from our worthy friend Mr. Chauncey, who writes that he has bought ſome fine heads of cattle, at a very favourable price, and has procured us all the articles we propoſed

poſed to have, and that he will be with them here in a week. He refers us for further particulars to this gentleman, Mr. Truby, who has ſeen them, and whom he recommends to our notice as of the greateſt probity, well informed, and a warm lover of the equality and original purity of man.—You are very welcome, Mr. Truby, to Independent Hall. How did you leave your friend ?"

"In pure health," replied the ſtranger, "and with a drove of the fineſt and cheapeſt cattle I ever ſet eyes on. Ah! he is an upright intelligent man, hardly fit for this world, from his nice honour in dealing, and probably given to it, like you, Sir, to revive the times of primitive virtue and freedom."

"You are pleaſed to honour me, Sir," ſaid Dr. Sourby.

"I avoid all kind of titles, friend Sourby," replied the ſtranger, "and vain compliment. What cometh from the

heart will always be acceptable to the ſincere, and much honey only gathereth flies. I thank Heaven, I have long laboured in the ſame vineyard as you, though with unequal ſtrength, to cut down and root up the pride, vanity, and unrighteouſneſs of the world, which choak the grapes of real felicity. It conſiſteth not in the abundance of what a man hath, but the richneſs of his ſpiritual goods, the *energies of mind*. They conſtitute, friend Sourby, the only real and uſeful diſtinction among men."

Dr. Sourby applauded highly his principles ſo congenial to his own; on which Mr. Truby meekly added, "Providence, to be ſure, hath been pleaſed to grant me more opulence than I want, for *parvum parva decent*, and the real wants of men are few and eaſily ſatisfied; but I rejoice that its gifts are coincident with the *energies* of my mind, and enable me to parallel my bounty with my wiſhes.

This

This is the true uſe of wealth, and of the ſuperior intellectnal acquirements."

Our hero and Dr. Sourby ſeemed as much ſtruck with the generous ſentiments of the ſtranger, as with his patriarchal appearance. Encouraged by their civility, he amuſed them with a detail of his life, his education at a learned ſeminary near Boſton, his acquiſition of great wealth by trade, and his preſent employment to travel round the country, and aſſiſt the growing ſettlements by *giving or advancing money* without intereſt. He then aſked Dr. Sourby's advice about a diſtribution in his neighbourhood, and propoſed to entruſt our hero and the Doctor with the agreeable office. The night paſſed away in this kind of diſcourſe, and they all parted for bed; the family of *Independent Hall* being ſtrongly impreſſed with the ſanctity and dignity of his conduct and carriage.

Dr. Sourby and he breakfaſted alone, our hero and Sancho having gone out a ſporting. The topic of the *diſtribution* was again renewed, and Dr. Sourby promiſed to make the neceſſary inquiries. "If I were to pay any credit to dreams," ſaid Mr. Truby, "I had one thrice laſt night of the moſt flattering kind."

"They bear often a ſtrong coincidence with facts," ſaid Dr. Sourby. "Pray what was yours?"

"I dreamt," ſaid Mr. Truby, "that an angelic form pointed *you* out to me, as the moſt wiſe and benevolent diſpoſer of my bounty, and ſaid, 'He needs not your aid, for he has on his own domains a mine of wealth for the needy.' I clearly ſaw in my ſleep the land around, and he conducted me, I thought, about a mile from hence to a pond, near which ſtood a large tulip-tree; he bade me dig, and I found under it a flat ſtone, and to my great ſurpriſe ſome *bars of ſolid gold*, which I thought

thought we were commiſſioned to ſell for the uſe of this ſettlement."

Dr. Sourby interrupted him eagerly: "I never knew a more ſtriking and circumſtantial dream; and, what is more ſingular, there is on my land a pond ſituated exactly as you ſaw in your viſion."

"I have not, I confeſs," ſaid Mr. Truby, "much reliance on dreams; but there appeareth, friend Sourby, much veriſimilitude in this, eſpecially the ſimilarity of the place."

"It would be unpardonable to neglect examining the ſpot," ſaid Dr. Sourby; "and we can do it by ourſelves."

Mr. Truby, with a courteous ſmile, agreed, adding, "*There is no knowing what a glorious work the Lord may have in hand, or what vile inſtruments he may chuſe to work with.*"

They approached, ſpade in hand, the deſignated tree, when Mr. Truby ex-

claimed, "I never saw a more exact counterpart of the place marked out in my dream."

Dr. Sourby searched eagerly round, and at last found a flat stone, on removing which he discovered the *handle of an old cutlass*. His joy and surprise were extreme at this wonderful coincidence, and he could not help crying out "Ευρηκα, I have found it."

Mr. Truby calmly said, "If it be of the Lord's, it will prosper. Rejoice with humility."

On probing down with the cutlass, they met resistance as from a hollow box, and digging rapidly discovered a tin case, in which were some papers and a parchment. The latter contained an account of some bars and ingots of gold that were buried some feet below, and was signed by *captain Kidd*, a noted pirate who had often landed on the American coast. "I have read frequently," said Dr. Sourby, "of the

the brave *Kidd*, and his exploits in theſe ſeas. He has probably taken this prize from the Spaniards, and paſſing up the Miſſiſippi, and ſo along the Ohio, has ſecreted his treaſures near the forks of the Delaware, to which he could have a ſecure acceſs from the ſea." He then dug on with great alacrity, and at laſt produced the *bars and ingots* deſcribed in the *ſchedule*. They conveyed them as privately as poſſible to *Independent Hall*, and Dr. Sourby inſiſted on it that Mr. Truby ſhould have half their value. This he poſitively refuſed, requeſting only, that Dr. Sourby would appoint ſome truſty perſon to diſpoſe of them, and employ their value in acts of munificence. "We, friend Sourby, are placed beyond ſuch wants, and deem wealth only uſeful to beſtow."

Dr. Sourby thought that he ought to accept of the *diſtribution of a part*, and advanced him a hundred pounds on the diſcovered treaſure, for this pious purpoſe.

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They parted highly pleaſed with each other, and our hero, on his return, was made acquainted with their good fortune. He employed ſome part of the evening in examining the remainder of Kidd's papers, and found *memorandums of two cheſts of dollars* buried in a valley about a mile diſtant from the former depot. The Doctor was ſo elevated with his good fortune, that he would have gladly gone that night on the ſearch; but our hero perſuaded him to reſt till the morning.

They ſallied out to the place appointed next day; and though they met with a *ſtone and ſword*, could not, after the moſt laborious ſearch, find any veſtige of the cheſts. They returned rather mortified; but Dr. Sourby, from his former ſucceſs, doubted not but they would diſcover the whole in due time.

The next day proved very inauſpicious. For our hero having viſited a neighbouring town, and procured, with great difficulty,

culty, ſome *aqua fortis*, they made an aſſay of the famous bars and ingots, when—*O pudor, O mores!*—to the utter diſcomfiture of Dr. Sourby, and maugre his honeſt friend Truby's *golden dream*, they were found to be pieces of copper, artfully ſheathed with a thin covering of gold for the purpoſe of deception.

The philoſopher was doubly thunder-ſtruck when he alſo heard in a few days that *deacon Chauncey* had been ſeen hovering in the neighbourhood, with the ſaid Truby, but without the Doctor's cattle or other ſtock. In truth, theſe *veteran rogues* had thought our adventurers very proper game, and, having profited ſufficiently of the follies of *Independent Hall*, had retired into New Hampſhire to enjoy the fruits of their villany.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

PRIVATE SORROWS LOST IN PUBLIC CARES.

THESE loſſes and diſappointments impaired greatly the foundation of our Doctor's ſyſtem, drained his reſources, and ſoured his mind. But misfortune ſeldom cometh alone, ſaith the proverb. One falſe ſtep is generally ſucceeded by another, and a man much reſembleth, in his progreſs in vice, folly, or misfortune, a falling *ſtone*, which increaſeth in the velocity of its deſcent, and bounds more fatally and irreſiſtibly in proportion to the progreſs it hath made, and the height from which it hath fallen. *Mrs. Sourby*, as ſhe affected to call herſelf, had, it ſeems, or pretended to have, a brother, and numerous couſins and relations, from Ireland, in the neighbourhood. Theſe ſhe often

often visited, and more frequently entertained at Independent Hall. The Doctor at first courteously yielded to the natural claims and hospitable disposition of his fair associate, though their manners and conversation were far beneath the level of Sancho's; but when he found it a growing evil, and that they were, in their freedoms and residence, more like *inmates than visitors*, and that their conduct became more and more presumptuous, licentious, and riotous, he expostulated with greater severity. How extreme was his surprise, when she peremptorily told him she could not brook such usage, that "She could not live like a *mopus*, and be debarred the privilege *of all wives*, that of entertaining her brother and cousins."

The Doctor, in a violent passion, drove her into the kitchen, when his poor "*law of nature spouse*," like any city-bred lady, burst into tears, lamented her hard fate to

to her brother and couſins, and at laſt ſunk down in a fainting-fit; from which ſhe was with difficulty recovered by the application of burnt feathers and a rotten egg. On this, *Dennis Macguggerty* preſſed up to Dr. Sourby rudely, and ſaid, "*Brother-in-law! a word with you.* By J—s, I parcaive that you treat my ſiſter, who is, by the bye, of as good blood as yours, more like a *Turkiſh baſhaw* than a *Chriſtian* huſband. You have gained her affactions, and ſhe has granted you the poſſeſſion of her perſon, by becoming your wife, on a plan you aſſured her was as holy and ſacred as the wedlock of holy church; but you of late wiſh to take an advantage of her, and to trait her in a manner, that I'll lat you know none of the Macguggertys will ever bend to. Is ſhe your wife, or is ſhe not? This is a plain quaſtion. Now the divil burn my ſhoul *if ſhe is*; but I, my honeſt fellow, and all the jontlemen in our family, will make you trait *her as ſuch.*

And

And *if ſhe be not!* O beware of that! Bad luck to you, if you are at that game with my ſiſter, you ſhall either crack a piſtol, d'ye ſee, with little Dinnis Macguggerty; or make her reparation by mains of father *Phelim O'Connor*, our holy director and confeſſor."

Dr. Sourby ſaid, he would not ſuffer any one to interfere with his family concerns; that ſhe was indeed his wife by their mutual plight of faith, and *foro conſcientiæ*; but not entitled to the privileges which are given to wives, who had been made ſuch by a civil or eccleſiaſtical contract.

"O, by Chreeſht! you are at that work, are you? Do you think to come over us with ſuch heatheniſh boderation? That will not do, miſter Doctor. If Mrs. Sourby is your wife at all at all, ſhe ſhall be a wife to all intents and purpoſes. A d—d comical bargain this, where the advantages are all on one ſide: ſhe to ſubmit

mit to your will, and you do as you pleaſe. This is your *liberty and equality*, is it? You ſhall find that the Macguggertys were born with their *eye-teeth*."

Our hero, who had juſt entered, ruſhed up to him with a menacing tone, and told him if he preſumed to uſe again that language, he ſhould feel the weight of his reſentment; but if he had any thing reaſonable to propoſe there, to follow the Doctor and him into another room. He complied with this, ſaying, "No offence to you, Mr. Tickle; good luck to your countenance, I know you to be a jontleman every inch of you."

Tim plied him with whiſky, and taking Dr. Sourby aſide, it was agreed that he ſhould promiſe to treat her with greater attention, and, if neceſſary, give *huſh-money*, to quaſh the diſagreeable buſineſs. This was done, and Dennis, after receiving a preſent of ten dollars, parted from his dear brother-in-law, and promiſed

miſed to give him no further diſturbance. But, as it afterwards appeared, this largeſs was like ſupplying the enemy with ammunition. For Dennis was enabled to entertain with it a gang of *emigrant white-boys*, aſſuming, or being of, the ſame name and family. After they had ſufficiently maddened themſelves with whiſky, they came in a *poſſe*, accompanied with the *prieſt*, towards *Independent Hall*, reſolved to compel the Doctor to a *legal marriage*, or a decent proviſion for the lady. Sancho, who was wood-cutting, luckily overheard their deſign, and gave timely intelligence. The doors and windows were ſtraitway blockaded, and the muſquets charged. The cavalcade marched to the door, and declared, on being refuſed admittance, that they would force it. Our hero replied with a firm tone, that whoever offered violence, and attempted to break in, ſhould receive a ball through his body. The attack commenced, and our hero and

Sancho

Sancho wounded ſome of the marauders with ſlugs from the *loop-holes*, and, as the aſſailants had only cudgels, compelled them to retreat; but not before they had plundered the barn, and captured the cows and horſes. The beſieged were obliged to keep watch in turn, and to confine Miſs Macguggerty up ſtairs; though ſhe affected to be diſpleaſed with her brother's violent proceedings.

On perceiving the damages they had ſuſtained, the Doctor's wrath was beyond bounds, and he was determined to puniſh the villains; though the expence and difficulty would be great; as the magiſtrates and civil officers reſided at a conſiderable diſtance, and could not execute the laws unleſs aſſiſted by the people in the neighbourhood, or by an armed body of followers. Luckily, the ſheriff of the county was expected with a train of militia, at that time, to quel riots, enforce the laws, diſtrain for the taxes due in that diſtrict,

diſtrict, and enforce levies for an expedition againſt the French, Canadians, and Indians.

Dr. Sourby reſolved, with our hero and Sancho, to attend that day a meeting of the landholders of the diſtrict on this buſineſs, and there to ſtate his caſe, require aſſiſtance, and apply to the ſheriff for redreſs. Sancho furbiſhed up his wig in ſtyle, and bruſhed up his roquelaure, or huſſar cloak, lined with crimſon, ſo that he looked, as he walked and ſpoke, dignified and conſequential. The loſs of their cavalry was now ſeverely felt; as the place of meeting was near five miles diſtant. It was held at the principal public houſe, but the room was not ſufficient to contain a fifth of the aſſembly. Every chamber of the inn was filled with gueſts, and the environs of it with crowds, drinking whiſky and cider, and diſcuſſing the topics of the day. The hum, buſtle, and confuſion, reſembled thoſe of the fair of St. Bartholomew,

tholomew, or Stourbridge. The general cry was againſt paying any taxes, either impoſed by New Hampſhire, Pennſylvania, or Great Britain, for waging the Canadian war; not to ſubmit to exciſe, or ſuffer the ſheriff to diſtrain, or ſerve any writs, but to oppoſe him by force. Every crowd ſeemed to have its orators; but the bent of the general tide being known, one of the moſt active demagogues appeared with his junto on a ſcaffolding erected for the purpoſe out of the windows. Silence being at laſt obtained, he made a ſhort ſpeech on liberty and property, on the avarice of the rich, and the tyranny of the great, in the commercial cities in each province; and recommended ſome reſolutions, purporting that they would ſubmit to no taxes or aſſeſſments for the war; nor ſuffer the ſheriff to moleſt any of their neighbours, by diſtraining for ceſſes, or raiſing levies.

Theſe

Theſe reſolutions were about to be put, when Dr. Sourby, not willing to loſe ſo glorious a field for the diſplay of his eloquence, puſhed forward, and ſpoke of the value of liberty and property, and the neceſſity of defending them againſt all attacks. He was here encouraged with huzzas, and proceeded to ſpeak of the natural advantages of the country, and the *impoſſibility of general ſafety*, unleſs every part of the community would contribute to the defence of the reſt; and that, therefore, they ought to pay the proper taxes and quota for the war. Here there was ſuch a loud ſhout of "Down with him! down with him!" that he could not be heard for ſome time. At laſt the murmurs ſubſiding, through common curioſity, he went on preſſing a due adminiſtration of the laws in the vicinage, as every man's duty and intereſt; that no private violence ſhould be admitted, as being deſtructive of freedom; and that the ſheriff and other

other officers ſhould be aſſiſted in ſerving writs and executions, and in the due diſtribution of juſtice. The mob grew furious on this, ſtimulated in particular by many inhabitants who had fled to theſe retreats from the maritime towns to evade their creditors. Dr. Sourby would have been hurled from the ſcaffold, and probably torn to pieces by the crowds below, had not the former orator waved his hand with a ſmile of triumph and ſelf-complacence, and thus addreſſed the multitude: "I am aſtoniſhed and grieved to hear a man who affects larning, hold ſuch dangerous and diabolical language, to a free-born enlightened aſſembly like this. What! Sir, did we fly from prieſtcraft and perſecution, into this howling wilderneſs, to be *followed by taxes, by levies, exciſe, and ſtamps*, by ſheriffs and bailiffs? How can we call our property our own if they can take it out of our houſes, and ſell it, to pay taxes to carry on a war? We ſhould have

have no war! It only deſtroys lives and property, and fattens contractors. We have no ſhips here to be taken! No privateers to enrich us! Why then pay for the war? It is waged on the frontiers of Virginia and Carolina; let them defend themſelves, if they wiſh to quarrel with the French or Spaniards for extent of territory. They tell us we *may ſend delegates* to give our conſent or oppoſe: but it is all a ſham; for what would our two or even ſix members do againſt two or three hundred voices? We will therefore have nothing to do with the war; and as to the ſheriff, as he is commiſſioned by them, we will oppoſe the *ſervants* as well as the *maſters*, in defence of our liberty and property; and I doubt not you will all join in this noble ſentiment. Liberty and property for ever, and no taxes, no duty on whiſky, no exciſeman, ſheriff, or bailiff! Huzza! huzza!"

This harangue was delivered by an attorney's apprentice, tranſported from London for defrauding his maſter, but now a principal land-jobber.

Dr. Sourby's indignation was raiſed beyond ſufferance at this effuſion of ſophiſtry, and he was preparing a thundering reply, when our hero, ſeeing his danger, endeavoured to perſuade him to ſilence; but in vain. He commenced his harangue, but was checked in his flowery exordium by a volley of rotten turnips, intermingled with mud, and an univerſal outcry of, "Down with him! A ſpy! Some lurking courtier, exciſeman, or cuſtom-houſe officer! Down with him!"

Our philoſopher, logician, orator, and metaphyſician, would have ſoon been reduced to an equality with his forefathers, had not Tim conveyed him dexterouſly from the ſcaffold to the room, and told the crowd in it, mildly, "That the gentleman meant no offence, but to be guided

guided by the reaſon and voices of the majority."

They would, however, have found it dangerous to have ventured home through the mob, had not their attention been ſuddenly rouſed by the cry of "The ſheriff and his poſſe! To arms, to arms!"

Our adventurers ſallied out with others, and were ſwept along with the torrent towards the ſheriff and his retinue, who exhorted them in vain to ſubmit peacefully to the laws. The only reply was a ſhower of ſtones, and an aſſault with bludgeons and poles; in which the mob were for a while victorious, but the ſheriff having retreated with his party behind a ſtone wall, gave ſuch a furious diſcharge of muſquetry, that many were killed and wounded, and the rioters put to flight. Our hero and Dr. Sourby, with Sancho, had been forced on among the foremoſt of the aſſailants, and in the retreat, the poor orator received a ball in the calf of

his leg, which laid him ſprawling, and dangerouſly fractured the bone. Tim and Sancho flew to his relief, or he muſt have been taken priſoner, and hanged for a *rioter*. The mob now believing him a friend, from his wound, permitted him to be conveyed home on a barrow; and that night, armed, renewed the attack, in which the ſheriff himſelf was killed, and his party diſperſed.

CHAP. XXXIX.

NEW ARRANGEMENTS OF DOMESTIC AND PRIVATE CONCERNS.

AS ſoon as Dr. Sourby reached home, he exclaimed, "Curſe on the obſtinacy of the unthinking rabble! Here am I a lame caitiff for life, if it be not the death of me, by the weapons of juſtice, for my zeal to preſerve *good order!* and that when I had juſt eſcaped being a martyr for

for an eloquent diſplay to the people of their own intereſts, and the true principles of civil government. Well, I'll not be caught ſoon meddling in public aſſemblies. If my life be ſpared, I'll lead a quiet domeſtic one, and derive my happineſs from the peace and conſolations under my own roof."

They had now reached his bed-room, and laid him quietly on the bed; when looking round wiſtfully, "My dear Tickle," ſaid he, "where is my faithful Polly? the wife of my boſom! Surpriſe her not by too haſty a relation of my miſfortune. In her condition it may be dangerous."

"She is not at home," ſaid the old cook; "ſhe ſet out about an hour after you left us, with her brother, and two couſins."

"No matter; it is very well," ſaid he: "I'm determined to indulge her more for the future. There is no comfort, I aſſure

you, Tim, like a *faithful female* to ſooth our cares, pour oil into our wounds, and perform thoſe numerous little nameleſs attentions which the infirm and ſick demand. Sancho, you may ſend ſome perſon to her brother's."

"I believe," ſaid Sancho, "by what I ſee and hear, you are not likely ſoon to be troubled either with Miſſy Muffarty, or her couſins, or brother Dennis, as ſhe pleaſes to call him."

"How ſo! what do you mean to inſinuate? What is the whiſpering? Ha?"

"The old cook ſay," replied Sancho, "that Miſſy let them into the houſe, that they rummage your deſk, and ſhe take all her clothes, and whatever in the rooms or kitchens moſt valuable that they could carry."

"Perdition ſeize her," cried the philoſopher, "and all her crew! This is uſage; this is primitive ſimplicity! May all

all the plagues of Egypt run after them. I am in a pretty pickle truly! Why, what a d——d meſs have I got in? And when I ſhall get out the Lord knows."

"I think you ought to be congratulated, my dear Doctor," ſaid our hero, "for your ſafe deliverance from this infernal Jezabel, and her piratical friends; if they only run far enough from us I ſhall be ſatisfied. You're finely peppered indeed, my old lad, with your ancient oratory, marriage alamode the law of nature, and your original ſtate of man."

"No more of it, my dear Tim, no more of it, I pray, at preſent. Curſe upon the will-o'-the-wiſp that has led me this chaſe of miſery, fatigue, buffetings, wounds, and robbery, merely to eſcape from good cheer, good company, and good government. Well, if I recover, my honeſt fellows! we'll off, as ſoon as I can ſell this fatal ſpot, to human ſociety again, and the joys of Berkeley Hall."

"Berkeley Hall for ever!" cried Sancho. "You'll ſoon be well; your laſt talk ſhews me Maſſa Doctor is coming to his ſenſes; he mends faſt now. Shall I go for a ſurgeon to dreſs your leg?"

"Yes, if you love me, Sancho, make haſte; but indeed I know not where we ſhall find one under fifty miles—a horrible ſituation! but I hope your dreſſing, Tim, will ſerve until we can better ourſelves."

Tim had got at a farmer's houſe, where the Doctor had firſt been carried, ſome lint and common cerate, which he had applied with a bandage to the leg, and which indeed he was obliged to continue the uſe of, as they had now no horſes, and could obtain no medical aſſiſtance whatever. On ſearching the houſe, the Doctor's grief and indignation were renewed by finding he had been plundered of all his remaining caſh, to the amount of more than

than a hundred pounds. Our hero conſoled him, by declaring he ſhould uſe his purſe freely until they could return home, which they all ſeemed anxious for; but this they were not deſtined ſoon to enjoy, for the anxiety of his mind, bad accommodations and proviſions, and want of medical aſſiſtance, retarded ſo much the cure of his leg, that they were detained till the ſeverity of the winter rendered the journey impracticable.

Their condition became now truly deplorable; as they were robbed of their ſtock, and could get no milk or butter, and only lay in a ſtock of ill-ſalted beef and pork for their common uſe, with peaſe and Indian corn, inſtead of flour. The ſnow fell four or five feet deep, and many parts of the road were impaſſable from drifts. The Doctor would certainly have periſhed, had it not been for the exertions of our hero and Sancho, who ſcorned to deſert him, and underwent

every extremity of danger and difficulty to procure freſh proviſions. With their ſnow ſhoes, they traverſed over the ſurface of the depths, and purſued the bears, or the mooſe; whoſe immenſe carcaſe they diſſected on the ſpot, and trailed home in quarters, at different times. The wild fowl alſo furniſhed them with a ſeaſonable ſupply for their table.

By inquiries in the neighbourhood, Sancho diſcovered, that the groſſeſt impoſition had been played on them; that Dennis was not the brother, but bully of Miſs Macguggerty; that they had cohabited together before and during her natural marriage with the Doctor, and were now fled to the ſettlement of the Blue Mountain boys; being themſelves of the hearts of oak of Ireland.

The Doctor, when in private with our hero, lamented his infatuation, and that he might carry the conſequences of it to his grave; as he now perceived her infi-

delity

delity had affected his perſonal health, as well as purſe, and there was no medical relief to be had. Our hero generouſly offered all the aſſiſtance in his power, and ſaid he would, with Sancho, at the riſk of his life, go to the neareſt apothecary, and procure either his aid, or ſuch preſcriptions and drugs as the caſe might require. The humbled patient thanked him with a ſuffuſion of tears; charging him to take care of himſelf, and haſten his return, as his life depended on their friendly attention and defence.

They made the journey in four days, ſurmounting almoſt incredible dangers and hardſhips, and came back to the diſconſolate Doctor, loaded with medicines, and ſuch articles as would be moſt conducive to his comfort, and the reſtoration of his health.

CHAP. XL.

FORTUNATE INTERVIEW WITH A STRANGER.

THE ſpring began at laſt rapidly to advance, and promiſe a ſpeedy end to their ſorrows and exile. By perſeverance in a courſe of medicine and diet, Dr. Sourby had hopes that the malignity of his malady was ſubdued, and that at leaſt ſome fragments of the diſtinguiſhed feature "of the human face divine," would be preſerved, as a ſad memento of the effects of *marriage by the law of nature*. His chief ſolicitude was the converting his eſtate and effects into ready caſh, and beating a march back again into the heart of civilized ſociety. But fate had other trials in ſtore for them. One night, after they had ſettled their future plan of conduct, and were retired to reſt full of pleaſing anticipation, they were alarmed by violent

violent rappings at the door, and the noiſe of a conſiderable body of men; whom, indeed, to their great conſternation, they ſoon ſaw through the windows, and heard demanding admittance, threatening, if refuſed, to burn the houſe about their ears. They were therefore under the neceſſity of opening the doors to a gang of armed freebooters, who ſoon filled and plundered every apartment of its contents, and bound our adventurers as priſoners. They queſtioned Dr. Sourby by what grant or title he held his houſe and lands; and on his anſwering, a deed under the province of Pennſylvania, they pronounced it a piece of waſte paper, an infringement of the rights and uſurpation of territory belonging to New Hampſhire. Our hero told them they were ſtrangers, and had purchaſed it as conveyed by the legal owner, not being apprized of any diſpute about the title, and he hoped they would be treated with humanity, and not deprived

of

of any property which did not fall within the queſtion.

" Why, look you, Sir," ſaid one of the leaders, " as you are ſtrangers, your perſons ſhall be ſafe. We only act on the law of ſelf-preſervation. We were driven from theſe lands, and deſpoiled of our property, by a ſuperior force; and we have a right, in turn, to reſume them and retaliate, till the matter is ſettled by the contending colonies. You are to look to the vender of the lands, or the legiſlature under which he held, for redreſs." So ſaying, they regaled themſelves with all the proviſions and liquors they could find; and after laying waſte and plundering in the ſame manner the other houſes on the ſettlement, they diſpatched our trio, with other priſoners, before day-light, with their booty, to New Hampſhire, leaving a body to ſecure and retain the territory they had ſucceſsfully invaded.

We

We ſhall not relate the hardſhips and fatigue they underwent in this rapid march for three days, at the expiration of which, they found themſelves in a ſmall village on the frontiers of New Hampſhire, adjoining the country at that time the ſeat of war between the Engliſh and the French, and their Indian allies. Their confinement in a crowded common gaol was cloſe and dangerous, and their accommodations and proviſions were miſerable. One day as our hero was amuſing himſelf with a peep through his grates, he ſaw an old man gazing very attentively at him; and ſoon after ejaculating, "Good God! is it poſſible? but my eyes deceive, or it is he, or his brother. Yet it muſt be a miſtake. He could not be here." At laſt approaching, "Pardon me, Sir, if I have miſtaken you for the grandſon of one of the worthieſt men on earth."

"That muſt be Dr. Homily," ſaid Tim: "I am his grandſon."

"There

"There is no one I more reſpect," ſaid the veteran; "and I recollect having you in theſe arms when a boy. By what ſtrange chance came you here in confinement?"

Our hero gave him a ſummary account of their misfortunes. On which he immediately repaired to the ſelect men of the town, offered bail for Tickle and his two friends, and obtained a warrant for their diſcharge, having much property and influence in the place. He hurried on the wings of benevolence to the priſon, got their freedom that very evening, and conducted them to his hoſpitable manſion, which he deſired them to conſider as their own. When lights were brought, Dr. Sourby and Sancho recognized, as well as our hero, the perſon of the veteran ſoldier, who had taken refuge at Berkeley Hall during the thunderſtorm, and entertained them with his adventures. Their mutual joy was exceſſive,

ſive, and Dr. Homily's health was drank in his choiceſt liquors, during the remainder of the night. He informed them, that, tired of the litigations about uncertain boundaries, he had ſold his eſtate at Wioming, and bought one in that diſtrict; but was reſolved to diſpoſe of all, and try to ſettle in the Doctor's neighbourhood. He had two daughters, one of whom was ſoon to be married to a gentleman, that he would introduce to them. If any thing could add to their pleaſures, it was, that, on the entrance of his intended ſon-in-law, they ſaw in him the very Mr. Dolier, the brave and honeſt Iriſhman, who had ſhared in their adventures, and gained ſo much of their eſteem. They ſat down to a very plentiful ſupper, at which his wife diſtinguiſhed herſelf by her affability; and his daughters, Eliza and Ann, attracted admiration and eſteem by their beauty, good ſenſe, and vivacity. Eliza was deſtined for the arms of the happy

happy Dolier; and Dr. Sourby, by his glances and attention, ſeemed as if he thought a partner like Ann, taken in the plain old way of "for better or worſe," and united for life at the altar, would make a more eligible and faithful helpmate, than one educated as a menial, with low habits, manners, and morals; who could be brought to conſent to a marriage according to the bare laws of nature, like the tenants of the wood.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.